

PHOTOPLAY

combined with

MOVIE MIRROR

AUGUST

©M-M 2/47 SV M
MRS C GLOSSBERG
7 CLEVELAND RD
BROOKLINE MASS



NET BLAIR
PAUL HESSE

Color! Year's Most Romantic Lovers INGRID BERGMAN AND GARY COOPER and others
MAKUP—The Truth About RITA HAYWORTH and VICTOR MATURE

VISITORS IN HOLLYWOOD—ATTEN-SHUN!



EVERY day strangers to Hollywood pass through movie town seeking the world-famous sights. In service men's cases, especially, where to go and what to see on a twenty-four-hour leave is the question and one Cal York thinks he can help solve.

If you're Hollywood-bound, Cal believes you'd be thrilled no end by the footprints of the stars, past and present, forever caught and held in the cement of Grauman's Chinese Theater, on Hollywood Boulevard near La Brea Avenue. Even the trademarks of the stars—boots, spurs, Bob Hope's nose, Betty Grable's legs and John Barrymore's profile—are encased in stone showcases that daily draw crowds of interested visitors.

If a few extra dollars burn up the pocket, stroll into the Mocambo, Ciro's or other famous spots and watch the stars come and go. Take a place on the sidewalk at the two Brown Derbies, Hollywood and Beverly Hills, and in less than an hour you can see more stars than you can shake a stick at passing by.

Ride the bus out the Sunset Strip to Beverly Hills and watch the panorama of lights below. Haunt the gates of the local studios, Columbia, Paramount or RKO around six-thirty or seven, morning or evening, and see the stars in their workaday mood.

Go to the Hollywood Canteen if you're a noncommissioned man and jitterbug with Betty Grable, or if you're a lonely officer go to the Beverly-Wilshire Officer's Club at the Beverly Wilshire Hotel on a Saturday night and dance with the prettiest stars and starlets in town.

A visit on Friday nights to the American Legion Stadium in Hollywood will pay well. George Raft, Cary Grant, Betty Grable and Lupe Velez are some of the regular Friday-night fans.

Attend church, for Hollywood is a community of church-goers, and join with your favorite in a prayer for faith and deliverance.

Enjoy our palm trees, our climate, our weird and odd architectural achievements and have a good time. Remember, the majority of Hollywood people are engaged in the business of creating fun and entertainment for you people out there.

So, good luck. Hollywood will certainly be glad to see you. Here's to a happy time!

How to pick a Summer powder that's right for YOU!



Five smooth-and-seductive shades. With your luscious Pond's "Lips", wear the matching shade of Pond's "Cheeks"—new compact rouge.

Pond's "LIPS" stay on longer!

If you're a rosy-tan Blonde—

stay away from ordinary yellowish sun-tan powder shades. Choose the new-type summer shade that has a rich, velvety rosy tone—Pond's new Dreamflower "Dusk Rose." Blonde Mrs. Ernest L. Biddle says, "'Dusk Rose' is heavenly with my summer tan!"

If you're a bronzed Brunette

a richly golden powder shade does most for you—Pond's glowing Dreamflower "Dark Rachel." Mrs. Elliott Roosevelt says, "The minute I smooth on 'Dark Rachel' my tan looks fresher and softer—but the powder itself doesn't show a bit!"



Pond's new Dreamflower Powder comes in 6 exquisite shades . . . Dusk Rose and Dark Rachel, Natural, Rose Cream, Rachel and Brunette. 49¢, 25¢, 10¢.



Pond's Lovely New Dreamflower Powder

"Will I use Mum after this bath?"

Of course I will!"



Lovely girl, clever girl,

She knows this Charm Secret—

Baths take care of the past, but Mum prevents risk of future underarm odor!

EVERY GIRL knows ways to heighten her appeal to a man! Her pretty clothes, her flattering make-up and hair-do—are chosen to catch his eye—perhaps help win his heart!

What a tragic mistake then, if she forgets this most important rule of charm: Never give underarm odor a chance! Why expect after-bath freshness to last without help—underarms need the added protection of Mum!

Baths just take care of the *past*—Mum prevents risk of future underarm odor without stopping perspiration, irritating the skin or harming clothes. Mum keeps you nice to know—fun to date! Start today with Mum!

For Sanitary Napkins—Gentleness, safety, dependability—make Mum ideal for this important purpose. Thousands of women use Mum this way, too!



Flower-fresh daintiness is a *must* for dates! So, every day and after your bath—smooth on Mum. It takes just half a minute—yet Mum prevents risk of underarm odor, all day or all evening long!



"Lovely you!"—will his thoughts say this after an evening of dancing? Dependable Mum guards charm so faithfully, you're *sure* of never offending. That's important if a girl wants to stay popular!



Mum takes the Odor out of Perspiration!

Product of Bristol-Myers

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

Published in
this space
every month



The greatest
star of the
screen!

In the pictures to come from M-G-M, you will find every type of entertainment conveyed by the word. Patriotic pictures, exciting adventure narratives, romantic stories, youthful musicals.

The latter category is enriched by the number of big name bands under exclusive contract to the most important and progressive studio in motion pictures. Need we mention the name?



In "Cabin in The Sky" you have already heard and seen "Duke" Ellington and his Orchestra. In "Presenting Lily Mars" you have had two bands—Bob Crosby's and Tommy Dorsey's.



Tommy Dorsey and his Band will also be featured in the forthcoming "Du Barry Was a Lady" and in "Girl Crazy."

His brother, Jimmy Dorsey, will lead his melodic cohorts in "I Dood It." Looks like a Dorsey season.



Harry James and Orchestra will hold forth in both "Tale of Two Sisters" and "Best Foot Forward."

Incidentally "Best Foot Forward" is considered the honey of honies. It will be beeg.

Kay Kyser and Band is finishing "Right About Face." Vaughn Monroe—the handsome divvil—and his Band are doing "Meet The People."



We forgot to mention—and how could we?—that the Good Neighbor artist, Xavier Cugat, also does his stuff for Uncle Samba in "Tale of Two Sisters."

Last but not least come the ladies headed by a gentleman with a stick to make them behave. Our cryptic way of announcing Phil Spitalny and his All-Girl-Band in "Mr. Co-ed."

So you see, whenever you're thinking of facing the music, go to an M-G-M picture.

And the Maestro of them all is

—Leo



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AUGUST, 1943

VOL. 23, No. 3

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MELISSE GOES TO PARAMOUNT SHOWS



Everything's going to be *Dixie* this summer. 'Cause "DIXIE" is the most wonderful musical Paramount has ever "mused." Bing looks simply super in Technicolor (his first appearance), Dotty's divine as a glamour girl of the old South, and I loved the romantic story of how that glorious song "Dixie" was born.



Bing sings some of his five solid song hits into the adorable ear of Marjorie Reynolds—you know, the blonde lovely of "Holiday Inn." It's a three-some romance—if you know what I mean. I won't tell you who wins, but gosh what those girls go through. Tsk-tsk!

PARAMOUNT'S GREAT NEW MUSICAL *in Technicolor!*



With 12 Great Songs—including Bing's 5 New Hit-Parade Hits!

"SUNDAY, MONDAY OR ALWAYS"

"SHE'S FROM MISSOURI"

"KINDA PECULIAR BROWN"

"LAUGHING TONY"

"A HORSE THAT KNOWS THE WAY BACK HOME"

with

BING

Crosby

DOROTHY

Lamour



and

MARJORIE REYNOLDS • BILLY DE WOLFE • LYNNE OVERMAN • RAYMOND WALBURN • EDDIE FOY, JR.

Directed by A. Edward Sutherland • Screen Play by Karl Tunberg and Darrell Ware
Adaptation by Claude Binyon • A Paramount Picture

PARAMOUNT COMMISSARY



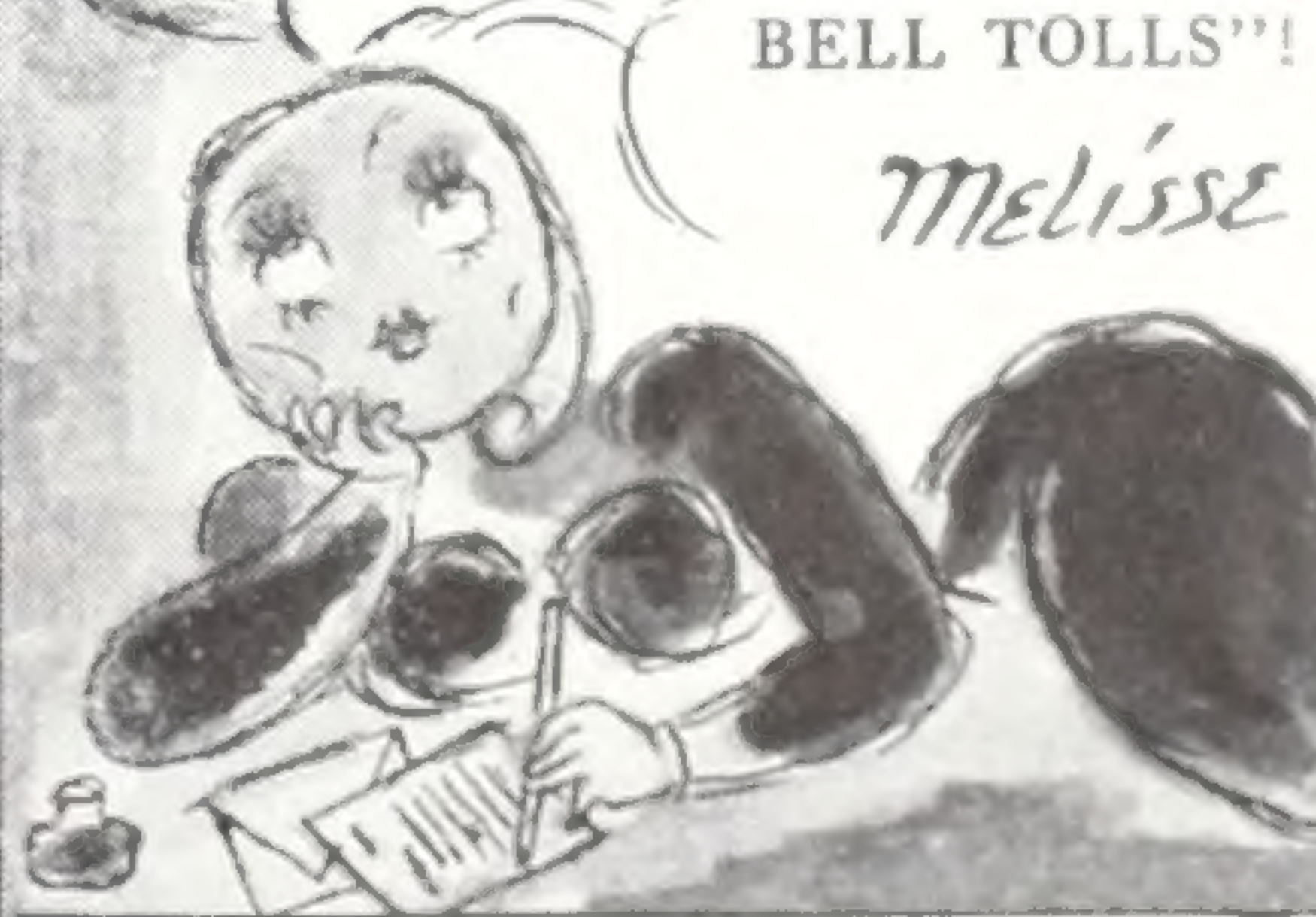
And those costumes! One of Dotty's was so beautifully billowy, she had to sit on two chairs in the studio commissary.



Where there's smoke there's Bing! And the fires he starts with his favorite pipe, and his stunning minstrel shows, are in most beautiful Technicolor!... It's gay down South in "Dixie."

Things you hear around the Paramount Lot... "SO PROUDLY WE HAIL" is nearly finished and it looks grand. "FIVE GRAVES TO CAIRO" and "CHINA" are drawing tremendous crowds all around the country... And I've just dashed off my acceptance of Paramount's precious invitation to the World Premiere of "FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS"!

MELISSE





Can You Believe a Movie Magazine?

CAN movie magazines be believed?

It is a fair question that deserves an honest answer.

Can you, turning the pages of this issue to the opening news story, believe what you read about the Grable-James romance? Can you, going on to the story about the breakup of Rita Hayworth and Victor Mature, be sure that you are being given the actual facts?

Movie magazines have no one as much as themselves to blame for the fact that this question should have to be asked and should have to be answered.

I could not with any degree of frankness deny that during the years movie magazines have been published many stories have been printed which were far from factual, some of which even bordered on complete fabrications. Often, when a kernel of truth was available an energetic writer wove colorful detail supplied by his active imagination in order to make a saleable story.

For it was fashionable not long ago in Hollywood to disguise the truth, to invent facts—an art at which, obviously, actors and actresses are more facile than the ordinary mortal. Nor was there in the average American any true hungering after the truth. As a nation we bemused ourselves with wishful thinking—that there would be no war, that Japan was afraid of us, that Hitler would be content with Europe instead of the world.

Fashions change, even fashions in truth. Nowhere is realization of that more keenly felt than in the editorial offices of Photoplay. It has not been merely a pleasant wish, but a hard and fast rule of these offices to get the truth, to check statements in stories against the editors' own knowledge of the situation.

Sometimes we slip up.

Some months ago, we published a story explaining why Mickey Rooney and his bride had separated. By the time we were on the newsstands the Rooneys had reconciled. The fact that they later parted permanently did not lessen our chagrin at having published something which while true when we went to press was out of date by the time it reached your hands.

Happily, this was an exception. In writing this editorial, I made up a list of rights and wrongs. Without hesitation, I can report that the rights were 99% of the case. For example: This spring, reports reached us that Victor Mature and Rita Hayworth had broken their engagement. A few days later, the newspapers carried a large picture of Rita with a statement from her that as far as she was concerned, Vic was still the only man in her life. What was the truth? How could Photoplay publish a story that its readers could be sure told the facts?

The best way was to talk to Vic himself and to assign the story to one of his close friends. A few nights later the Coast Guardsman was in the editor's home, revealing what was in his heart. On page 28 you can read the story and you will not have to ask yourself, Can I believe it?

WITHIN the past month, a story was submitted to Photoplay. It was the story of a new Hollywood personality, a description of his marriage, a glowing account of his deep love for his wife even though they could not be together. With the story was a note explaining how much this actor had liked the article and reassuring us that everything said about the marriage was correct. It would have been easy to accept this reassurance without further checking. Instead, one of Photoplay's ablest reporters was sent to the wife. Even to hard-boiled editors, her statement was surprising. It was decidedly not a happy marriage, had not been for some time; in fact, there was an understanding about a divorce when it could be arranged. Obviously, you will not read in Photoplay about this "happy" marriage.

Many were the skeptics when it was first reported that Pierre Aumont and Maria Montez were finding fun together. Photoplay published a Montez story in which we described how their romance had begun. Was this writer's imagination at work? On the contrary, Photoplay's editor had been with Maria and Pierre many times during the first weeks of the courtship and was able to vouch for the story when it reached these editorial desks.

For some time now you have read various items which linked Betty Grable and Harry James. Often the facts conflicted. To Photoplay, if there was indeed a romance between these two it was a story charged with drama that should be brought to our readers. How could we be sure that any story published was fact rather than fancy?

Adele Whitely Fletcher saw Harry James and from him obtained the first statements made by any of the principals involved. Sara Hamilton went to James's wife from whom he is separated and obtained her statements.

Then, and only then, Photoplay's editors believed they could publish a story which could be read without reservations. We are proud to have this authentic story.

That is why Photoplay's editors make it a point of knowing the stars personally, why, when assigning stories to writers, we go to those who are close friends of the stars about whom we have asked them to write.

Can Photoplay be believed?

As much as any human being who wants to tell the truth and goes to unusual lengths to be sure that what he is saying is the truth.

Fred Sammes

NURSES' AIDES
REGISTER
HERE

DO YOUR BEST... AND

Be At Your Best



ON the production line, or in the home, wherever you serve, today you have an added obligation to "Do your Best... Be at your Best."

America needs you strong and well. So don't neglect those daily precautions so important for health and well-being. Dress properly. Eat protective foods. Get plenty of sleep. Watch out for colds. Now, of all times, it's your duty to care for *yourself*... for your country!

Yes, America needs you healthy... *but she also needs you cheerful, friendly, cooperative.* So put on a smile. Cultivate old friends and make new ones. Look your neatest! Be your

sweetest! Friendly ties will help keep us all *pulling together!*

On the job, and in your relationships with others, *Do your Best... Be at your Best.*

Today, more than ever, it is important to have always on hand a safe, trustworthy antiseptic and germicide for prompt use in the thousand minor emergencies that continually arise. As you undoubtedly know, Listerine Antiseptic has stood pre-eminent in the field of oral hygiene

for more than half a century.

It is hardly necessary to add, that with so many fastidious persons who know the meaning of halitosis (bad breath), Listerine Antiseptic is the delightful precaution against offending this way when the condition is not systemic. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts food fermentation in the mouth, so often a cause of the trouble.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
St. Louis, Mo.

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC *for Oral Hygiene*

This is the table that took the Mocambo cake: Bruce Cabot reserved it for his date with Ann Sheridan; Mickey Rooney came to it to wisecrack . . .



Inside Stuff

CAL YORK'S
GOSSIP OF HOLLYWOOD
PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMIE FINK

. . . Errol Flynn came to it to say hello, whereupon everyone began to recall those Flynn-Sheridan rumors

Cupid's Alley: Mickey Rooney has been playing that old, old game of "accidentally" running into an old friend, accompanied by a pretty girl, at a local night club. The actor joins the friend, is introduced to the girl and presently leaves. Of course, the friend and the girl follow shortly and the girl climbs into the car of the actor, parked a half-block away, and off they go as prearranged. Then the friend goes his merry way, alone.

Hollywood has watched the latest such affair with amusement and wonder—the wonder being, who was the girl? Now we know. The young lady is nineteen-year-old Frances Ward, a former Powers model whom Mickey met while she was a stock contract player at M-G-M.

Going Up: It happened in a swank dress shop with the elevator crowded to overflowing. Midway between the second and third floors, the elevator stopped. The operator, obviously new on the job, was panicked. Her eyes were wide with alarm.

Suddenly from the rear of the car came a familiar voice. "Here, let me try."

The operator made way for the smartly dressed woman who took over the controls and brought the elevator safely down, to the relief of the passengers.

"I used to run one of these things myself," she consoled the grateful operator.

No, it wasn't Dorothy Lamour. It was Barbara Stanwyck.

If You've Been Wondering About: Shirley Temple—she has signed a seven-year contract with Hollywood's ace producer, David Selznick, and will return to pictures in Grade A productions only, the first being "Since You Went Away" . . . Pola Negri—she's playing Adolphe Menjou's wife in "Hi Diddle Diddle" and has a figure like a schoolgirl. Incidentally, she's wonderful to work with, they tell us . . .

Van Johnson—he'll probably be back at work in "A Guy Called Joe" by the time you read this and with no scars left from his accident . . .

George Brent—he's back in civilian clothes again and by mutual agreement his Warner Brothers contract has been canceled . . . (Continued on page 8)



What to do with a Victory Garden

by **BOB HOPE**



1. Of course, you know what a Victory Garden is. That's a little garden where you go out and putter around for a while, and if you can straighten your back again it's a victory. It's fun, though. I have a beautiful patch ... on my right hand where the blister broke!

2. Mother Nature is really wonderful. For instance, suppose you want carrots. Well, you just drop a seed in the ground and in no time at all up comes a rabbit. Of course, if you want a bright smile, some Pepsodent planted on your brush does wonders every time.

3. After your garden has started to grow, it's very important to use Pepsodent—the film-removing tooth paste. It puts a bright gleam on your teeth ... so if the sun doesn't come out one day, you can walk around with a big smile and shine on your vegetables.



4. Watch out for pests. I'm not bothered with birds any more ... since I tossed a tube of Pepsodent into their nest. Now they haven't time to do any damage—they're too busy brushing each other's teeth and singing, "Oh, it floats away film with the greatest of ease!"

5. Well, that's all. Just don't forget the tomatoes. I find the best way to remember them is to keep their phone numbers in a little book. You know, the same book you write in when you want to remember to buy Pepsodent...the only tooth paste containing Irium.



Only
Pepsodent
contains
Irium



How **IRIUM** in Pepsodent uncovers brighter teeth



Film on teeth collects stains, makes teeth look dingy—hides the true brightness of your smile.



This film-coated mirror illustrates how smiles look when commonplace methods don't clean film away.



But look what Irium does to that film! It loosens and floats it away, leaves the surface clean and bright.



That's how Pepsodent with Irium uncovers the natural cheery brightness of your smile ... safely, gently.

It's a
BIG PICTURE

See WHY MILLIONS OF
FANS HAVE MADE HIM
THE MOST POPULAR WESTERN
STAR ON THE SCREEN!



Among all the
movie cowboys—
none can ride
like Roy...

None can
sing like
Roy! He's the
best of them

all!...See him in his

newest—and greatest hit... see him
in action—hear his melodies—get
a movie thrill you'll long remember!

ROY ROGERS
KING OF THE COWBOYS
TRIGGER SMARTEST HORSE IN THE MOVIES
in SONG OF TEXAS

SHEILA RYAN • BARTON MacLANE
HARRY SHANNON • PAT BRADY
ARLINE JUDGE and BOB NOLAN
and THE SONS OF THE PIONEERS

SONGS "Moonlight and Roses" • "Rainbow Over the Range"
"Blue Bonnet Girl"—and many more!

Buy War Bonds and Stamps

It's a
REPUBLIC PICTURE

CAL YORK'S
Inside Stuff



Prelude to a
wedding: Hedy
Lamarr and
John Loder talk-
ing marriage li-
cense at the
Mocambo a
few nights be-
fore the big day

Looking tricky at
the Trocadero:
Diana Lewis, by
way of a white
beret and a gad-
get bracelet; hus-
band Bill Powell
by reason of his
"Thinker" pose



(Continued from page 6)

Peter Lorre—he seems to have for-
saken Hollywood (and we don't blame
him) for New York where he'll star
in the stage play "I Play the Devil"...

James Cagney—he's producing his
own picture "Johnny Come Lately"
under brother Bill's supervision at
United Artists Studios...

Jean Cagney—Jimmy's sister in real
life and in the film "Yankee Doodle
Dandy" is in New York studying danc-
ing with the hopes of doing a musical,
either in pictures or on the screen.

Great Scott: It's Martha! The be-
witching, enormous-eyed cutie on the
"Hi Diddle Diddle" set is actually the
girl who suffered and grew aged and
weary in every picture till her bur-
dens finally grew too heavy for her-
self and us to bear. So, fed up, Martha
Scott took time off from making heavy
movies to marry handsome Carleton
Alsom, have a baby, go to New York
and wait until Hollywood realized she
was a fun-loving young thing in her
early twenties who could "scare up a
devil in her brown eye" when she
wanted to. And for her next movie,
Martha wanted to.

So she turned down more "old lady"

roles and occupied her time by doing
a New York stage play "The Willow
And I," lots of radio work and caring
for her baby. And finally her patience
was rewarded. Along came the screen
comedy "Hi, Diddle Diddle" and Mar-
tha leaped on the train, baby and all,
and you should see!

Gone are the drab and dreary cos-
tumes, the heaviness and middle-aged-
ness. Martha's hair, piled atop her
head, is a gorgeous yellow, her eye-
lashes as long as an epic and as false
as a vixen's heart, but merrily. Her
negligees reveal and reveal and Scotty
is all over the place—happy as a lark.

Close Ups and Long Shots: With so
many movie heroes off to the wars,
Hollywood finds itself in not only a
precarious situation but an embarrass-
ing one as well—and for an almost
unbelievable reason. Movie stars to-
day are no longer tops with feminine
fans! It's those band boys who are
the affectionate object of every flutter-
ing heart.

What has Hollywood done about
this? They've taken over the band
leaders and made them movie per-
sonalities. Look, you, at this list.

Against one male star sometimes three and even four band personalities are used.

In "Reveille With Beverly" we have Freddie Slack and His City Slickers, Count Basie, Stuff Smith, Duke Ellington and Bob Crosby. When "Jam Session" hits the screen, the following music leaders will play an important part—Louis Armstrong, Jan Garber, Teddy Powell, Alvino Rey, Glen Gray, Jan Savitt and Charles Barnett. "Hit Parade Of 1943" boasted Count Basie, Freddie Martin and Ray McKinley. "Stage Door Canteen" made a home run with Benny Goodman, Xavier Cugat, Count Basie, Kay Kyser, Guy Lombardo and Freddie Martin. Ray Noble graced "The Pride Of The Yankees" and Gene Krupa hit the drums in "Ball Of Fire" and "Some Like It Hot." Harry James stole the show in "Springtime In The Rockies" and "Best Foot Forward" and with Xavier Cugat will steal the spotlight in "Tale of Two Sisters." Sammy Kaye appeared in "Iceland," Glenn Miller in "Sun Valley Serenade" and "Orchestra Wives," Benny Goodman in "The Powers Girl" and "The Girls He Left Behind" and Woody Herman in "Wintertime."

Over at Paramount Jimmy Dorsey appeared in "The Fleet's In," Jack Teagarden in "The Birth Of The Blues" and Tommy Dorsey in "Las Vegas Nights." Dorsey, the Tommy, also graced such pictures as "Du Barry Was A Lady" and "Girl Crazy." Brother Jimmy Dorsey provided the music for "I Dood It." "Meet The People" will have Spike Jones and Vaughn Monroe. Glen Gray comes to the fore in "Girls, Inc." Duke Ellington was the highlight in "Cabin In The Sky" and Spike Jones made things lively in "Thank Your Lucky Stars." Kay Kyser is the star of "About Face" and "Around The World."

The outcome of this invasion is doubtful. Perhaps band leaders, too, will run their course, but we doubt it. When hasn't Young America loved hot music?

Tidbit: Susan Peters, the little girl who shot to the top in "Random Harvest" and "Russia," will wed good-looking Richard Quine in October after he completes boot camp training for the Coast Guard. Friends wish the handsome couple the best of everything.

Let's Play Games: With so many stars going on those Quiz programs, Bing Crosby with "Quiz Kids," Jack Benny on the "Take It Or Leave It" show, Boris Karloff on "Information, Please," we think it about time to have another Quiz on the stars ourselves. You'll find the answers at the end:

1. What is the given name of *Ma Hardy* (on the screen, that is)?
2. What is the surname of *Maisie*?
3. What is *Dr. Gillespie's* given name?
4. When Mr. and Mrs. Smith announced the engagement of their daughter to Gail Shikles—who gave whom the ring?

BOGART!

*He's back
from 'Casablanca', girls!
—And more wonderful
than ever!*



ACTION IN THE NORTH ATLANTIC

with
**RAYMOND
MASSEY
ALAN
HALE**

**JULIE BISHOP
DANE CLARK**
Screen Play by John Howard
Lawson • Based on a Story
by Guy Gilpatric • Additional
Dialogue by A. I. Bezzerides
and W. R. Burnett

It's the **WARNER** *kind of Hit!*

INTERVIEWS WITH
FAMOUS MODELS

"My Hair
TURNS
MEN'S HEADS"



SAYS

Kim Gerlach
Popular Chicago Model

"Gentlemen may think they prefer blondes, but if you ask me, it's not the color, but the sleek, trim perfection of a girl's hair-do that really attracts attention! I ought to know! That's why I depend on HOLD-BOB Bob Pins to keep my hair beautifully in place and glamorous at all times."

HOLD-BOB BOB PINS



There's never a let-down with HOLD-BOB Bob Pins! They secure loveliness of coiffure—they're stronger, they're firmer—therefore hold more securely. They're satin-smooth—and don't show, thanks to rounded invisible heads.

• Bob Pins are limited. Now, more than ever, use HOLD-BOB Bob Pins. They last longer. Genuine HOLD-BOB Bob Pins come on a card as shown—plainly priced at only 10c.



**THE HUMP
HAIRPIN MFG. CO. CHICAGO, ILLINOIS**

CAL YORK'S
Inside Stuff

Dancers, amateur section: Gary Cooper, looking solemn, Claudette Colbert, looking shy, give the Ciro's floor a whirl

Dancer, professional corner: Sally De Marco, of the famous dancing family, turns her pretty profile to a handsome profile, has dinner at Ciro's with Paul Henreid



5. If Warner Brothers had had their way, what famous star would have been renamed Petina Dawes?

6 Name three screen players whose surnames begin with "O."

7. What two co-stars have almost fifty years difference in their ages?

8. The first name of what star spelled backwards is the last name of another actor?

9. What is the full name of William Powell's wife in the "Thin Man" series?

10. Name the branch of service the following stars are in: James Stewart, Jack Briggs, Robert Montgomery, Van Heflin, Tyrone Power and Victor Mature.

11. Name two pairs of brothers in the movies.

12. Name the profession of these stars' husbands: Irene Dunne, Claudette Colbert, Merle Oberon, Ann

Rutherford, Margaret Sullavan and Ingrid Bergman.

13. Name the service rank of the following: Lew Ayres, Clark Gable, Gene Raymond, Richard Ney and William Holden.

14. What was the profession of these stars before entering pictures: Rita Hayworth, Ellen Drew, Ronald Reagan, Charles Butterworth, Arlene Whelan, Dana Andrews, Jeffrey Lynn and Helmut Dantine?

15. What two stars do not use their titles on the screen?

Answers

1. Emily. 2. Revier. 3. Leonard. 4. Craig Stevens to Alexis Smith 5. Bette Davis. 6. Merle Oberon, Maureen O'Hara, Pat O'Brien. 7. Lewis Stone and Mickey Rooney. 8. (Errol) Flynn and Peter (Lorre). 9. Nora Charles. 10. Air Corps, Marines, Navy, Artillery, Marines, Coast Guard. 11.

Noah and Wally Berry; George Sanders and Tom Conway. 12. Dentist, doctor, producer, merchant, agent, professor of dentistry. 13. Sergeant, Captain, Captain, Ensign and Lieutenant. 14. Dancer, waitress, radio announcer, lawyer, manicurist, gas station attendant, teacher, diplomat. 15. Merle Oberon (Lady Korda) and Paul Henreid (Baron).

What's In a Name? The Arthur Lakes (*Dagwood* of the "Blondie" series) made a court appearance with the request his name, and, of course, that of his wife be changed from Silverlake to plain Lake.

The judge thought Silverlake a pretty good name. Arthur did, too, but since Lake has been a professional family name for years, the judge consented to the change...

A similar request was granted to Bob Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck several weeks ago. Bob, whose real name is Arlington Spangler Brugh, became plain Bob Taylor and Barbara (Ruby Stevens Brugh) legally became Barbara Taylor.

Sometimes these double names (professional and legal) can be most embarrassing. Lucky indeed is the star who is permitted to use his own name in pictures.

And yet, we wonder if Jack Benny would really be as funny on the screen using his own monicker of Benny Kubelsky? We doubt it.

Thought-of-the-Day Corner: George Raft, who couldn't arrange for his divorce, divides his time between Virginia Maples and Joan Thorsen, but the blow to his pride, to say nothing of his heart, is something, they tell Cal. The fact that Georgie is said to have presented Betty Grable with a gorgeous sable coat just before their breakup doesn't comfort him too much.

Errol Flynn's new book, "Charlie Bow-Tie Comes To Hollywood," will be on the stands in a few months. All about Errol and Hollywood, we hear.

News Of Our Fighting Men: In case you're wondering about some of the lads who have gone off to war, here are a few facts, names and places for your files. If some addresses are indefinite, it's because military regulations require they be kept so for the time being. Next month we'll pass along more news of our Hollywood boys:

Bruce Cabot: Enlisted for the Air Corps and was inducted November 16, 1942. He is now a Second Lieutenant. Address: 2841 North Second Street, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. Recently visited Errol Flynn while on leave.

Macdonald Carey: Enlisted in the Marine Corps on December 17, 1942, as a private, went to Officers' Candidate School and is now a Second Lieutenant. Address: Marine Base, Parris Island, South Carolina.

Don Castle: Enlisted in the Army under his real name, Marion Goodman Jr., on October 1, 1942, as a private. At present is a Private First Class. Address: 1327 Rimpau Boulevard, Los



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The marines love trouble... and this exquisite make-up, perfumed with the Fragrance of Romance, can spell heart-trouble in any man's language!

Evening in Paris face powder to create a misty veil of beauty... delicate flush of feathery rouge... bright accent of Evening in Paris lipstick... surely this is a loveliness combination to storm the heart of the most devil-may-care hero!

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Evening in Paris

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... while Tom Brown, doing his twinkle-toe stuff with Lynn Merrick, grins for Hymie Fink at the Mocambo

Angeles, California.

Stirling Hayden: Left Paramount on September 15, 1941. Went East and joined the Merchant Marine. Later he left that group and enlisted with the U. S. Marine Corps.

Richard Denning: Enlisted in the Navy on September 17, 1942, as a yeoman. Address: Naval Armory, Lilac Terrace, Los Angeles, California.

Billy De Wolfe: Enlisted in the Navy under his own name, William A. Jones, on January 20, 1943, as a Seaman First Class. He is now Musician Second Class. Address is Band Office Building 3, Great Lakes Naval Training Station, Great Lakes, Illinois.

Alan Ladd: Was inducted into the Army on January 25, 1943. He is in the Air Force with a Private's rating. Address: Hal Roach Studios, Culver City, California.

Robert Preston: Was inducted into the Army on October 7, 1942, under his real name, Robert Preston Messervey. He went in as a Second Lieutenant in the U. S. Army Signal Corps. Address: 595 Tech. Sch. Squad. (SP), Basic Training Center No. 4, Miami Beach, Florida.

John Howard: After work in Naval Reserve, went to Cornell University for training. Now an Ensign on a mine sweeper.

George Montgomery: Inducted into the Army Air Corps as a Private, transferred to a Texas Camp for basic training.

John Payne: Enlisted in Army Air Corps, basic training at Phoenix, Ari-

zona, and now at Independence, California, for advanced training.

Tyrone Power: Enlisted as a Private in the Marines, went through San Diego boot camp, was transferred to Officers' School at Quantico, Virginia.

Henry Fonda: Enlisted in the Navy as a Third Class Seaman. Trained at San Diego, graduated a Quartermaster Second Class.

Lew Ayres: Entered a conscientious objector's camp in Oregon, was released to join Medical Corps as a private. Is now a Sergeant in a Texas camp.

John Carroll: Inducted into Army as a Private in Army Air Corps. Now a Corporal at a camp near Denver, Colorado.

Clark Gable: Enlisted as a Private in the Army Air Corps, took thirteen weeks' basic training at a Florida camp, attended Officers' Training School, graduated as a second Lieutenant in Aerial Gunnery. Took advance training at Texas and Colorado camps, promoted to First Lieutenant. Is overseas on active duty as a Captain.

Van Heflin: A First Lieutenant in U. S. Army Reserves, Artillery Division, before war, inducted into service as a Second Lieutenant, sent to Camp Roberts, California, for advanced training. Promoted to a First Lieutenant.

Jackie Cooper: In civilian clothes, enrolling at Occidental College in Naval Reserves.

Bob Sterling: Enlisted as a Cadet in the Army Air Corps, trained at Santa



CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff

Young-set scenes: Jackie Cooper discovers a new way to have Ciro's fun. She's June Horne...

Ana. Training interrupted by an appendectomy so graduation was deferred.

Richard Ney: Enlisted as an Ensign in the Navy. Active duty overseas.

Craig Reynolds: Enlisted as a Private in the Marines prior to the war, October, 1940. Was made a Lieutenant, saw active duty in Guadalcanal and returned to San Diego Marine Base to recover from wounds.

Andy, The Divine: All he expected to do was go where the USO sent him, talk to the boys, shake their hands, pour a bit more gravel into his voice and come home tired but happy.

Instead, Andy Devine returned from his camp tour goggle-eyed. When he went up to Seattle on the plane Mrs. Roosevelt sat directly across from Andy and engrossed his attention the whole way. "Wait till I tell them back home about this," Andy thought. "I'll be a celebrity—talking to Mrs. F. D. R."

At Boise, Idaho, Andy transferred to a bomber for the rest of the tour. "Would you like to meet the pilot?" one of the crew asked him. "He's a darned good flyer."

"Sure," Andy said, "I'd like to know the fellow who's flying this baby." And so Andy marched up to the pilot, reached out his hand and then stopped cold.

The pilot was Jimmy Stewart.

Back home again, Andy is a celebrity. Even his kids are heroes out at the Valley school.

Salute To Clark: A man who usually gets what he wants because he's a real man, not given to petty worries, jealousies and frettings, is Clark Gable. All through his career Gable has handled himself like a man, unmoved by the petty politics and bickerings about him. As a result he's stayed box-office for a longer period than any star.

When Clark decided to give up his career for a place in Uncle Sam's Army, he handled himself in exactly the same way. He went at things simply but directly, enlisting as a private, working like a Trojan, making a graduation speech that was completely indicative of the man himself, plain, but to the point.

Clark knew what he wanted when he enlisted and literally and actually stuck to his guns. He left nothing to chance in a war office. He wanted to be an aerial gunner and set out to be one—the hard way.

Recently, Captain Clark Gable made his first trial trip in a heavy American raid on factory areas of Nazi-held Antwerp, Belgium.

On the Flying Fortress "Eight Ball," Gable "guest-manned" a gun position in the radio compartment and fired numerous rounds at attacking planes. After his initial flights, given all new comers, Captain Gable will be on his own, fighting with his men for his life and ours.

"Gable's a real guy and means business," the crew said. "He showed no nervousness at all, merely shouting, 'Here they come and there they go,' at the approach of the planes while he blasted away at them."



BEAUTY NEWS FOR BUSY HANDS!

TOUSHAY

"Beforehand" Lotion Guards Hands in Hot, Soapy Water

Soft hands are doing extra little soap-and-water chores! Let Toushay guard their loveliness. *Before* you put your hands into hot, soapy water, always smooth on this rich "beforehand" lotion. See how it defends against dryness and roughness, helps smooth hands *stay* smooth! Inexpensive. At your druggist's.



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Tampax is a real vacation help

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GONE are the days when a woman would not go near the water at certain times of the month . . . For the user of *Tampax* has discarded entirely the external pad and belt worn beneath the swim suit and has adopted instead the principle of *internal absorption* for her sanitary protection . . . Whether the suit is wet or dry, *Tampax* remains invisible, with no bulging, bunching or faintest line!

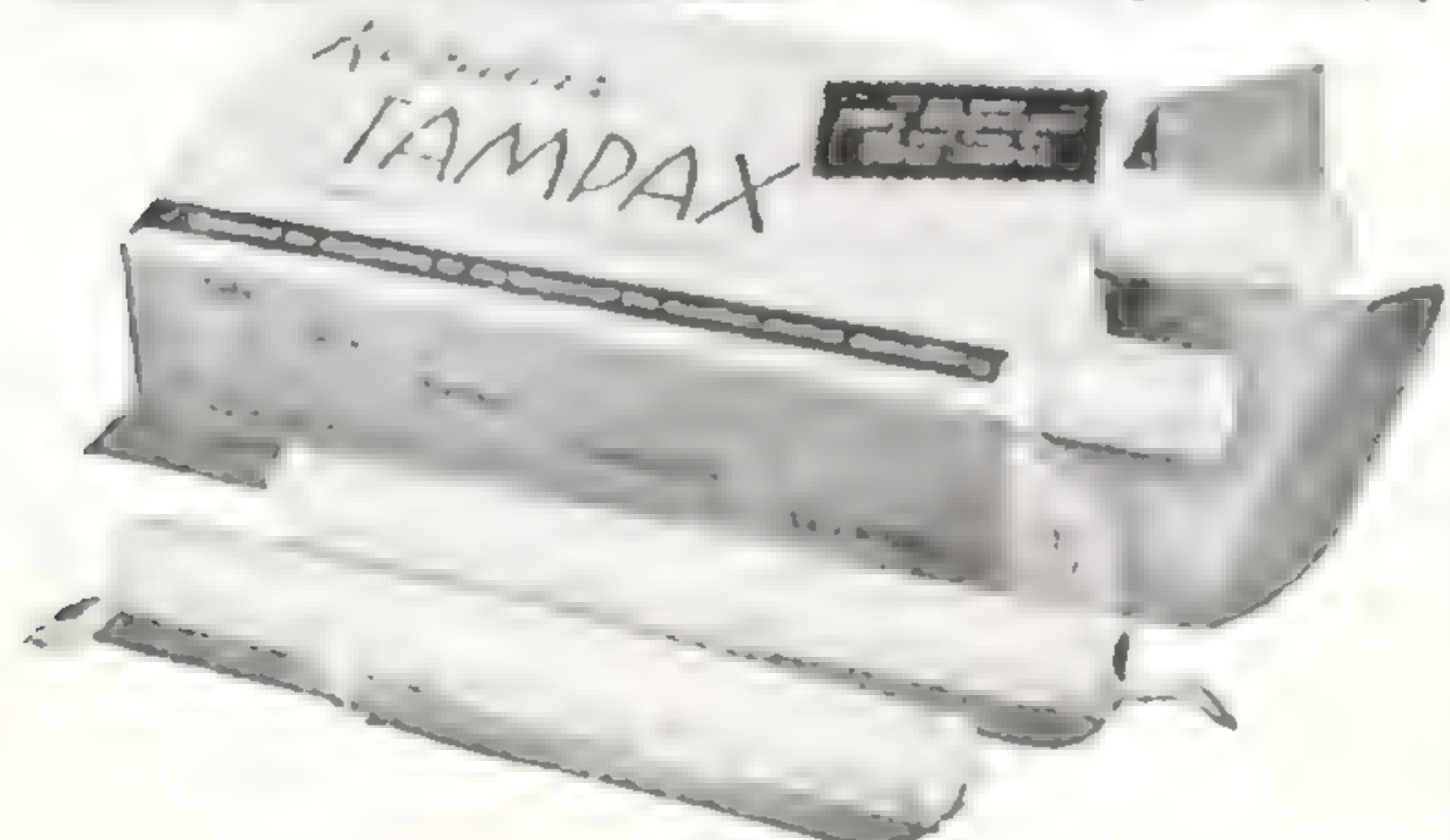
Tampax has many other advantages, too. Handy to carry. Speedy to change. No chafing. Easy disposal . . . Perfected by a doctor, *Tampax* is made of pure surgical cotton compressed in dainty one-time-use applicator, for quick, easy insertion. No belts or pins are required and no sanitary deodorant, because *Tampax* is worn internally and no odor can form. Invaluable for the sensitive woman who cannot bear to feel conspicuous . . .

Sold at drug stores and notion counters in *three absorbencies*: Regular, Super, Junior. Introductory size, 20¢. Economy package lasts 4 months, average. *Tampax* Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

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BRIEF REVIEWS



Three people with looks in their eyes: Randy Scott, Ella Raines and Jim Brown in "Corvettes In Action"

✓ INDICATES PICTURE WAS RATED "GOOD" WHEN REVIEWED

✓✓ INDICATES PICTURE WAS RATED "VERY GOOD" WHEN REVIEWED

✓✓✓ INDICATES PICTURE WAS RATED "OUTSTANDING" WHEN REVIEWED

✓✓**ABOVE SUSPICION**—M-G-M—A well-rounded, well-constructed movie, with Joan Crawford and Fred MacMurray a pair of honeycombers who land in Germany seeking the one man who can reveal to them a secret code of vital importance to the British. With elements of excitement and suspense, it's a well-absorbing movie stuff. (July)

AIRIAL GUNNER—Paramount—The chemistry between Richard Arlen and Chester Morris is intensified when they find themselves in the same gunnery school, Arlen as a student, Morris an instructor; and they both court the same girl. But when they both go into action on the same plane, their heroism boils all hatred. (July)

✓**AIR RAID WARDENS**—M-G-M: You'll laugh steadily as you watch Laurel and Hardy try to enlist in every branch of the service, only to be turned down, until they return home to become air-raid wardens. Every possible blunder known to man is committed by the boys until, on their own, they finally round up a gang of saboteurs and emerge heroes. Stan and Ollie are in rare form. (June)

APRIL MAY, THE—MGM—Another scary one, with Bela Lugosi as a crackpot scientist who, in his experiments turns himself into an ape and then proceeds to trap human beings all over the place. (May)

✓**ASSIGNMENT IN BRITTANY**—M-G-M: An interesting new personality, Pierre Aumont proves himself a hit as the Free French soldier who impersonates a native (pro-Nazi) of a Brittany village in order to locate a Nazi sub base for the English. His betrothed, Susan Peters, is fooled by the impersonation, but he's exposed by the flirtatious Signe Hasso. It's an exciting story. (June)

✓**BEHIND PRISON WALLS**—P.R.C.: There's humor, satire and quite an impressive quality to this well-told little gem, with Alan Baxter as the over-the-hill son whose testimony sends his industrialist father Tully Marshall, to prison. Gertrude Michael is the secretary and Edwin Maxwell the meanie. The direction by Steve Sekely is outstanding. (May)

BUCKSKIN FRONTIER—U. A. This Western telling of the early fights for railway supremacy out West stars Richard Dix, who is fresh, believable and handsome. Lee Gold is outstanding. Albert Dekker, Vera-Ann, and Jane Wyatt is a lovely romance. The few Western themes across the Western plains is beautifully photographed. (June)

✓✓**DIX IN THE SKY**—M-G-M—Miss Waters and Rochester, in company with an all-Negro cast, bring to the screen a classic of Negro folklore. Lena Horne is the temptress trying to lure Rochester from his wife, Miss Waters, and such important entertainers as Rex Ingram, Wilma Best, Kenneth Spencer and Louis Armstrong highlight the story. (May)

CHIMP WILD WOMAN—Universal—A mad scientist transforms an ape into a gorgeous girl. The transformed being has strange powers to subdue animals in a circus (in submission, but the old gorilla habits return to possess the girl). Acquiescence is stunning as the ape girl, Evelyn Ankers is the heroine, and John Carroll plays the cracked scientist. (July)

CHATTERBOX—Republic—Joe E. Brown deserves better than this silly tale of a mad scientist who fails to make a real masquerade as a woman in order to lure Judy Canova into films, and finally plays hero in a teeter-totter mountain cabin. Rosemary Lane, John Hubbard, Gus Schilling and the Mills Brothers are tangled up in the mess. (July)

✓✓**CHINA**—Paramount—Alan Ladd is the agent in China who refuses to take sides in the life and death struggle between the Japs and Chinese until he comes face to face with the Japs' atrocities. (June)

SHADOW STAGE

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Young is a schoolteacher who, with her brood of Chinese children, is rescued by Ladd and Bill Bendix is Ladd's truck driver. All their performances are excellent. (June)

✓✓✓**CONEY ISLAND**—20th Century-Fox; Plenty of entertainment in this Technicolor musical, with Cesar Romero owner of a Coney Island cafe and Betty Grable his star entertainer. Then George Montgomery becomes Romero's partner. Both men are in love with Betty, and they doublecross each other consistently till the final clinch. The songs are gay and tuneful. (July)

✓**CORREGIDOR**—P. R. C.: Elissa Landi, a woman doctor, arrives on the island of Manoi to marry scientist Otto Kruger, but then Pearl Harbor is bombed and they make their way to Corregidor where Elissa meets her former fiance Donald Woods. Together they give all possible aid to the wounded under terrific bombings until Kruger is killed. (June)

✓**COWBOY FROM MANHATTAN** — Universal: Walter Catlett talks a group of Texas hotel men into angeling a Broadway show with Frances Langford as its singing star. When Robert Paige comes along attempting to sell cowboy songs, Catlett grabs him for a wild exploitation stunt. Frances sings delightfully and Leon Errol provides some comical moments. (July)

✓✓**CRASH DIVE**—20th Century-Fox: Dana Andrews is the commander of a submarine and Tyrone Power his chief officer in the exciting picture which shows the work of the submarine in warfare. The climax, in which the sub steals into a Nazi base and destroys it, is magnificent. Anne Baxter is the girl who causes the rivalry between the two men. (July)

✓✓✓**DESERT VICTORY**—20th Century-Fox: The most superb factual picture to come out of the war thus far, this was filmed by the British during actual combat in Africa. Starting in El Alamein, it gives you a complete picture of how the Eighth Army routed Rommel and shows you the magnitude of the African effort. It makes your newspaper headlines come excitingly alive. (June)

✓**DESPERADOES, THE**—Columbia: Beautifully filmed in technicolor, this story tells of Glenn Ford, a bad man of the early 1860's, who rides into town to rob a bank but finds someone else has already done the job, so he stays in town to see more of Evelyn Keyes. When the town decides Ford is really guilty, Sheriff Randy Scott warns him and the result leads to a rousing climax. (June)

✓✓**DU BARRY WAS A LADY**—M-G-M: Comedy and music in Technicolor with Red Skelton a hat check boy who dreams he's King Louis XV and Lucille Ball is Du Barry. Rags Ragland, Virginia O'Brien, Zero Mostel, and Gene Kelly all add to the gaiety and nonsense and the dream sequences are so funny. The music's provided by Tommy Dorsey's band and Cole Porter's songs. (July)

✓**EDGE OF DARKNESS**—Warner Brothers: Errol Flynn and Ann Sheridan are Norwegian leaders of a revolution against their Nazi oppressors. When arms arrive from England, the revolt flares into action after rape and murder have made life unbearable for the Norwegians. Helmut Dantine is very good as the Nazi leader and the excellent cast includes Ruth Gordon, Nancy Coleman and Charles Dingle. (June)

✓**FALCON STRIKES BACK, THE**—RKO-Radio: Tom Conway plays the amateur sleuth who becomes the victim of a brawl in a phony barroom, which leads to thieves using his car to effect a huge bond theft and leaving Conway in a fine spot. But with the help of Jane Randolph, reporter, and his stooge, Cliff Edwards, Conway digs in and solves the crime. (June)

✓✓**FLIGHT FOR FREEDOM**—RKO-Radio: A fine piece of storytelling about a woman who yearned to be a great flyer and achieved her purpose. Rosalind Russell is sincere and honest in the role so similar to the life role of Amelia Earhart. Fred MacMurray is the brilliant flyer who wins her heart and then walks out on her. Herbert Marshall is the man who teaches her to fly and who wins her promise of marriage. (May)

✓**FRANKENSTEIN MEETS THE WOLF MAN**—Universal: Lon Chaney Jr. is the *Wolf Man* released from his grave by robbers. When he seeks a recipe to eternal death he enters the ruins where the *Frankenstein* monster is supposed to have died, but the monster comes to life again and then comes horror. Ilona Massey gets mixed up in the proceedings. It's a chiller-diller, all right. (May)

✓**GOOD MORNING, JUDGE**—Universal: This tries very hard to be funny and has Dennis O'Keefe as a music publisher being sued for plagiarism with Louise Allbritton as the plaintiff's attorney. This leads to many doings which are supposed to be very amusing. Mary Beth Hughes is contender for Mr. O'Keefe's affections. (July)

✓✓**HANGMEN ALSO DIE!**—Arnold Pressburger: Suspense rides high throughout this powerful picture of revenge upon the Czechoslovakians for the death of the German hangman, Heydrich. Brian Donlevy is the real murderer who seeks refuge with Walter Brennan and his family, who become embroiled with the Gestapo, while the underground carefully pins the murder on traitorous Gene Lockhart. (May)

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"DO YOU EVER stop to think that loneliness can come to you simply because you don't suspect yourself of body staleness? I know...for that's how heartbreak came to me! But I've discovered a lucky secret...and now in just 30 seconds I can always make sure I'll stay fragrantly dainty the whole evening through! Listen...



"FIRST, after my bath, I dry myself gently...barely patting those easily irritated "danger zones" that might chafe!



"THEN, I delight my whole body with the silky caress of Cashmere Bouquet Talcum! How quickly its soothing coolness absorbs all the tiny traces of moisture I missed. How deliciously smooth my skin feels. And there I stand, delicately perfumed all over...understanding why they call it—the fragrance men love!



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Cashmere Bouquet

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WILL STAND A
"Nasal close-up"**

You may be attractive to men in every other way—but guard against unpleasant scalp odor! Remember—the scalp perspires as well as the rest of the skin.

There's an easy, pleasant way to make sure that your hair can always stand a "nasal close-up". Simply shampoo regularly with Packers Pine Tar Shampoo.

This marvelous shampoo was developed especially to promote dainty, fresh hair and scalp. The pure medicinal pine tar it contains will work wonders with your hair—leave it soft and lustrous, and without a trace of unpleasant scalp odor.

Start using Packers tonight! Packers Pine Tar Shampoo is at all drug, department and ten-cent stores.



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If FRECKLES
Don't Disappear**

Get a jar of Golden Peacock Bleach Creme this evening—use as directed before going to bed—look for big improvement in the morning. In a few days surface blemishes, muddiness, freckles, even pimples of outward origin should be gone. A clearer, whiter, smoother looking complexion. Sold on money back guarantee at all drug, department and 5c-10c stores or send 50c, plus 5c Federal Tax, to Golden Peacock Co. Inc., Dept. MW, Paris, Tenn., for regular 50c jar, postpaid.



HARRIGAN'S KID—M-G-M: Bobby Readick looks like a good bet in his cinema debut as a young jockey trained in arrogance and dishonesty by ex-jockey Bill Gargan. Gargan, as always, is splendid in his role, and J. Carrol Naish and Frank Craven lend a lot to this little racetrack tale. (June)

HE HIRED THE BOSS—20th Century-Fox: There's an appealing, homey quality in this story about an office worker, Stuart Erwin, who plods along year after year getting nowhere, until, finally, through a property deal, Stuart takes over the business and hires his boss to work for him. Evelyn Venable is Stuart's girl, Thurston Hall the boss, and William Orr, the boss's son. (June)

HELLO, FRISCO, HELLO—20th Century-Fox: Alice Faye is lovelier than ever in this Gay Nineties musical as the singer in love with John Payne, who can't resist the Nob Hill lovely, Lynn Bari. Jack Oakie, with his inimitable singing and strutting, and June Havoc are also entertainers. The music will evoke nostalgic memories and if you miss this you'll be sorry. (June)

HE'S MY GUY—Universal: The ribald clowning of talented Joan Davis does much to make this picture a hit. Dick Foran and Irene Hervey, as the estranged couple who are reunited through a defense plant show, sing several songs delightfully and Gertrude Niesen puts across her numbers in wonderful style. The Mills Brothers and Fuzzy Knight contribute a lot of entertainment. (June)

HI, BUDDY—Universal: When the big fellows march off to war the going gets tough for the Hi Buddy club of East Side kids sponsored by the older boys. But "big brother" Robert Paige makes a hit singing with a girls' orchestra and finally returns to straighten out the club's financial matters. With Marjorie Lord, Harriet Hilliard and Dick Foran. (May)

HI YA, CHUM—Universal: Trekking westward is a merry little party of small-time vaudevillians, the Ritz Brothers and a sister team, Jane Frazee and June Clyde. The girls keep on helping the Ritz fits out of the trouble they always get into. Robert Paige is the romantic lead. (May)

HIGH EXPLOSIVE—Paramount: Chester Morris, an expert in handling high explosives and also at casting big eyes at Jean Parker takes on the perilous job of driving a truck loaded with nitroglycerine. When Jane's brother, Rand Brooks, is killed in a truck explosion, Chester is blamed and only redeems himself by his own bravery. It's a fast-moving little picture. (June)

HIT PARADE OF 1943—Republic: Susan Hayward, songwriter, is out to seek revenge on John Carrol, who has deliberately stolen one of her numbers, but you know what happens then. Love. Eve Arden is swell with her smart-dame chatter and Gail Patrick is the jealous female. The tunes are so tune-ful and Susan does a swell job of singing. (June)

HOPPY SERVES A WRIT—U. A.: Brave and handsome Hopalong, played as usual by William Boyd, leads the pursuit of brigands who manage to cross the state border. But Hopalong, using a disguise, follows them and traps them back over the border. A fight to a finish between Boyd and Victor Jory, the robber, is a lulu. (June)

HOW'S ABOUT IT—Universal: The Andrews sisters play elevator operators who yearn to be heard before an audience—and need we say all their yearns come true? Another little plot involving a suit against songwriter Robert Paige by Grace McDonald wanders around among the Andrews. Buddy Rich's band plays sweet music and Mary Wickes is cute as a secretary. (May)

HUMAN COMEDY, THE—M-G-M: One of the finest human documents ever to appear on the screen is this picture showing the effects of war on a small-town community. Mickey Rooney takes on the job of night telegraph boy to help his family when his older brother, Van Johnson, is called to arms. John Craven, James Craig, Jack Jenkins Frank Morgan and the whole cast do wonderful work. (May)

I ESCAPED FROM THE GESTAPO—Monogram: Dean Jagger, an American forger in prison is extricated by the Gestapo who need him in their counterfeiting scheme. They set him to work for them behind a beach concession which is a front to gather information. Finally his patriotism is aroused and he gets a message through to the F.B.I. With John Carradine, Bill Henry, and Mary Brian. (July)

IDAHO—Republic: We think you'll enjoy this Western about a reformed judge who is framed because he tried to rid his community of vice and gambling. Ona Munson runs the gambling house, and Roy Rogers is the hero who is engaged to Virginia Grey, the judge's daughter, and foils villains Dick Purcell and Arthur Hohl in fine style. Smiley Burnett provides the comic relief. (May)

ISLE OF ROMANCE—Universal: Allen Jones and Andy Devine pose respectively as native chief and beachcomber of an island paradise which they attempt to sell to wealthy Ernest Truck and Marjorie Gateson and almost succeed until the return of the natives breaks up the scheme. Lovely Aquanetta, Jane Frazee and Mary Wickes are neatly written into this tale of song and nonsense. (June)

IT AIN'T HAY—Universal: Abbott and Costello, the funny ones, steal a champion race horse thinking it's worthless and the hullabaloo that ensues is typical Abbott and Costello fun. Grace McDonald and Leighton Noble take care of the romance department. Patsy O'Connor sings, and Eugene Pallette is 400 pounds of frustrated efficiency. (June)

IT COMES UP LOVE—Universal: Donald O'Connor starts squarely on the road to stardom as the young hep-catter who refuses to be taken in by debbie Gloria Jean, but in order to please his aunt, Louise Allbritton, he agrees to see Gloria—and it comes up love. Both Miss Allbritton and Frieda Inescort are out to land Ian Hunter, Gloria's father. (May)

I WALKED WITH A ZOMBIE—RKO-Radio: Frances Dee is the nurse who goes to the Caribbean where she discovers her patient is insane. The natives proclaim the woman a zombie and in order to help restore her to normalcy, the nurse becomes involved in weird voodoo hoodoo. Tom Conway is the husband, Jimmy Ellison his younger brother, and Sir Lancelot and Edith Barrett complete the cast. (June)

KING OF THE COWBOYS—Republic: Roy Rogers is a rodeo performer who joins a carnival in order to get first hand information on thieves who operate through a mind-reading act. Smiley Burnett is as funnible as ever, and Peggy Moran is cute. (July)

LADY OF BURLESQUE—U. A.: When murder occurs behind a stage in a burlesque theater, Barbara Stanwyck, star of the show, Michael O'Shea the comic, Pinky Lee, J. Edward Bromberg the theater manager, and burlesque girls Marian Martin, Gloria Dickson, Iris Adrian, and Victoria Faust are all involved. Charles Dingle is the police inspector, and the cast are very good. (July)

LADIES' DAY—RKO-Radio: Eddie Albert's fine acting talents are wasted in this potpourri of nonsense in which he's cast as a baseball player whose wife, Lupe Velez, interferes with his work. As a result, the wives of other players get together to keep Lupe in line. Patsy Kelly and Max Baer are another husband and wife couple. (June)

LEATHER BURNERS—U. A.: Hopalong Cassidy, played by Bill Boyd, and his pal, Andy Clyde, join a bunch of cattle rustlers in order to learn the identity of the boss culprit. When they find where the stolen cattle are hidden, a fine free-for-all results. Victor Jory is the bad man. It's not quite up to the standard of former Hopalong stories. (July)

MOON IS DOWN, THE—20th Century-Fox: About the Nazi invasion of a small Norwegian town, this is grippingly real and beautifully acted by Henry Travers as the mayor, Lee J. Cobb as the village doctor, and Dorris Bowdon. Sir Cedric Hardwicke is the Nazi commander and Peter Van Eyck the Nazi lieutenant who succumbs to loneliness. (May)

MORE THE MERRIER, THE—Columbia: This mad-cap caricature of overcrowded Washington is delightful farce, packed with hilarious antics. It starts when stenographer Jean Arthur decides to rent out half her small apartment, and Charles Coburn insists upon moving in and then rents out half of his half to Joel McCrea, and everything gets hectic. The more of this kind of picture the merrier. (July)

MR. LUCKY—Columbia: Cary Grant is the owner of a gambling ship, and in order to get some much-needed money he attempts to horn in on a War Relief Committee. There he meets and falls in love with Laraine Day and is finally regenerated. So much so that he renounces his love and sails his ship away with medical supplies to the Greeks. Not up to the usual Grant standard. (July)

MYSTERIOUS DOCTOR, THE—Warners: John Loder, an Englishman loyal to his German ancestors, is the instigator of all kinds of trouble. Eleanor Parker and Bruce Lester, a young Army officer intent on reopening a mine, are the romantic leads. (May)

MY FRIEND FLICKA—20th Century-Fox: Roddy McDowall roams his father's Wyoming ranch with little sense of responsibility until he chooses the horse Flicka for his very own. Then Flicka becomes ill, and through the boy's loyalty to his horse is born a new understanding between him and his father, Preston Foster. You'll love it all. (July)

NEXT OF KIN—Universal: This British film is a vivid and terrifying portrayal of how loose talk can lose lives of loved ones. A German spy sent to England manages through the tragically innocent betrayers of England to get a complete picture of a secret British plan to wipe out a German submarine base and through this information costs many unnecessary lives of brave soldiers. You must see it. (June)

OUTLAW, THE—Howard Hughes: After two years Jane Russell and Jack Beutel finally make their screen appearance in this story of *Billy the Kid*, with Miss Russell disappointing and Beutel showing great promise. Despite its many ludicrous moments, it holds attention. Thomas Mitchell is the sheriff and Walter Huston Billy's bad-man friend. (May)

PILOT No. 5—M-G-M: Four pilots on the island of Java reveal to their Major the life story of the pilot who has just taken off for a suicidal attempt against the Japs. Franchot Tone as the pilot who is so believable, and Gene Kelly as his political partner. Van Johnson, Steve Garay, and Marsha Hunt all give top-notch performances. (July)

PRESENTING LILY MARS—M-G-M: A honey of a musical, with Judy Garland a stage-struck miss from Indiana who pesters stage producer Van Heflin to give her a job. When she refuses to be discouraged and follows him to New York, he's forced to give in and give her a role. Judy's performance is delightful and Heflin is, as always, very good. There's music and dancing and songs. (July)

(Continued on page 92)

Fun on the farm!

By Jessie Henderson



WITH gardeners gone to war, the stars are having as tough a tussle over their Victory farms as any other amateurs. They have the carrots and calluses, beets and boners, to prove it.

Don Ameche hasn't a big Victory Garden, because it's difficult to obtain help. But he does have a flock of chickens, two cows and four young Ameches who get away with most of the product of same. The cows are a new item and Don is very proud of them—but it's Mrs. Ameche who does the milking. Don wanted to learn, but they decided he'd better learn on somebody else's cows; because if a cow isn't milked right, she won't give, and who wants a cow merely as a pet?



A record even for Hollywood! Deanna Durbin grew beets so big she had to dig 'em up with a shovel. Into the beet bed, she put a quantity of newfangled fertilizer; and she'd no more than turned her back when, bam! five-inch beets were all over the place. Not but what as a rule you could pick up a five-inch wide beet with the naked hand, but the soil in Deanna's yard is adobe. Pulling a five-inch beet out of it is like pulling a bowling ball out of cement.

Ann Sothorn made a Victory Garden of the dog's runway, exercising the dog herself to compensate for swiping his playground. To top off, she planted a row of corn around the wall of her house. The stalks grew and grew till they durn nigh reached the second story, a magnificent sight. But they never had any corn on them. Too late, someone told Ann that, to get corn, you have to plant at least two rows in order to let the pollen flit back and forth. Nature's so cute!

Mary Astor has gone so garden-minded that she's even planted onions between the calla blossoms in the lily bed. At every window, also, she has a window box full of carrots and beets;

ARE YOU SURE OF YOUR
PRESENT DEODORANT?
TEST IT! PUT IT
UNDER THIS ARM...

PUT FRESH, THE NEW
DOUBLE-DUTY CREAM,
UNDER THIS ARM! SEE
WHICH STOPS PERSPIRATION—
PREVENTS ODOR BETTER!



Use
FRESH
and stay
fresher!

• See how effectively Fresh #2 stops perspiration—prevents odor. See how gentle it is. Never gritty or greasy. Won't rot even delicate fabrics!

Make your own test! If you don't agree that Fresh #2 is the best underarm cream you've ever used, your dealer will gladly refund full price.



Three sizes
50¢—25¢—10¢

NEW DOUBLE-DUTY CREAM • REALLY STOPS PERSPIRATION • PREVENTS ODOR

Sweet Siren You!



When you wear your *Exciting*
Alix-Styled Shade of the
New Jergens Face Powder



YOUR ALIVE ALLURE!

A half-alive looking face is all wrong today. Fluff on new Jergens Face Powder and see your skin come to life! For Alix, famous designer and colorist, styled Jergens shades to give that gloriously young and *alive tone* to your skin.

YOUR VELVET-SKIN LOOK!

More manpower for you—and here's the reason: An exclusive process gives luscious Jergens Powder a different, *velvetized* texture. Makes your skin look gorgeously smoother, more flawless (helps hide tiny skin faults).

WHICH SHADE FOR YOU?

Naturelle—to give flower delicacy.

Peach Bloom—for that dewy, colorful look.

Rachel—a pearly, glamorous shade.

Brunette—vivid, alluring.

Dark Rachel—for that striking tawny look.

BIG BOUDOIR BOX, \$1.00...TRY-IT SIZES, 25¢ AND 10¢

their foliage, by the way, is most effective, and what a convenience to reach forth hungrily in the night and grab a square meal by the roots from the bedroom casement. Around every tree on the lawn, instead of petunias, Mary has vegetables. Also, as she lately discovered, she has half the horned toads of the county, basking with delight in the shade of the Swiss chard. Mary, who squeals at sight of an ant!



On the day Nancy Coleman found she was to be a star, she bought a house and an acre of land in the Valley. It's near the homes of Marsha Hunt and Richard Carlson. To greet their fellow actor, they each sent her a gift, with a card that said, "Welcome, Neighbor!" From the Carlson home came a tomato plant; from Marsha Hunt, lettuce seeds. The tomato plant went berserk with fruit (or is it vegetables?), till one day it broke in two from the weight of its yield—Nancy knowing naught about propping it up with sticks. The lettuce seeds, to the surprise of Nancy and Marsha both, turned into virulent weeds with yellow flowers.



Everything on Janet Gaynor's table, except the bread, comes from her tiny Victory farm. Besides the vegetables and fruit—name your favorite, she's sure to have it—Janet has acquired a flock of quackless ducks. For milk, as well as for laughs, she bought several goats, too. And the ducks have nothing on the goats, either, because—the wonders of science or something—these are smell-less nannies.



Martha O'Driscoll found she owned a traveling garden. It moved, by itself, an eighth of a mile. Martha had planted the seeds with her own rosy fingers, but she planted them only half an inch deep and forgot that her land sloped downward. Came a brisk downpour. Martha's garden washed out, every bit of it, into the ravine across the way.
(Continued on page 88)

Speak

FOR YOURSELF

\$10.00 PRIZE

Letter From An American

I AM an American!

I claim this honor to be called an American because I was fortunate enough to be born in the United States.

My grandparents were born in Yugoslavia, but I never claimed descendancy from that country because I thought it was just a backwoods, ignorant country, just as I thought all "old country" people were.

But tonight I have seen "Chetniks!" and it made me realize that any nation who could produce such leaders as Draja Mihailovitch who is fighting for the same cause as America—to be free—is not a nation to be refused recognition.

Thank you, Hollywood, for making me proud of my grandparents' country! Thank you for making me be proud to be an American Yugoslavian! Thank you, Philip Dorn, for being a superb Mihailovitch!

Mrs. Leona Odey,
E. Moline, Ill.

\$5.00 PRIZE

Bit o' Bad; Bit o' Good

NEGATIVE

George Sanders. A sincere pain in the neck! Don't encourage him, ladies!

Jane Dunne: Too, too sweet, winsome and innocent in all her screen roles—not at all in keeping with her actual maturity.

Mickey Rooney: Too many mannerisms—a big show-off! He will never grow up, no doubt. A perpetual Andy Hardy. Eddy Lamarr: Not enough fire and personality in her acting. Her colorful and exotic still pictures are misleading.

Alfred Bellamy: Has had the most asinine screen roles consistently. Meta (The Garbo): Phooey! plenty phooey!

Donald Scott: Why must he always be a Westerner? Why?

Susan Hayward: Will someone please comb her hair?

POSITIVE

An excellent actor, I admit.

Very attractive—a well-dressed woman. That's all, brother!

Knows art of acting.

Positively beautiful!

He's really a swell actor when given the proper assignments.

Ditto to the left.

He's so good-looking and would look just as well in a drawing room.

Cute—a rising young actress

Sybil Schroll,
Chicago, Ill.



Philip Dorn—the man about whom everyone's talking. But what one reader says about him this month is worth our ten-dollar prize and your attention

\$1.00 PRIZE

Usher's Side of the Picture

HERE is a capital Hurrah for Miss Judy Garland! I really have to take off my dickie and collar to her.

I am an usher in a large downtown theater and daily I usher thousands of people to their seats. Tired people, sad people, happy people, rich people with furs and people without any coats at all, blind people, deaf people, soldiers and their sweethearts. I know well what these people love, laugh at and cheer.

I have to stand day after day and watch the feature over and over and I can honestly say I never grew weary of "For Me And My Gal." You don't know the feeling it gives you, deep down, to see tired defense workers laugh; soldiers with big, salty tears rolling down their cheeks and old-timers humming the tunes with Judy. It shows you what great people America is made up of.

So hurrah, hurrah, hurrah for Judy Garland and her producers and her director!

Richard Chandler,
Peoria, Ill.

\$1.00 PRIZE

Re: The Little Ladd

ONE of the mitigating circumstances (we hope) of the war is that little by little we shall be allowed to forget Alan Ladd. Movie magazines are still full of his publicity, at present featuring him as a private. But we trust we may be spared his spectacular rise to sergeant . . . "Lieutenant" . . . and, undoubtedly, Major-General!

As you may have guessed, we are of the minority who do not admire the Little Ladd as an actor. For some months we have sympathetically kept our pen between our teeth, thinking that perhaps he had some back injury which accounted for his woodenness and lack of poise. Now, however, that Uncle Sam has accepted him, we can come out and say that the unbendable spine and flapping arms must be

just a mannerism. Alan may be a dear Little Ladd in his domestic moments; but to those of us who have seen Raft and Bogart at their best (or worst) he is only an aggravation. For the duration, we hope that Paramount will find some villain with a better assembled chassis and flexible gear shift.

Page Huntoon,
Chula Vista, Calif.

\$1.00 PRIZE

A Victory Dinner

ENTREE

Grapefruit—Mickey Rooney
(Just a squirt!)

MAIN COURSE

Baked Ham—Bob Hope
(Do I have to say why?)
Corn—Milton Berle
Baked Brown Potatoes—Lena Horne
(A swell dish!)
Spices—Gene Tierney
(She gives everything a swell flavor.)

DESSERT

Ice Cream—Judy Garland
(She's so refreshing.)
Coffee—Olivia de Havilland
(Hard to get.)
Sugar—Teresa Wright
(She's very sweet.)
Danish Pastry—Ingrid Bergman

AFTER-DINNER CANDY

Taffy—Red Skelton
(A jerk!)
Bonbons—Lana Turner
(Good-good!)

Elaine Gertzis,
New York, N. Y.

\$1.00 PRIZE

Why, Fred!

EAGERLY I looked forward to seeing "Forest Rangers." I saw it and was not disappointed. The scenery was beautiful;

Says MARJORIE REYNOLDS,
star of screen,
"Time-outs are few
and far between,
So when I get one
you will note,
Royal Crown Cola
wins my vote!"

See Marjorie Reynolds in
"DIXIE," a Paramount Picture
in Technicolor



Marjorie Reynolds has a double job these days—making pictures for Paramount and entertaining soldiers for Uncle Sam. So whenever she takes a moment off, Royal Crown Cola gives her a lift and a fresh start. "I took the famous taste-test," she says, "tasted leading colas in paper cups. I tried each one and picked my winner—Royal Crown Cola! Winter or summer, it's my favorite 'quick-up'!"

TAKE TIME OUT FOR A "QUICK-UP" WITH

ROYAL CROWN COLA

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Best by Taste-Test!



BUY MORE WAR BONDS AND STAMPS TODAY!

the fire scenes were exciting.

Like my fellow audience, I cheered with satisfaction when handsome Ranger Fred MacMurray won Paulette Goddard and left the theater unsuspecting, blissfully feeling I had seen that rare thing, an all-around completely perfect picture!

And then a faint suspicion began to gnaw at me. Persistently. Gremlins? There was something . . . It took all of a couple of days to discover the reason. Not gremlins—Susan Hayward. Fred had married the wrong girl!! Oh, you saucy little red-head! Oh you cute little darling Susan Fred, how could you?!!

Anne Ogrodnich, Pa.
Venango, Pa.

\$1.00 PRIZE
Real Reels

THROUGH the medium of "Speak for Yourself" I'd like to ask the motion-picture fraternity to help professionalize the homemaker.

We homemakers, too, would like to see ourselves as our next-door neighbors see us. Saving ration points, turning our flower gardens into Victory gardens, canning vegetables, stretching fats, sewing for the Red Cross.

A series of such pictures would bring spiritual consolation to millions of home-front women, secure in the knowledge that our boys—all over the world—could see that we "moms" are behind them every moment of our existence.

Mrs. Loretto Strader,
Detroit, Mich.

HONORABLE MENTION

HERE is a twenty-one gun salute to: Claude Rains, whether he is an understanding *Doctor Jaquith* or a scheming *Captain Renault*, you can depend on a "best" performance.

Lionel Barrymore, a veteran actor whose name is synonymous with "outstanding characterization."

Peter Lorre, the quiet little man with the unquestioned ability.

Sydney Greenstreet, you can't help seeing him and you can't help applauding him.

Bela Lugosi, he still "draculates" and still draws the crowds.

Miss Margaret Pasch,
Woonsocket, R. I.

WHAT has happened to Katharine Hepburn? I've just seen "Keeper Of The Flame." She overplayed her role to the point of meaningless monotony.

As a matter of fact, I think they are a poor combination, Tracy and Hepburn. Tracy's deep, heart-and-soul acting needs a brighter, livelier feminine association than Hepburn can ever hope to give.

Mrs. Ellen B. Bragdon,
Bradford, Mass.

PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR awards \$10 first prize, \$5 second prize and \$1 each to every other letter published in full. Your letters about stars or movies in less than 200 words are judged on the basis of clarity and originality. Do not submit previously published material or material that you are sending to other publications. Plagiarism will be punished to the full extent of the law. Retain a copy of material submitted as we regret we are not able to return unaccepted material. Address your letter to "Speak For Yourself," Photoplay-Movie Mirror, 205 East 42nd St., New York City.



An advance warning for the month of August from an eminent astrologer to three of Hollywood's most important stars

BY MATILDA TROTTER

THE month of August brings these important events to the lives of the three stars discussed this month. In reading the following predictions, please take into consideration the fact that

in order to make an accurate prediction for a given month, our astrologer must have the year, month, place and moment of birth of the person for whom the prediction is made. Therefore, if these forecasts do not come to pass precisely as they are written, it is because we have been unable to secure exact information concerning the person's birth.

Paul Henreid: Paul Henreid's chart indicates enduring fame in pictures. August is a romantic period for Mr. Henreid. Due to Jupiter in his house of personality, he will radiate magnetism and charm. Prosperity and prestige will be his.

The promise shown in "Now Voyager" should be fulfilled either in a picture released or in one begun during the month of August.

George Montgomery: George has a lucky chart. Success is indicated in secret matters, or in work done behind the scenes, such as radio, wireless, research, investigation.

Mars in his 9th house (house of foreign affairs and travel) indicates much travel and service in a distant country.

Love enters into the August picture. The new moon on August 30, the day after George's birthday, suggests an engagement or sudden marriage.

Publicity is the keynote for George during August.

Maria Montez: Dynamite Maria Montez is perched on a volcano at the present writing.

First, she must guard her health.

Secondly, she is in danger of jeopardizing her financial security by some unwise and impetuous act.

The stars warn Maria to use infinite care in signing all legal documents, such as contracts, papers having to do with partnership, or with the goods of the dead, and above all to beware of speculation.

On August 30, Maria, look out for trouble through a woman.

FINE NEW GUM BY
A FINE OLD FIRM

FLEERS

ESTABLISHED 1885

THE Shadow Stage

Reviewing Movies of the Month

A reliable guide to recent pictures. One check means good; two checks, very good; three checks, outstanding



Colossal parade: William Terry and Cheryl Walker in "Stage Door Canteen"

✓✓✓ Stage Door Canteen (Sol Lesser—U. A.)

It's About: Stars and soldiers who intermingle at New York's Stage Door Canteen.

IF ONE were to mention every player in the long, imposing list of famous musicians and stars—mostly of the stage—that comprise the glittering array of guest artists, this review would sound like a Who's Who in the Theater. They swarm over the story in droves—Katharine Cornell, Ina Claire, Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne, Gracie Fields, Katharine Hepburn, Ray Bolger, George Jessel, Gypsy Rose Lee, Yehudi Menuhin, Merle Oberon and dozens of others.

The story has Cheryl Walker, a snooty and ambitious young actress, meeting William Terry at the Canteen (which is actually run and supported by New York stage stars) and gradually losing her heart to him. Margaret Early and Marjorie Riordan are Cheryl's roommates who help her to find herself. Lon McCallister, the young lad who plays "California," walks off with honors.

Such bands as Count Basie, Xavier Cugat, Benny Goodman, Kay Kyser, Guy Lombardo and Freddy Martin and such singers as Ethel Merman, Ethel Waters, Kenny Baker and Lanny Ross contribute to this parade of talent.

Never has a customer been offered so much for his money. And never have stars contributed so much so willingly.

Your Reviewer Says: A colossal parade.



Splendid and realistic salute: Lloyd Nolan and Robert Taylor in "Bataan"

✓✓ Bataan (M-G-M)

It's About: The fate of a handful of men on Bataan.

AUDIENCES may be weary of war pictures, but as long as Hollywood continues to create pictures as fine as this one, we predict fans will enjoy them.

"Bataan" is more than a splendid movie. It's a living testimony of the courage of Americans in their desperate struggle for freedom. Americans, most of them inexperienced and certainly ill-equipped, whose magnificent stand in the face of horrible odds makes them heroes for whom we can all weep.

Who can suffer with these men and not be mightily moved? Who can realize their courage and sacrifices and not emerge a better and more determined American?

Thirteen men find themselves, an oddly assorted little band, in a Bataan fox hole, ready to give their lives in order to prevent the Japs from rebuilding a bridge. Among them we find Robert Taylor, Lee Bowman, George Murphy, Thomas Mitchell, Lloyd Nolan, Robert Walker, Desi Arnaz, Barry Nelson, Phillip Terry, Roque Espiritu, Kenneth Spencer and Tom Dugan.

Bob Taylor is magnificent as the Sergeant—and Robert Walker, the sailor among the group, is outstanding. There is an air of authority about the story, a directness of approach and telling that make it among the best of its kind.

Your Reviewer Says: If you have tears. . .



A smash: Humphrey Bogart, Julie Bishop in "Action In The North Atlantic"

✓✓ Action In The North Atlantic (Warners)

It's About: The experiences of a Merchant Marine convoy en route to Russia.

A LASHING, smashing, fearful thing (when one realizes these events are everyday occurrences) that brings home, as nothing has, the importance and dangerous duties of the Merchant Marine.

The survivors of a destroyed cargo boat are recruited on a new Liberty ship, one of many in a convoy to Russia. They have almost reached their destination when a Nazi submarine wolf pack attacks and the American ship is forced away from the convoy. The suspense and horror, as the men wait for the sub to catch up, the trickery and skill employed by the men to avoid disaster, provide thrilling entertainment.

Raymond Massey, as the Captain, and young Dick Hogan, as the Cadet, are very good, but somehow Humphrey Bogart, a First Mate, remains the dominant character throughout. The men, including Alar Hale, Sam Levene, Dane Clark (a new comer worth watching), Peter Whitney, Kane Richmond, Chic Chandler, are perfectly cast. Kane Richmond, as the Ensign, registers strongly.

Julie Bishop and Ruth Gordon, the only two women in the cast, are both very good but absolutely unnecessary to the story.

To the Merchant Marine of every country there could be no finer salute.

Your Reviewer Says: Magnificent.
(Continued on page 93)

For Best Pictures of the Month and Best Performances See Page 93

For Complete Casts of Current Pictures See Page 99

For Brief Reviews of Current Pictures See Page 14

You'll wind his heart around your finger
With shining hair that makes eyes linger!



No other shampoo
leaves hair so lustrous...and yet so easy to manage!*



FOR PLAY IN THE SUN—make your own "halter" from two huge bandanas. Knot them together behind your neck, criss-cross in front, then tie in back at waistline. Be sure your hairdo is in keeping—simple, practical, like this lovely, new "upsweep"! Hair shampooed with Special Drene.

Only Special Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre than soap,
yet leaves hair so easy to arrange, so alluringly smooth!

Your glamour rates sky-high with a man when your hair has that lustrous, shining "live" look! But dull, dingy hair takes so much from your allure.

So don't let soap or soap shampoos rob your hair of lustre!

INSTEAD, USE SPECIAL DRENE! See the dramatic difference after your first shampoo... how gloriously it reveals all the lovely sparkling highlights, all the natural color brilliance of your hair!

And now that Special Drene contains a wonderful hair conditioner, it leaves hair far silkier, smoother and easier to arrange... right after shampooing!

EASIER TO COMB into smooth, shining neatness! If you haven't tried Drene lately, you'll be amazed!

And remember, Special Drene gets rid of all flaky dandruff the very first time you use it.

So for more alluring hair, insist on Special Drene with Hair Conditioner added. Or ask your beauty shop to use it!

*PROCTER & GAMBLE, after careful tests of all types of shampoos, found no other which leaves hair so lustrous and yet so easy to manage as Special Drene.



*Soap film
dulls lustre—
robs hair of glamour!*

Avoid this beauty handicap! Switch to Special Drene. It never leaves any dulling film, as all soaps and soap shampoos do.

That's why Special Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre!



Special Drene
with
Hair Conditioner

**HERE'S THAT AGE OF INNOCENCE
WITH THAT GLEAM IN ITS EYE!**

IT'S THE naughty Nineties when necking was "sparking"...and every drug-store dandy had petticoat fever! It's the lowdown on some high times that began after the ball was over! It's saucy, surprising...swell Lubitsch fun!



Ernst Lubitsch's
PRODUCTION
**HEAVEN
Can WAIT**
in Technicolor

GENE TIERNEY • DON AMECHE
CHARLES COBURN • MARJORIE MAIN • LAIRD CREGAR
SPRING BYINGTON • ALLYN JOSLYN • EUGENE PALLETTE • SIGNE HASSO
LOUIS CALHERN • HELENE REYNOLDS • AUBREY MATHER • MICHAEL AMES

Produced and Directed by Ernst Lubitsch • Screen Play by Samson Raphaelson
Based upon the Play "Birthday" by Lazlo Bus-Fekete

"I'M IN IT, TOO!"

A **20th** CENTURY-FOX PICTURE

WHAT ABOUT

Betty Grable and Harry James?

Here it is—the exciting truth,
some of it in Harry's own
words, on this intense romance

BY ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

—HOLLYWOOD's most exciting romance is Betty Grable and Harry James. Also Hollywood's most hush-hush love affair. A few items have appeared about Betty and Harry but since both have consistently refused to see any reporter or make any statement much of the information has been erroneous. Here, at last, is the true story of Betty and Harry's romance, gathered from many people, chiefly from no less an authority than Harry himself.

We saw the man whose band and trumpet-playing are tops these days while he waited for Betty to join him in New York. Ostensibly she crossed the continent for the opening of "Coney Island." Really she came to see him and settle some of those all-important questions between them.

"I appreciate your asking me to check on the facts and anecdotes Hollywood reporters have supplied you about Betty and me," Harry said. "A story in which the facts were not entirely correct could do harm. What has happened to us might happen to any two people. Let me tell you our story. . . ."

Thus it becomes our privilege to publish this romantic scoop, to satisfy the interest that has been excited by the secrecy which heretofore has surrounded this love affair.

"Contrary to general belief there was no romance between Betty and me last summer when we were working on 'Springtime In The Rockies,'" Harry said. "At that time I was rushed with my screen work, my engagement at the Palladium and my broadcasts. When Betty visited the Palladium with Seaman Bill Stark she did not come to see me, as it has been rumored she did. Only once or twice, in fact, did I know that she was there."

Last summer, bearing out what Harry says, Betty was still all-absorbed in George Raft. Their quarrels had begun—quarrels caused by their differences in tastes and age and the vital problem of his divorce. But she was

still hoping he would get his freedom and they would marry. It was while George was away, and with his knowledge, that she went dancing with Seaman Bill Stark. Not until the following November, about the time "Springtime In The Rockies" was released, did Lillian Grable, beginning to doubt a divorce would materialize, say: "I like George. But naturally I can't be too happy about Betty's having a continued romance with a man who cannot marry her. No matter how much they love each other in the end it will bring unhappiness to them both."

Betty listens to her mother and from

this time on her unhappiness undoubtedly increased. Last January, George went to New York to make a last try for his freedom. It was when he came back, unsuccessful, that she called him on the phone to call quits. She's strong enough to resent any force in her life that is destructive, to pull up any such force as she would weeds that choked the good growth in a garden. And she's brave enough, to come up from heartbreak to hope and believe and love again.

"It began for Betty and me last February," Harry said, "when we met several Monday (Continued on page 86)



They deserve the truth they get here, disproof of these dangerous rumors
—Harry, No. 1 trumpet player of today, Betty, the dancing star

Listen to me, Alice Faye!



BY ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

ONE of the most exciting things in life is a crossroads when your whole future is at stake, when perhaps all the coming years for yourself and those you love depend upon the decision you make.

Life has always had a way of catching up with Alice Faye. From the time she was a little girl dancing to the hurdy-gurdies on the sidewalks of New York, realities have always forced her hand, she's never been able to slide around or through anything.

Now she's come to the most vital crossroads, she's come to a decision such as no Hollywood star has ever had to make before, partly because there never was just this special combination of circumstances before.

And it isn't that I pretend to know what is right for Alice to do, down which fork of the roads she should walk. It's only that I keep thinking how important it is to so many, many people.

That's why, when I think of the decision she's making, I keep saying, Listen to me, Alice—I can't tell you what's right to do, I just want to be sure you have all the facts.

For I had listened, very carefully, to Alice's side of the story, to all those things that had actually brought her to the crossroads where at the very peak of her career she wants to retire from the screen. At a moment when her last picture has been a sensational success—and only because of Alice's own work in it.

First of all, we have to realize of course that Alice Faye is absolutely honest—too honest, people in Hollywood have thought sometimes. It's not because I love Alice myself (a luxury I don't often permit myself where the screen stars I write about are concerned) that I say this, but because I've seen her prove it the hard way over and over again. So



What Alice wants: A life devoted to husband Phil Harris, baby Alice Jr.

when Alice talks about retiring she means it, and you can put your last penny on that.

"You want to retire now?" I said to her.

"I'm going to retire," Alice said, simply. "This is my last picture."

"Why?" I said.

I had a hunch—well, more than a hunch because I know Alice. I know she has never had any personal ambition. I know what she wants from life and has wanted for a long time. But I wanted to hear how it looked to her.

"Because," Alice said, "I've got to make a choice, or so it seems to me. I have a baby—and I want to have more babies. I have a husband whom I love very much. I have a home at last, a real home. I don't think, in

these times, I can do justice to both. And there just couldn't be any question which comes first, could there?"

No, I realized that with Alice Faye there couldn't be any question which came first. She hadn't, in the very beginning, wanted to be a motion-picture star. She loved to sing and dance, always, but she had always been terrified of motion pictures, never thought well enough of herself and her magnificent God-given talents.

"I always wanted a baby more than anything," Alice said, "and now I have her and—she's such a darling. But when I'm making pictures I don't ever see her. I leave for the studio before she's awake—all I can do is creep in and look at her. They keep her up for me and I have just a glimpse of her at night (Continued on page 82)

No author has ever dared speak to a star this way before—
But this is to Alice Faye from a very dear—and famous—friend



What Alice has: The greatest fame of her screen career in Fox's "Hello, Frisco, Hello"; the promise of still greater glory in "The Girls He Left Behind"

P
M
M

BREAKUP—The Truth About



A more poignant story has seldom been told. But then, no two people have ever said good-by quite like this.

BY
RICHARD ADDISO

After that eventful call, Vic had just nine days to decide, to remember how they had loved one another, to think of their gay reunion at the Stork Club in New York—and to ponder what Rita herself had admitted to him that day on the trans-Atlantic telephone



What the columnist saw and recorded: Rita Hayworth, beloved of Vic, was being seen here, there and everywhere with Orson Welles.

THE good ship U. S. Coast Guard Cutter *D*—, in port for refueling, rode at anchor serene and confident. Down below in the crew's quarters the sound of jubilation rose in a blurred crescendo punctured by staccato laughter. On deck, midship, watching the waves do a frosty rhumba before they piled themselves up against the side of the ship, a big bosun sat, silent and notionless, his handsome profile etched by the sun on the scrubbed deck.

Out of nowhere it came, the sound of a tremulous tenor airing his sorrow over a portable phonograph.

"I wonder who's kissing her now. . . ."

The big bosun smiled. In a second his toes were wig-wagging to the

weepy rhythm. Suddenly the music stopped. The big bosun shrugged.

He had lapsed back into his reverie, watching the gulls swoop like Stukas.

A blond seaman came along the deck, carrying a portable. He walked over to the big bosun and sat down.

"What'll it be, bosun?" he said. "Glenn Miller doing 'Black Magic' or Harry James on 'Velvet Moon?'"

"You could start off with 'My Gal Sal,' swing into 'The Pity of It All' and . . ."

Scorchy, the seaman, blinked. "You mean you *still* want to hear those records?"

The big bosun came to. "This *still* routine—I don't get it."

"There's nothing to get, mate, nothing at all. The way I look at it, dames are like streetcars—there's another b in five minutes."

The big bosun swung around, grabbed him by the shoulder. "Supposing you give it to me straight."

"You really want it?"

"Shoot, sailor."

"Okay, mate. A bunch of us is down below listening to the radio and . . . well . . . I'm twisting the dial around when all of a sudden this Broadway columnist—Howard Barnes. I think his name is—starts coming over real good. We're listening with only half an ear when the guy comes out with it."

"With what?"

Rita Hayworth and Victor Mature



Hollywood buzzed for weeks. Why should such a couple break up — Rita Hayworth, glamorous star of "Cover Girl," Vic Mature, fighting bosun of the Coast Guard?

"Well, near as I can recall the item goes: 'Miss Rita Hayworth of Hollywood, rumored to be engaged to Boatwain Victor John Mature, U.S.C.G., latterly of Broadway and Hollywood and presently somewhere in the North Atlantic, is reportedly doing much of her grieving in the company of Mr. Orson Welles of Mars and thereabouts.'"

The bosun's jaw set.

"Is that all, Scorchy?"

"Just about."

"Thanks. Thanks a lot."

"Sorry, pal." An awkward silence.

"Just like I told you, dames. . . ."

"Skip it. See you ashore. I've got a little errand to do up forward."

"So long."

"So long."

Victor Mature sat there for a few minutes like a man trying to talk himself out of something. Or into something. Whatever it was, he succeeded. When he reported to his commanding officer, his mind was made up.

"I have a request to make, Sir," he said with crisp respect.

The commanding officer requested particulars.

"I'd like to make a trans-Atlantic telephone call to Hollywood, Sir."

The commanding officer looked up, frowned, relaxed.

"Urgent, I take it?"

"Yes, sir."

He got permission—for two reasons: Firstly, because the urgency was too obvious for question. Secondly, not a single member of the complement of the *D*— had asked less and contributed more, not only to the morale of the ship but to the flotilla and even to the fleet.

By nature tense and by temperament volatile, he waited eons for the connection to be completed. "Yes, Mr. Mature . . . yes, Mr. Mature. . . ."

There was a note of incredulity in Rita Hayworth's voice.

"Why Vic, where are you?" she said with shocked surprise. He might have blurted it out if the Coast Guard monitors, listening (Continued on page 84)

Sterling Wedding Pattern

This is for every girl—because she would want her war wedding to be just like Ann Sothern and Bob Sterling's

BY HELEN LOUISE WALKER

WHAT'S more fun than a wedding, anyhow? Everybody who has a drop of sentiment in him likes to have a hand in seeing to it that things run smoothly for the bemused principals on the great day so that the memory of it will glow for them for always. Which was, no doubt, the reason that the wedding of Ann Sothern and Bob Sterling, although one of the most hastily planned weddings that ever happened, was nevertheless just as sentimental and solemn and tearful and joyous and tremulous as if it had been planned for months.

And what will Ann and Bob remember about their great day which everybody strove so valiantly to make perfect for them? It will probably seem a trifle strenuous in retrospect, to say the least. Ann was working in "Cry Havoc" and Bob was on a brief leave after an appendectomy. They just didn't know whether there could be a wedding. But there was that day in Ventura when they decided to get a license, anyhow, "just in case," and also the following day when the papers discovered they had got it and they learned, to their consternation, that if they wanted to use it they'd have to go back to Ventura to be married, since that is in a different county than Beverly Hills.

Then there was Saturday, when they debated whether or not they could possibly do it on Sunday, what with an early studio call for Ann on Monday. But if they didn't do it then, when would they be sure they could do it? There followed the decision that afternoon that they simply must do it; the call to relatives and close friends to

accompany them to the ceremony; breathless posing for photographs at the studio.

Mrs. Ray "Mal" Milland assured them that there would, indeed, be a proper wedding reception for them Sunday evening at the Milland home, even as she began to dial the phone in a frantic combing of the city for caterers.

Suddenly it was Sunday noon and there was Ann, smart in the two-piece navy blue outfit, with cyclamen gloves to match the cyclamen bordered white orchids Bob had pinned on her shoulder. And Bob, a little bit pained over his Army haircut, which gave him just a tuft above his forehead and detracted, he feared, from the dignity of his uniform. They'll remember the long hot drive, which seemed so much longer at thirty-five miles an



Married in blue—a marriage true: Newlyweds Ann and Bob

hour and the stop for cold lemonade when Bob suddenly clutched his pocket and turned white as a sheet. He'd left the precious license lying on a desk in Ann's living room. Oh, well, every wedding must have at least one hitch. One of the cars hurried back to retrieve the license while the rest went on to rehearse the ceremony at Ventura.

The whole town had turned out to greet them, including a bevy of soldiers on week-end leave who insisted upon standing in two rows and making a more or less military arch as the bridal couple entered (and later as they left) the community chapel. They'll remember the Reverend Theodore Henderson who asked them whether they were church-goers and was so delighted when they told him "yes," and Bob's quip when Ann was appalled at the length of

the lines she must repeat for the double ring ceremony. "I never thought I'd hear you ask anybody to cut your dialogue!" said Bob.

They'll remember the arrival of the license, the ceremony over so quickly, with Bob shaking like a leaf and Ann a little (Continued on page 88)

PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR'S
COLOR PORTRAIT GALLERIES



Air Cadet's lady: The new Mrs. Robert Sterling, Ann Sothern of M-G-M's "Cry Havoc"

Don't



be ashamed to pray

If you read this rightly, you will find within yourself the power to gain what should be yours, to find peace, even to bring a loved one safely home . . .

BY *Laraine Day*

As told to Alice Craig Greene

MY religion has always been of uppermost importance to me—the guiding factor in my life. Whatever happiness or success I have had or shall have is the direct answer to prayer.

My philosophy is this: You can get anywhere in the world you want to get, as long as you have sufficient faith in yourself and in Something beyond yourself and are willing to work for that faith—and as long as you don't step on anyone else in climbing up the ladder.

When I first came to Hollywood, I used to say "I prayed for a role." Or "I shall pray for that to happen." And people would laugh at me, or look at me as if I were strange. I learned, soon, not to speak of what I felt and what I believed.

But today, the scene is changing. People by the thousands are learning again to pray. It has always been true that in time of great tragedy or need, people return in great numbers to their religions. And certainly today the world is in the greatest trouble it ever has known.

I remember the first time I ever found solace in prayer. I couldn't have been more than six years old. I came home early one afternoon and no one was home. It grew later and the shadows deepened. I was a tiny, terrified, lonely little girl, watching out a window.

Young as I was, I thought of prayer as the solution to my fears.

Gradually I forgot my fears in praying. I was no longer alone in the dusk. There was Someone beside me to whom I could tell my fears and so lose them. I began to realize even that early how wonderful it was to have Somebody "on your side" always pulling for you. Someone to talk to—to lean and depend on. Someone in whom you can believe and thereby renew your faith in yourself.

Even as I was whispering, "Dear

God, please let Mother come home," the door opened and she came in. It seemed almost a miraculous answer to the prayer. Unimportant as it may seem, coincidental or not, it made a great impression on my mind. It established my faith.

If something worries me now and I cannot get to sleep, I pray. It's like putting your troubles on someone else's shoulders for the night. It's like talking over your troubles with a friend.

Not long ago, I went on a Bond tour. I hadn't been on a stage or spoken to a crowd for over five years. The first time I got up for my little speech, my knees were going like mad. I didn't know what I was saying. While I was stumbling through the words, I thought, "Dear God, please make my knees stop shaking." And in seconds, a feeling of peace flooded through me. It is a sort of conditioning, a habit of knowing that if I depend on Him, things will be all right.

You will say I stopped my own nervousness just by will power. But I was petrified one moment, and at ease the next.

JUST before an important scene, I pray. And when I go before the camera there is a prayer in back of my work. It is a subconscious petition for help, an admission that I need help. And all of us do, whether or not we realize it. To people unused to praying, this may sound silly, but I am sincere. And I am not alone. The greatest men in the world have always been humble in the face of greater power than they have the ability to understand.

Naturally, prayer cannot accomplish things without your active participation and co-operation. So many people have said to me, "I prayed for this or that—but it did not come. How can you believe when you pray for things and do not get them?"

I can only say—you have to work for



In the "Kildare" pictures, Laraine worked closely with Lew Ayres, discovered something about him most Hollywoodites never suspected

things you pray for. You can't sit back and say, "I'm going to pray to be an actress," and then expect it to come true with no effort on your part. Only applied prayer is efficient prayer.

Also, sometimes we cannot see the reason for the way things happen today, but tomorrow it will be clear and we may understand.

At first I sometimes became rebellious when I prayed for things which did not come. Perhaps there were roles I wanted desperately and they were given to others.

But whenever I feel that way, I remember an example shown to a group in which I was studying. The teacher took a plain piece of paper and covered a picture. Nothing could be seen. Then he tore a small piece from one side of the paper and showed it to one person. Only one color showed through. He tore another piece out over another color, showing it to another person. This he did several times. Finally he asked each what he believed the color of the picture to be. Naturally, each reported the color he had seen.

Then the paper was removed and the picture (Continued on page 90)



“FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS”

—and for whom the plaudits ring: The Year's Most Romantic Lovers, Gary Cooper and Ingrid Bergman as American Robert Jordan and Spanish Maria in Paramount's picture of the year

Brilliant scene from a brilliant film: Pilar (Katina Paxinou), Maria and Robert Jordan give celluloid life to a poignant moment in the famous Hemingway novel





Service men's special:
Anne Gwynne of Universal's
"We've Never Been Licked"

UNIFORM

A "mind your manners" bulletin, sent
of service men, who "pretty

Reported by ANNE GWYNNE

I THINK my going out with service men all started some months ago. At the time, I had been dating a friend of mine who was stationed at a near-by camp. Whenever he got off on a week end, we'd always go somewhere together. One week he wrote me that he couldn't get away and asked, "Would it be all right if I send a couple of my buddies along instead?" Naturally, I agreed. So the two brought a friend with them. And every week after that, I usually would have dates with one soldier from the camp whom I had previously met plus one or two of his friends who were complete strangers to me.

Those boys have all left for service somewhere, but I'm still going around with service men. I think, as a result, that I've learned something of the etiquette of furlough dates.

Making a Date with a Service Man: This is always a big problem for a girl. If you meet a man in the armed forces and think you would like to go out with him, you may very likely want to make the overture yourself. In this case you should ask the boy to your home first either for an evening or for dinner. This applies, naturally, only if you live with your family. If you're a bachelor girl, invite other friends in when you invite the service man.

Going Out with a Service Man: If it's not convenient to have the man to dinner at your home or if you're afraid he might be bored, it is perfectly permissible to take him out. In this event, you should let him suggest where he would like to go. If he knows anything about your town, he'll probably have a place in mind. But if he's a stranger—as will be the case most of the time—the girl should choose the place. In that case, be sure to take him where he'll feel at ease. Forget the swanky places if he's not interested in swank.

Paying the check—or not paying it—is a big problem since nothing embarrasses a service man so much as being made to feel that he is being taken out by a girl.

If you're going to a theater or to some event where there are reserved tickets on sale, you can always buy the seats in advance. You must, however, let the man give the tickets to the doorman. In most cases it's better to go to an inexpensive movie if there's any embarrassment about (Continued on page, 80)

DATE-IQUETTE

Army-post haste at the request
ease" their girls to act like this

Top girl in the uniform sets
Ann Sheridan of Warner's
"Thank Your Lucky Stars"

And ANN SHERIDAN

SINCE I have entertained service men and because I have visited them at their camps so often, I am frequently asked for advice on what *not* to do on a furlough date. Now, I'm no Emily Post. I don't pretend to be an authority on the rules to be observed. But I do think I have talked with enough service men—and with enough girls—to have a few views on the subject that might help.

Based on my own personal observation, there are some of the faux pas you'll want to avoid on furlough dates.

The "Home Date: First of all, it is not best for a girl to date a service man unless she has met him through friends or at the USO or any recognized organization.

After this first meeting, however, she can, quite properly, issue an offhand invitation like this, "I'd like to see you again. Why not come to my home for an evening?"

For that home date, there are several things she must not do. If there are children, she must not let them take over. A friend of mine told me recently of taking a service man to a house where the children stayed up until all hours asking the fellow personal questions, embarrassing him greatly. No man can enjoy himself if he has to be on display with a lot of inquisitive youngsters.

If you do invite him to your home, don't—and I emphasize this—don't plan the whole evening for him. Don't start the proceedings off by announcing gleefully, "After dinner, I have some of the most charming games for us to play." Charades, gin rummy and the like may be fun for you—but *he* may not like them at all. Sure, he'll join in to make you feel good, but he'll suffer agonies in the process and silently vow, "Never again!"

Don't overlook that first dinner at your home. The one thing you must avoid is serving him a meal that fairly yelps out, "This is nothing special—it's just ordinary." Don't give him a dish just because it's easy to serve. Try to find out what he likes beforehand and have it. I realize this won't be too easy with rationing, but there are ways to doll up rather prosaic dishes so that they will be different and will also flatter your service man.

The Heart Problem: It is really bad manners for you to treat (Continued on page 80)



Gene Tierney



Face Front: Gene Tierney of Twentieth Century-Fox's "Heaven Can Wait"

Joan Fontaine



... and Joan Fontaine of Twentieth Century-Fox's "Jane Eyre" presented on next page

JANE EYRE

One of the greatest love stories of all time



The house was vast and lonely. Outside was only the rolling wasteland of the moors. A strange house, with a strange master. I wondered what he would be like, this Edward Rochester of Thornfield Hall

Fiction Version by Dan Senseney

THE iron gates of Thornfield Hall swung closed behind me, clanging with a deep, harsh sound like the tolling of a funeral bell. A gust of wind blew a flurry of dead autumn leaves up into my face and ahead of me the road wandered emptily across the wide, untenanted moorland. I set out along that road, hurrying as if at any moment I might hear footsteps behind me, feel a heavy detaining hand on my shoulder.

But I felt no hand, heard no footsteps. All I heard, even above the wild moan of the wind, was something it seemed to me I might hear for all the rest of my life; his voice,

A 20th Century-Fox picture. Screenplay by Aldous Huxley, Robert Stevenson and John Houseman. From the novel by Charlotte Brontë. Directed by Robert Stevenson. Copyright 1943 by 20th Century-Fox Film Corp.

calling in heartbreak and anguish—"Jane! Don't leave me! Jane! Jane!" Over and over. Forever.

* * *

My name is Jane Eyre. I have no father or mother, brothers or sisters. As a child I lived with my aunt, Mrs. Reed, at Gateshead Hall, near London. I do not think that she ever spoke one kind word to me and in 1829, when I was eight, she sent me away to Lowood School.

I remember so well my happiness

when first Aunt Reed told me she had decided to send me to school! She must have smiled grimly to see my delight, because she knew what Lowood was and I did not.

If I had, I think I would have begged to stay at gloomy Gateshead, neglected by my aunt and plagued by her son John, who was always pinching or striking me, and then running to his mother with lying accusations when I tried to protect myself.

Lowood was not a school; it was an orphans' home, a workhouse for children, and it was ruled by Mr. Brocklehurst, a black pillar of a man, straight, narrow, sable-clad, with a long face



"When you came out of your room," asked Mr. Rochester, "did you see anything?" "No," I quavered, "but I heard someone in the hall... a kind of laugh..."

THE CAST

Edward Rochester
Jane Eyre
Adele Varens
Mrs. Fairfax
Grace Poole
Blanche Ingram
Mr. Mason

Orson Welles
Joan Fontaine
Margaret O'Brien
Edith Barrett
Ethel Griffies
Hillary Brooke
John Abbott



...e posed there before the mirror, full of grace and coquetry, little French belle. I tried to imagine her mother, the woman who had left such a mark on Mr. Rochester, my unpredictable master



...re a cruel carved mask. I believe I liked to inflict pain. On my first morning there, because Aunt Reed had told him I was a liar, he put me on a high stool in front of the other girls and made me stay there all day, until I was almost fainting with weariness and misery. And another time, as a punishment, he sent me and Helen, another girl, out into the courtyard, to walk around and around for hours in the rain. Helen had a cough when we went out and that night it was much worse. Before morning she was dead. I only tell these sad things so that you may know what kind of life I

lived, those ten years I spent at Lowood until I was eighteen. Many times I wanted to run away and I would have done so if it had not been for Dr. Rivers, the parish physician. His was the only kind or gentle adult face we ever saw at school and I used to live from one of his weekly visits to the next. It was the afternoon of Helen's funeral that Dr. Rivers and I sealed the pact that kept me in Lowood. He found me weeping in the churchyard, after the others had gone, and bent over me, saying softly: "Come, Jane, let me take you back to school."

I shrank away from his brown, strong hand. "No!" I cried. "I'm never going back there. Never!" "Jane," he said, shaking his head sadly, "do you think you're the only one who would like to run away from Lowood? Do you think I like it here?" "But you can do anything you like!" I said. "You're grown-up!" He could have been no more than three- or four-and-twenty then, but to me he seemed immensely old. He smiled. "Grownups can't do what they like any more than children can," he said. "They can only do what they have to do. Their only choice is making the (Continued on page 74)

Spencer Tracy



Man after the public's heart: Spencer Tracy of M-G-M's "A Guy Named Joe"

My kid brother Spence

This is the kind of story that will make you forget, for a bit, your troubles.

It's about a pug-nosed mick with a mop of curly hair

BY CARROLL E. TRACY



The guy than whom there's no better, with the brother who knows him best: Spence and Carroll (at left)

ONE of the first things I remember about Spence is taking his right paw—scrubbed in honor of the occasion—and walking him to school for his initiation into first grade. He was six at the time, a pug-nosed mick with a mop of curly hair, light sand in color, and enough freckles to spot all the turkey eggs hatched into one year's American Thanksgiving dinner.

I was ten, and plenty tickled with the responsibility of getting The Bub started right. I think he had been going to school for a week before he came to me during one recess to report the beginnings of a minor war. Seems one of the kids had tripped Tracy, Jr., then laughed raucously when Spence's nose plowed a furrow in the schoolyard dust. I gave him some good advice about the use of the right, followed by a hard left to the midsection.

He thrust his lower lip forward—in exactly the same expression you've seen in pictures a dozen times—and ran for twenty steps. Then he stopped in his tracks and turned to look back. "Sure, I'll be there," I promised with a chuckle. I don't think Spence had much trouble maintaining his place in the scheme of things after that. He never held a grudge. In recent years, I've seen him get plenty mad about something and blow up. An hour later he would have overlooked the entire incident.

As for the things that make the mercury in his temper thermometer hit a hundred, I would say that injustice of any kind makes him boil; so does procrastination—he likes business transacted or decisions made now, and he's a great respecter of the convenience of others—he's never a minute late for an appointment if he can possibly help it. Conscientious, I suppose, would be a good word for Spence.

EVEN as a youngster, he was always busy at some sort of job. Remember that poem, "Leary, The Lamp-

lighter" by Stevenson? Spence was a Leary in Milwaukee when he was scarcely tall enough to reach the lamps with a burning taper. He had about fifty lamps to light each night and to extinguish each morning. He also had to see to it that the wicks were in good order and on Saturdays he had to clean the globes with old newspapers. For this job he received around \$3.50 a week, if I remember correctly. It wasn't easy for him to stick to this stint; in summer it would have been more fun to be out playing "Run, sheep, run" with the boys, and in winter he had to fight blizzards and gales, but he stayed with it.

Up the street from us lived another kid that we got to know very well. You may have heard about him in recent years—a guy named Pat O'Brien. When I was teaching Spence


to ice skate and toboggan, Pat was usually nearby, frequently on the lead end of one of those crack-the-whip chains on skates.

Aside from being the early athletic director in our family, I also served as reconnaissance officer. Spence had a wandering foot. When I came home in the afternoon, if the kid wasn't down in the cellar, where we used to play during bad weather, or somewhere in the neighborhood on pleasant days, I set out to find him. There were a couple of boys in the district, sons of a local bartender, who were called flatteringly "Mousie and Rattie" and with this rodent pair Spence planned great adventures. Usually I arrived just as they were setting out for San Francisco or New Orleans.

There came a day when I searched the town over for my disappearing brother — without result. It grew dark and I knew that our mother was almost as worried as I was. It suddenly dawned on me that the kid had been talking a lot about a local movie showing "Broncho Billy Anderson." I didn't waste any time getting down to the picture

house where the manager allowed me to investigate. Sure enough, I found hizzoner sound asleep in one of the loge seats. He had been there since the theater opened at noon. As he staggered sleepily after me, he announced between yawns, "That's what I'm going to be—an actor."

On another occasion I couldn't locate him at any of the neighborhood hang-outs, nor at the movie. I was stumped, and you can double that in spades. It was almost nine o'clock when I finally met him, limping homeward. He had started out early that morning, with his nose pointed toward Chicago. He had twenty-five cents—riches to us kids in those days—but that fortune soon vanished into the till of the first restaurant Spence passed. That ended the Chicago venture. (Continued on page 78)



Made-to-order Brown
for a made-to-order
role—easy-going Tex
in "Air Force"

STREAMLINED TEXAN

He's tall, he drawls, he's slow.

But, look out, he's speeding

up! Here he comes now—

Jim Brown of Waco

BY LYNN WINTERS



Jim's wife Verna can do everything. The dog's wonderful, too. "So many breeds in him!" marvels Jim

THE script of the Warner Brothers' epic, "Air Force," described the leading man as "a lanky, shock-haired Texan nicknamed Tex." Since Tex would be an important character and since Howard Hawks, who was to direct, is one man who knows what he wants—and gets it—there was scurrying, shouting and wringing of hands. More than sixty tests were made from which Hawks was to make his choice. He walked out of a projection room and remarked, "I've found him . . . 'Tex.' All we have to do now is arrange to borrow him from Paramount. I must have him."

Gradually the shouting died away, the deal with Paramount was arranged (not without difficulty) and Hawks had his Tex. This was Jim Brown, late of Waco, Texas, a tall, brown, slim youngster whose face is almost pathetic in its seriousness until his abrupt smile explodes at you, full of exuberance and a sort of delighted surprise at things in general. "Tex" or "Jim" or "Jurk," as he says some of his irreverent friends in his home state still call him, has been in Hollywood only a short while. But in that brief time he has run gamuts that would give an old-timer food for reminiscence for years. In a matter of months Jim Brown has learned a good many things about life and love and careers and people—has tasted triumph, discour-

agement and renewed success. He's been through it.

He arrived in Hollywood the summer of 1941 to play in the Pacific Southwest Tennis Tournament, an event second in importance only to the Forest Hills event. So you know he must be a pretty good tennis player. He hit the local sports columns when, in his first event, he lost steadily until someone thought to hand him a package of chewing gum, whereupon he made a brilliant comeback. An agent named Henry Willson attended the matches, keeping an eye out for any extra-pretty girls who should be urged to have screen tests. He says that every time he spotted a pretty girl or a group of them he also saw a long, lanky drink-of-water with unruly hair and a drawly voice. Willson thought this was worth looking into.

The upshot of this was that Willson forewent the pretties and signed the drink-of-water and began, methodically, to take him to one studio and another to make tests. Brown protested, in his mild, lazy way, that what he really "honed for" was to toot a trumpet in a dance band and maybe sing a ditty now and again. He didn't know anything about "actin'." The studios were inclined to agree with him and they turned him down with complete consistency until suddenly Paramount nearly scared him to

death by signing him on a term contract. High time, too, since his cash-on-hand had reached the ignominious total of one copper penny after he'd had breakfast that morning. Jim eats a large breakfast.

He made some pictures ("Young And Willing," "Forest Rangers," "Wake Island") and he began to think that for "the actin' business" he'd probably better learn to talk faster, think faster and act faster and get rid of that Texas drawl, just in case someone should ask him to play an Englishman or something. All this synthetic speed was valuable when he met The Girl. She was Verna Knopf, a model whose lovely face appeared regularly on the covers of the better magazines and who was currently under contract in Hollywood to Howard Hughes. Jim thinks he first met her at a party where it was rather dark because they were running a picture. But he can't understand how he could have missed seeing her, even in the dark.

A few weeks later he went into the Paramount restaurant for lunch. "I was blind hungry and I asked for a double order of ham and eggs and then I turned my head and saw Her. After that I couldn't even eat!" he recalls, with wonder.

The next time he saw her was when he went to help the Jack Beutels move into their (Continued on page 68)



She likes to take long brisk walks between shots for "Victory Caravan"



She's a flower-in-the-hair fancier

Big talk about a little girl



JANET BLAIR is a girl that people take to almost immediately after they know her. Audiences got to know her in a couple of pictures, took to her and now she is on her way to being a big favorite.

Her real name is Martha Janet Lafferty, and she was born on April 23, 1921, in Altoona, Pennsylvania. Blair is the name of the county Altoona is in and when she entered show business she took that for her professional name.

Her early ambition was to be a ballet dancer. Then she took singing lessons. The late Hal Kemp and his orchestra came to town to play at a local dance. Alex Holden, manager of the band, was a friend of the Laffertys. During the dance, Janet said to him, "You said I could sing with the band if I worked hard. You know how hard I worked. Please let me sing."

Holden arranged it. There was an announcement, "A girl you all know, Janet Lafferty, will sing the next num-



She knits for "Bundles For America"



Her radio is tuned in constantly all day



She does most of her own cooking

Brief on Blair

named Janet who has the face for Photoplay's cover and the spirit that makes for fame

er, 'How Strange, My Love'." Her friends gave her an ovation. The professionals thought she was pretty good.

This was the start. A week later, from Pittsburgh, she received a wire saying that the band needed a singer and asking her if she wanted the job. He was on her way.

Her boy friend, the fellow she is engaged to, was the pianist and arranger with the band. That is how the romance started. He is now Private Louis Busch of the Army Air Force at Santa Ana. She still prefers him, by far, to anyone she has met in Hollywood. When he is on furlough, he comes to town to see her. They seldom go to any of the regular places frequented by the movie crowd. Their idea of a great evening is to get a few musicians together and then sit up most of the night "fooling around with some songs."

Music is a big thing with her. She turns on the radio from the minute she wakes up in the morning and has it on all the time she is in the house. She's always aware of it too, and even in the midst of a discussion will walk over and turn the dial to get rid of a bad

BY SIDNEY SKOLSKY

The noted writer and newspaper columnist

program and get some good music.

She is five feet four inches tall, weighs 110 pounds, has what she calls "dark blonde" hair, and she squints.

She wears a five and a half double A shoe, generally a pump or black shoe. Her hands are small and tapering and just fit into a size five glove. Her waist is twenty-four and a half, bust, thirty-four and a half, hips, thirty-five, or, in plain wolf language, she has a yoo-hoo chassis.

She has a habit of peeling the nail polish from her nails. This is a signpost to her feelings. Two nails peeled are normal, but when she gets on the fourth or fifth, it means that she's really upset about something and it's good to be on the alert.

She is a hard and diligent worker. Her career is the all-important thing and she devotes herself to it. When she is working in a picture, she never goes out, except Saturdays. When she comes on the set, she not only knows

all her lines, but practically the scenario. She obeys the director. She has never been known to answer back.

She is a movie actress who likes working more than playing the role of a motion-picture actress. There are many, you know, who prefer the parties, the applause and the publicity more than they do their actual jobs. She is happier when she is acting before the camera than when she is acting like a movie star.

She loves to get fan mail and tries to answer it herself. She likes people, but not in crowds. She has what is termed a "sweet disposition," but on rare occasions she can also display a temper. When she does, warn her friends, watch out!

She hasn't gone ritzy. She resides alone in a modest apartment. She is the pet of the apartment house. The neighbors take care of her cat for her when she's away. They bring her all sorts of cookies and let the delivery boys in and out of her apartment. They even clip her publicity, to show it to her.

She has a maid come in once a week. The rest of the time she does her own housework. (Continued on page 89)

A heart-to-heart talk with the girls of today who may

"My rules for

Bonita Granville:

"It seems to me the emotional stress brought out by teen-age girls by the war has given them a false notion as to what their duty is to men in service. I think a man on leave desires primarily companionship. If you give him more than companionship, you will be giving him a fleeting moment of pleasure, but you will also be giving him sleepless nights in the future when he will be wondering about the fidelity of his own girl back home. You have just one duty—give companionship, laughter, gaiety and fun—and give them freely."

Ellen Drew:

"Love-making is fun—with the right person—but I feel it should never reach the place where it can have far-reaching and unhappy complications. A girl who has respect for her parents can always tell exactly when she has gone as far as she should. Because whenever she thinks, 'Well, they wouldn't like this,' it's a check."

Claudette Colbert:

"I'm strictly of the old school. I think the bad taste some girls flaunt by their intimate confidences is even worse than indiscriminate love-making. If possible! Men are more decent—most men wouldn't think of discussing the girl who had their affection."

face grave consequences unless they listen to this

99

romance are—

Mary Martin:

My rules are based on plain common sense. A young man is apt to get tired of a girl who wants to be alone with him all the time. A man likes to be proud of his ability to mix well, to be attractive and popular with his friends. Furthermore, marriage depends upon comradeship and friendship as well as attraction. So I'll save yourself lots of unhappiness if you make sure you have ideas and ideals in common with the man who attracts you."



Linda Darnell:

"When I married Pev Marley, I was thankful that there was nothing in my past that I would be ashamed of. Remember, regardless of what men say to you, they will never, in their hearts, respect you if you make yourself cheap!"



Dorothy Lamour:

"I think necking is dangerous. You can have just as much fun with a bunch as you can have alone with a boy. When you get older and fall madly in love with someone you'll be sorry if you've been on the unfastidious side. What's more, necking can become a habit so that it doesn't matter who the man is."





In the American mood: Canadian-born genius, Deanna Durbin of Universal's "Hers To Hold"



. . . and Austrian-born baron-virtuoso, Paul Henreid of Warners' "Devotion"

BUTCH The Baby Menace

Sage in short pants, little Ulysses of "The Human Comedy," the towheaded Jack Jenkins, filmdom's freckled-faced prize

BY SARA HAMILTON



★ JACK "BUTCH" JENKINS of "The Human Comedy" fame has a reputation in Hollywood. He's the screen's newest menace, the freckled-faced guy who, as *Ulysses*, stole Mr. Saroyan's hit picture right out from under the noses of seasoned veterans Rooney and Morgan. He's the baby-faced wonder American audiences took one look at and loved. They wanted to know more about him. This is the "more":

Butch has a love life, three watermelon pink polka dots on a face full of freckles and five cents a week to throw around any old way he pleases. His true love, one Joycie Lake, daughter of actress Florence Lake who lives three doors away, is older by several years and possesses more freckles than Jackie.

The "shocking pink" spots, one on each Jenkins cheek and one on what passes for a nose but couldn't possibly be by all laws of Nature, are the result of constant sunburning and peeling. The effect is a bit circus-clownish with the beige of the freckles and the pink of the peel merging into a shock of towseled blond hair. The home-grown haircut, given him every Saturday night by his mother, adds little if anything to his peculiar type of beauty. For one thing, it stops too suddenly around all edges. A body could fall off a haircut like that and kill himself, I'll betcha. But "Butch" doesn't give a tinker's dam.

What's more, he hasn't had shoes on since his last day's work at M-G-M studios for "The Human Comedy." The other night he, his mother and his half-brother Skipper decided to go into town to see a movie and as a concession Butch put on his clean suit and appeared before his mother, the lovely actress Doris Dudley whom you saw in "The Moon And Sixpence." But he wore no shoes. He couldn't get them on. His feet had spread on the sands.

Incidentally, Butch is five years old, a yard high and no inches thick. Whatever there is of him goes up and down not across. His overalls have to be tied on and strapped up. No part of Butch bulges sufficiently to give them support.

He doesn't know he's a movie actor or the scene (Continued on page 72)

Butch in person: Five years old, a yard high and no inches thick

Junior Miss Miracle

Siren in socks, wistful Margaret of "Journey For Margaret," the pigtailed Miss O'Brien, Hollywood's newest and truest love

Y SALLY JEFFERSON

MARGARET O'BRIEN is a name that's two things in Hollywood—it's new, and is known. For Margaret O'Brien is the wistful, pigtailed little "Margaret" who outshone even Robert Young and Elaine Day in "Journey For Margaret." A miniature acting genius, she is still a small-fry representative who wears two smooth, brown braids down her back, draws pictures by following with a pencil the numbers from one to two to three and loves to play the screen role that "chokes her throat." The little girl she portrayed in "Journey For Margaret" "choked her throat" so badly she could hardly cry. The greatest test of her ability came when Margaret was called upon to play "a genius" in "Lost Angel" when there wasn't the slightest trace of genius, except her acting ability, about her. For the picture she rattled off Chinese like mad, "O nee loo la, O doo pao kwan," recited calculus problems, mathematical theories and that not without knowing the faintest thing about them. As a matter of fact, there are few nursery rhymes that Margaret has ever not personally. She can print her name and does, a dozen times a day, in fan autograph books, but she can't read, spell or do sums, except for counting the picture-book numbers. Margaret is just six, is forty-four inches tall and weighs a hefty forty-four pounds. Her tiny face is ethereal in its glowing sensitiveness. Her gestures, especially when she speaks of the play she's writing—well, printing—well, just "making up," as she finally winds with her two small arms curling gracefully in the air—bespeak the artist that Margaret will one day become. That's why she stands today, tiny mite of a person, in an open doorway and looks back longingly at the children who will never pass through that door with her. She is trying so desperately, too, to stay one of them for a little while. "Mother, mayn't I have brown shoes instead of white this time?" she'll ask. "All the school kids down our street have brown." Yet, when it comes to her screen work, she is as wisely confident in her ability as a Davis. When the weeks of testing for (Continued on page 70)



Scoop!

Ginger Rogers



In this fabulous one-story glassed-in redwood mansion on a windswept California hill Ginger Rogers honeymooned with her Marine Jack Briggs



The estate, near La Jolla, loaned to Ginger by a friend, overlooks the blue ocean, has a glass front and back that slide open, a spectacular cactus garden. Jack can get home every evening and all day Sunday, which is their perfect playday. They love having Sunday-morning breakfast on the sunny terrace

Hideaway Honeymoon



"They have no special nicknames for each other. He calls her "Honey"; she calls him "Darling." They swim at the beach at the foot of the hill, play golf on the lawn, with "Darky," their dachshund, kibitzing

Here's a windfall! Only Photoplay readers are to see these exclusive honeymoon pictures by Hymie Fink



"Darky" barks back to "Lady In The Dark," Ginger's current film. She gave him to Director Mitch Leisen, who promptly gave him back to her. Ginger plays golf fairly well, but Jack is brushing her up on long drives. Both play excellent tennis, love their "borrowed" garden



Except for Sunday, Jack leaves for camp at a quarter of six. He has breakfast at camp; Ginger sleeps until around ten, then spends her day reading, sketching and sunbathing. Evenings they play the piano, listen to records. Occasionally, they swing off to Casa Manana, La Jolla's big hotel, for a night of dancing. Their favorite song is "Judy", their favorite game, "Indications," which they play with Jack's camp friends and their wives who are frequent p.m. visitors

They love to do things together—even to sharing the crumpled Sunday morning comics. Though they like to eat outdoors, it is often too windy. Their "best" breakfast is ham and eggs, their "best" dinner—they usually dine around seven—is steak and potatoes, which is now a rare treat for them. Sometimes they run up to Hollywood for a short, gay week end, but most of the time they can be found in their hillside dream house, being young, and happy, and dreaming of the future—together





Here's to Holidays!

Says Betty Hutton: "A toast to Uncle Sam for giving you a chance at the best summer vacation at home you've ever had!"

Since the American girl is tipping her bonnet to Uncle Sam this summer by not traveling around, she will want some pretty clothes for her "at home" vacation—as, for instance, this enchanting heat-beater that belongs to Betty Hutton of Paramount's "Let's Face It." It's an eyelet embroidered piqué suspender dirndl with an organdy shirt. Designed by Edith Head

A suspender suit that causes suspension of all conversation at your "at home" vacation luncheon party—in rose beige wool, designed by Edith Head. The coat is a few shades lighter than the skirt and has a tiny rolled collar and no lapels. Darker rose inserts make the buckle. Underneath—a chiffon "party pretty"



Says Betty: "Victory 'stay home' vacations are a wartime privilege for American girls. Whoever said we women were selfish sisters!"

"Take a vacation from selfishness,
stay home and keep happy, wear
pretty clothes and you'll go back
to work with a personal pat on
the back from Uncle Sam!"



Personal victory campaign
to set all tongues on front
porches wagging when you
march down the street for
a dinner date: A black
crepe dress printed with
tiny strawberries. The slim
skirt is a draped wrap-
around; and the draped-
bow bodice is black mar-
quanza. A new-type date
dress designed by Edith
Head for a new-type star



1

"Wear something simple," said star-smart Cheryl Walker, new talk-of-the-towner after "Stage Door Canteen," "and put the fussy girls to shame." The little dress at the left is wisely simple; its romantic score can get you involved in a big way. It's a figure-fitter that has made endorsement; its lines will give you the curves you need on the smart-style road.

In corded madras with blue, brown, green or red stripes. Sizes 9-17. About \$5.



2

2

What you see above is what you're going to see smart girls wearing everywhere—a quaint chintz pinafore with deep pockets, perky ruffles and a way of giving you that wonder-working "little girl" appeal. Its sleeves make the kind of pinafore that can go to town for a soda with perfect ease.

Percale, in various gay chintz prints. Sizes 12-20. About \$2.00.

Cotton Pickers

Look as pretty as a star in these crisp, cool

comers, recommended by star Cheryl

Walker, worn by reader Shirley Steiger

4

You're on the right summer trend if you look right and then dash out to buy this two-piecer plaid that stands-in faultlessly for a summer suit. It has tiny ruffles and white buttons highlighting the smartly nipped-in jacket and soft dirndl skirt

Lime, pink or blue. Sizes 9-15.

About \$7.95

PHOTOPLAY'S
*Star-Maker
Fashions*

4



3

At the top is a topper, a shirtwaist dress that belongs in every girl's wardrobe. This is a plaid cotton that's cool as the proverbial cucumber. smartly tailored with a green and old silk belt, trimmed up with leather green and mauve, yellow and gray, pink and blue. Sizes 12-20. About \$7.95

For a list of stores where these fashions are available, see p. 100

5



5

Left is a dress that will never be left behind in any store, a little midsummer printed lawn. Its material harks back prettily to Grandma's day; its rose patterned trim and patch pockets are '43 notes that win in the popularity poll. Live in it and love it!

In printed lawn, red, brown, green or blue. Sizes 9-17. About \$6.95

Was Maureen O'Hara right or wrong when she spent every moment she could with her Marine husband, ex-director Will Price?



Because of the new war-time morals, Roz Russell, married to soldier Fred Brisson, has become the object of discussion at almost every Hollywood "let's talk" get-together



Hollywood wonders about Ann Sheridan, but in the case of its other Ann—the little Sothern gal—they figured out just what she meant them to when she married flyer Bob Sterling



oyal are Hollywood's Women?

Some moralists in this war world of relaxed conventions are point-

ing their finger today at Hollywood. They get their answer here

by "Fearless"

N time of war the hue and cry of the dispensers of morals is as inevitable as a Bond drive. And be it said in fairness, their pointing of the finger is frequently aimed in the right direction.

But what about Hollywood, the town that is built of glass? How are its women weathering the impact of the wartime morals storm?

Here are the facts, pro and con; you can judge for yourself. Let's begin on the dark side of the ledger.

One wartime incident concerns a young star, recently established on her own, who hitherto has never had a blemish on her fair name, as they say in the classics. To the amazement of everyone, the actress suddenly left the husband she had loved profoundly and deeply and almost immediately became involved in a romantic interlude with a wiser man who should have known better. The husband went about with a bewildered look, not knowing what to make of it. Had the romance ended there, the town could have forgiven, perhaps, but such was not the case. The young lady went from this liaison to another and friends sadly shook their heads and murmured something about "wartime morals."

In some Hollywood cases, wartime separations of husbands and wives have certainly proved unfortunate. Hollywood is sure that if the husband of that star had been here, instead of in the Army, the love-making between her and her leading man on the screen would not have led to a serious situation off screen. Likewise, if the wife of a certain director had not busied herself with war work to the exclusion of all else, even her own home, her husband would not have fallen so deeply and hopelessly in love with a star.

On the other hand, the harsh restrictions of war have brought out the true character and integrity of some whom Hollywood had come to consider its playgirls. There's Olivia de Havilland, for instance. In the old days, she was rumored as being in love with one man after another and certainly Olivia, with frankness that was a bit bewildering, gave every indication she intended to play the field. Then came the war—and the standards it imposed changed Olivia more, perhaps, than any



A radical change in Carole Landis's life came after she married Captain Thomas Wallace. Here she has dinner with an overseas pal of her husband's, Capt. McKee

woman in town. Today her heart belongs to one man, Captain John Huston, and to him she is loyal and steadfast. There will be no wartime dates for her, says Olivia, while Captain Huston is away.

As for the war's breaking up husbands and wives, Hollywood has a marriage that had already gone on the rocks and would have ended in the divorce courts had it not been for the seriousness of the war and its sacrificial demands. Kathryn Grayson had actually applied for her divorce from John Shelton when he enlisted in the Army. That enlistment reversed the story, with Kathryn making every effort to save her marriage, leaving Hollywood to follow him to camp and be near him.

On the other hand, Ann Sheridan believes that, war or no war, a woman should be true to her own personal convictions. Therefore, even as George left his studio to join the Air Corps, she

did not deny that all was not well between them. Back from the location set of "Edge Of Darkness" drifted rumors that Ann had become interested in Errol Flynn, star of the picture. Then, as soon as the film was finished, Ann was off to Mexico to secure her divorce from George who went from the Civilian Air Corps to the Coast Guard hoping to forget, while rumors of a new romance for Ann in Mexico filled the columns.

Today Ann can be seen in the glamorous spots of Hollywood, laughing at life and the world. But what, Hollywood wonders, are her true feelings?

They don't have to wonder about that in the case of Ann Sothorn. She proved them to all of Hollywood by marrying her war love, Bob Sterling. Divorced from Roger Pryor, Ann fell in love with Bob. But before she would make up her mind definitely, she wanted to test her love, to be sure that Bob was the one (Continued on page 91)

What should I do?

YOUR PROBLEMS ANSWERED BY BETTE DAVIS



After the appearance of my first column I received a great many letters asking if my column had been "listed" — I should like to know each person who writes to me — your letters are read by me — I select those for answer which I feel are representative of the problems I am dealing with in the next issue. I don't have time to completely edit my material for publication. Please play movie things has given me Shedd Dudley to help me.
Bette Davis

"I am desperately frightened," says one young woman, coming to Miss Davis with a secret no girl should keep.

DEAR MISS DAVIS:

I am a girl of seventeen. I have been married for almost five months. After the second month of my marriage I knew I didn't love my husband, but he loves me so much that he said if I ever left him or anything happened to me, he would kill himself. He's just the sort who would, too.

He is extremely good to me and forever paying me compliments, but I just can't love him although I've tried very hard to make him a good wife.

He is an officer in the Army, the infantry, and he doesn't know how long he will be in The States.

Should I tell him now that I don't love him and leave, or should I somehow stick and try to make him happy while he is here?

Mrs. D. M.

Dear Mrs. M:

Apparently yours was a wartime marriage entered into without enough consideration. Since you are only seventeen, you should have waited to marry someone

you were sure you would stay in love with longer than two months.

You most certainly shouldn't continue to live with a man whom you can't love—that would be extremely dishonest. The only thing to do, it seems to me, is for you to tell your husband how you now feel about him. Perhaps, since he is very likely older than you are, he will understand. The fact that he may not be in this country much longer is one more reason for your coming to some conclusion at once. It would be grossly unfair for you to let him go away thinking when he returned you would still be in love with him.

Yours sincerely,
Bette Davis.

Dear Miss Davis:

I'm not much for writing letters to other people for advice, but I thought maybe you could help me with this very difficult problem.

I am twenty years old and have a sister seventeen. My parents died only a few years ago and I have been supporting my sister and myself although she helps by taking care of children.

This is the trouble: She imagines herself to be in love with John Payne.

She has our rooms full of pictures of him until I can't bear the sight of his face. She has covered all our relatives' pictures with a picture of him. She never misses a movie he is in and lately has been spending everything she earns on magazines in which there is a picture of him.

I find her sitting in front of a mirror acting as if he were there. She pretends she is his girl friend and even his wife. She doesn't go out with any other boys—she just moons over him.

I thought she would get over it, but it has gone on for over a year now.

Can you tell me what I can do to end this silly infatuation? I've tried taking her to see other stars, but she still holds on to him.

Yours in disgust,
Jeanne W.

Dear Miss W:

You have signed yourself "yours in disgust" and I think perhaps that is the whole trouble. It is possible your ridicule of your sister's devotion for Mr. Payne only incites her further, out of stubbornness. It is a well-known fact that, when brothers or sisters, or parents, dis-



These letters were chosen to be answered by Miss Davis here since they presented universal problems. If you would like the advice of this star, famous for her wise counsel, write to her in care of Photoplay-Movie Mirror, 8949 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California. All names of persons will be changed if published and all letters become the property of the magazine.

approve of certain situations, the person in question is likely to cling to his or her deal with twice the original determination.

There is a far better way of handling a situation of this kind. How well I remember how my own mother handled such things! When she disapproved of a beau, she was cordiality itself to him. She always made him welcome in our home—insisted, in fact, that I see him. It always worked; I recovered from my infatuation with the most amazing rapidity.

Why don't you try the same method? If this situation really worries you, why not rave about Mr. Payne even more than he does and pin up twice as many pictures? This shouldn't be too much of a trial as Mr. Payne is a very attractive man.

It is certainly far healthier for your sister to admire a man of Mr. Payne's calibre, who is remote from her, than a boy she could see all the time. Her admiration of Mr. Payne will probably make her far fussier about any beau she eventually chooses.

Sincerely,
Bette Davis.

Dear Miss Davis:

I am sixteen years of age and a sophomore in high school.

Here is my problem: I have superfluous hair on my face, hands and arms. If my face wasn't involved, I don't think I'd worry, but it seems everyone is just staring at me all the time. This makes me self-conscious. I am considered nice-looking, but not pretty.

I go out with a boy once in a while but it seems to me that no boy could ever fall in love with a girl who has a problem like mine.

Can you help me?

Altona M.

Dear Miss M:

I agree with you that you do have a problem. I chose your letter to answer because it dealt with a dilemma about which a great many girls have written to me.

I am told by those who should know that superfluous hair is sometimes caused by a slight physical disorder. This being the case, you should have a talk with your family doctor and I am certain he will be able to give you the assistance you need.

Don't worry about your future success with boys. Since you have started, at sixteen, to solve your problem by seeking medical advice, your popularity should not suffer in the least.

Sincerely,
Bette Davis.

Dear Miss Davis:

I am twenty-two years of age and I am married to an Army officer who is going overseas in two months. I am going to have a baby next July and after the birth of my baby I want to work again. Before I was married I was a secretary and I want to continue doing that kind of work.

I have always wanted to live in Hollywood and do stenographic work, but first I want to know if there are

many girls out in Hollywood in search of stenographic work, as there are a lot of them trying to get into the movies. I definitely have no desire for acting, as I'm not the least bit talented, but I would be very happy working in a studio or for a movie star.

Of course, I will have my baby and enough money to live on even if I do not work. It will be a year before I decide to go out to Hollywood but I would like to know what you think my chances will be. Incidentally, I am considered a good stenographer. I can always go back to the company I previously worked for.

Do you think it would be wise for me to move to Hollywood in search of work? Will you please tell me what my chances would be?

Mrs. E. C.

Dear Mrs. C:

When you are well enough to go back to work, I would advise you to return to the company by which you were previously employed.

Day after day I receive literally dozens of letters from all over the United States and Canada, from those who are eager to come to Hollywood to be artists, song writers, secretaries, hairdressers in the studios and any one of dozens of other things.

Large as the motion-picture industry is, it still isn't vast enough to employ all those who, apparently, would like to be engaged in picture-making in some one of its phases. This means that most of those who come to Hollywood to find work are going to end by doing the type of work they left originally.

There will be one great difference, however. In the old environment, the worker had many friends. Girls had beaux whose family connections they knew. There was an established, pleasant routine in life—the lake in summer, the League formal in winter. Bridge parties, church affairs, the life of a familiar community gave them a sense of belonging and well-being.

When one transplants to Hollywood, all those things are lost. Hollywood can be one of the loneliest spots on the face of the map. And its glamour is a thing that exists only at private gatherings about which the newcomer will hear nothing, much less attend.

For those girls who write to say they would like to do secretarial work in a studio or for a star, I can only say that this sort of work is highly technical. It requires years of preparation—of a special sort—and the disposition of a—well, perhaps not a saint—but a cherub!

Sincerely yours,
Bette Davis.

Dear Miss Davis:

I am twenty-one years old. I am desperately in love with a man fifteen years my senior. He, however, is married to a woman who is hopelessly insane.

There is no hope of our marrying, even though the law decrees that in a few years he is entitled to a divorce. He says he cannot bring himself to so completely desert this helpless woman.

We have been living together for one year and have been ideally happy! But now my sins have caught up with me. I am to bear his child in seven months. I haven't told him yet, but I can't keep this secret very much longer. I am desperately frightened.
Isabell W.

Dear Miss W:

You must tell the man with whom you are in love the truth about your condition at once. This problem is certainly not yours to bear alone, but a responsibility that must be shared.

My heart goes out to you because, as you say, your situation is desperate.

I am sure, since you have been so happy together, he will find some solution to your problem.

Sincerely,

Bette Davis.

Dear Miss Davis:

I am nineteen, and a junior at the university. I am studying pre-medic and intend to become a doctor. Last year, while I was taking my nurse's aide course, I met one of the internes in the hospital and we have become staunch friends. He is American, but his parents were Japanese. He is twenty-six and is already on his way to becoming an outstanding surgeon.

About a month ago he told me he loved me and wanted to marry me, but that he loved me too much to ask me to sacrifice my entire life for him. I love him very dearly—really love him. It is not pity, which it might have been (because some people have treated him very unkindly since the war). He has been trying desperately to get into the Army but because of a few technicalities, he cannot. This has made him very unhappy.

We are both Catholic, so there would be no religious difficulty. My mother, my father and my brother all say that if I really love him and cannot be happy without him, I should marry him. If we should marry, I would continue my studies and so would he.

Since this is something which concerns our whole lives I feel I should definitely have advice.

Kathryn L.

Dear Miss L:

I would say that, since you love this man and you seem to have considered all the difficulties involved very carefully, you should marry him.

However, as you yourself have stated, there will be problems of many sorts. The unkindness you say some people have shown him must be expected at the present time. Even after the war is over, there may be bitterness in some minds.

However, since you will both be following a learned profession, your friends will be derived from the same intellectual

sphere. Doctors, lawyers, writers, artists, have a strong tendency to accept a person upon merit and not to discriminate against him because of a racial accident of birth.

There is one thing I do think you should pay special attention to before making your decision: The question of children. You have the right to choose your own life and the intellect to make it a happy one, but—and remember, please, that this is entirely a personal opinion—I feel that you have no right to bring children into a situation with which they might never be able to cope.

Sincerely yours,

Bette Davis.

Dear Mrs. Farnsworth:

I have been married five years and have two lovely children and a husband who is all a husband should be, and a swell home. And yet I am very unhappy.

My husband and I were both born and bred in New York City and right

She's in Again!

Hedda Hopper

takes up the fight for

"HOLLYWOOD'S MOST
MISUNDERSTOOD STARS"

in our

September Issue

after we were married he was transferred over 400 miles away from all our folks and friends.

I have tried to make other friends and to find interests that will keep me busy and stop thinking and longing for New York, but it's no go. I'm getting nervous, thin and there is no improvement as the years go by. You can never make real friends when you reach thirty.

I know I could persuade my husband to give up his present position, but he'd have to work for half the salary he's now getting. His position here is a lifetime one. He has tried without success for a transfer, so it's either give up this spot and work for a small salary and be rich in friends and our folks—or a larger salary with a nice home and no one ever ringing our bell.

What would you do, Miss Davis?

Marcella Z.

Dear Mrs. Z:

In this situation, it seems to me, your husband is most to be considered. Wouldn't it be extremely unfair to force him to give up a "lifetime" position, as you describe it, at a comfortable salary, and return to a tedious, underpaid job, just because you like New York better?

I really can't agree with you when you say that one never makes real friends when one reaches thirty. It is true that one may not make exactly the same type of friend that one knew in younger days, but many warm and lasting acquaintances can be cultivated in the mature years.

Perhaps your trouble is that you are thinking too much of yourself and your discontent. In these days when there is so much real tragedy in the world, it behooves all of us to put aside self-pity. You should take an active part in the life of your community.

In every town there are Red Cross Chapters with a crying need for volunteers; there are nutrition classes to be attended and study clubs to be joined.

The moment you put your past life in the background—and stop thinking about New York—and the moment you begin to take an honest interest in your present surroundings and the people you meet, you won't have to worry about that non-ringing doorbell. You may even have to muffle it to get some rest!

Sincerely,

Bette Davis.

Dear Miss Davis:

I am seventeen years old. About two months ago I met a very nice boy of twenty-three. We began to go out together and found our friendship turning into something deeper. My mother and father like this boy very much.

Now something has come up to spoil everything. One of the friends of the fellow told me that he was married! I simply couldn't believe it at first, but the next evening when he came over I asked him for the truth. It made him simply furious at me. He said he was married; that when he met me he hadn't dreamed he would get to care for me.

That happened about a week ago and since that time I have heard from him just once. He asked me to go to a movie and I went because I hadn't told my parents the truth about him, so they would have asked questions if I had refused. On the way home he said he couldn't keep away from me and that he was going to fix matters so that we could be together always. That should have made me happy, but it didn't. I'm all mixed up inside. What do you think I should do?

Gretchen J.

Dear Miss J:

You should tell your parents the truth about this boy and I think they will agree with me that you should not see him again. Under the existing circumstances nothing but unhappiness for all three of you (the boy's wife included) can possibly come of such a situation.

He had no reason to be "simply furious" with you, as he was entirely at fault. He has no right whatsoever to interfere with your life, nor to jeopardize your future happiness.

Yours sincerely,

Bette Davis.

THE END



CAROLEE'S RING is set exactly like her mother's engagement ring. "I wanted it to be just the same," she said, "because Mother and Dad are the *happiest* people I know."

ENCHANTING is the word for Carolee Arnold! Whether she's gracing a social function in Washington, where her father served in Congress, or getting right down-to-earth on one of the family's mid-west farms—her artless, chiseled beauty is captivating. Her pale gold hair is like corn-silk. Her complexion so wild-rose sweet.

Carolee says she depends entirely on Pond's Cold Cream to help keep her skin dewy-fresh and soft.

This is her Pond's Beauty Care . . .

Every night and every morning she slides Pond's Cold Cream over her face and throat. Pats with quick, gentle finger-tips to help soften and release dirt and make-up. Tissues it all off. "Rinses" with more Pond's to make her skin *extra* soft and clean. Tissues off again. "My face feels *just gorgeous!*" she says.

Yes—it's no accident so many lovely engaged girls use Pond's Cold Cream. Use Pond's yourself—*every* night and for daytime clean-ups! You'll soon see why war-busy society women like Mrs. Rodman de Heeren and Mrs. Charles Morgan Jr. are so devoted to it! At your favorite beauty counter. All sizes are popular in price. Ask for the larger sizes—you get even more for your money.

*She's Lovely!
She uses Pond's!*

EXQUISITE CAROLEE ARNOLD, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Laurence F. Arnold of Newton, Illinois, engaged to Corporal Patrick Coldrick of New York City. They make a striking couple—Carolee, slim and blonde—Pat, dark-haired, tall. He is now at Fort Eustis, Va.



CAROLEE CAN BOSS A TRACTOR! Out on her father's big Illinois farms, Carolee has learned how to run the farm machinery with masculine ease—and feminine charm! She says, "This year I expect to be a land army girl and right on hand to help with the crops. I'll be counting on my Pond's Cold Cream more than ever to help me keep a soft-smooth face while I'm working in all that sun and wind!"

Today—more women use Pond's than any other face cream at any price



Streamlined Texan

(Continued from page 45) new Valley home and there she was, helping too! All he can remember about that was that Jack (of Howard Hughes's "The Outlaw") sent him to buy ingredients for bacon and tomato sandwiches and he was so bemused that it required three trips to the grocery before he managed to bring back bread, tomatoes and bacon. He proposed to Verna that evening over a dishpan and he began to appreciate his newly acquired speed in thinking, talking and acting when three weeks later she actually agreed to elope with him.

So they planned to drive to Las Vegas, Nevada, Hollywood's Gretna Green, one Saturday night. They confided in John Payne and one or two other people who instantly planned a before-going-to-be-married party for them.

Verna wanted to move into Jim's apartment that very night. It was rather late when this idea occurred to them and obviously they couldn't be seen lugging hat boxes and lamps and suitcases out of Verna's house if they wanted to keep anything a secret.

But there was a fine vacant lot, "with swell, soft grass that didn't make any noise" under Verna's windows, so Jim just backed his car in there and they proceeded to fill it with Verna's dainty belongings, passed through the window amid terrific secrecy and floods of smothered giggles.

ALL in all it took them more than two hours to make the move and when they finally arrived at their wedding celebration just before midnight they were pretty breathless. They left the party at about two and Jim left Verna at his apartment to get some sleep, announcing that he would invite himself to occupy the Jack Beutels' spare bedroom. But when he arrived at the Beutels' hacienda way out in the Valley, all the lights were out. He was too diffident to arouse his friends and too tired to drive all the way back to Hollywood to a hotel, so he just curled up in the car and dozed through the chill dawn and sunrise, appearing on the Beutel doorstep bright and early to request "the loan of a cup of coffee and a razor."

Verna is still cross with him about that. He might have caught his death of cold and she'd have been a widow before she was a bride!

It took all day to drive to Las Vegas,

with Jim being masterful and masculine and insisting that he wasn't a bit tired. He was still insisting it after they had been married and had started back to Hollywood and he kept on insisting until he fell asleep about halfway home in the middle of sentence. So Verna drove the rest of the way.

They'd have kept their secret longer—only Jim had to go on a three-week location trip that very week and he was so excited over being a married man that he confided in "just one or two people" and then whispered the big news to one or two more and—well, a very few weeks later the studio thought the newspapers might as well have the news!

JIM was a success. He'd married the girl of his dreams. He was sitting pretty, he guessed . . . or was he?

He began to sense somehow that something about that career which had come so easily, so unexpectedly, was slipping. He began to wonder, began to think and take stock of who he was and what he stood for, after all. He began to grow. Born in the little town of Desdemona, Texas, during an oil boom, he moved (at the ripe age of two months) with his family to Waco. His father is an oil salesman, Floyd E. Brown. Jim attended Waco public schools, played the trumpet and the French horn in the high-school band and went on to the Schreiner Military Institute at Kerrville where his prowess at tennis and in the band won him some local renown. He proceeded to two years at Baylor University where he acquired a ruptured eardrum at football—and more renown at tennis.

The tennis had brought him to Hollywood. The ruptured eardrum was threatening to remove him, it was giving him that much trouble. He had a mental hazard, too, about acting—which may make you smile but which had a very real bearing on his feeling about show business. It seems that while he was still in school he had been commandeered into playing what was described as "a poignant and dramatic role" in a school play. On the opening night . . . oh, dear . . . Jim tore his pants in the rear, as he made his entrance through a trap door. He had to play his "poignant scene" with his hands behind his back, had to back off the stage for his exit. There were titters. There were even ribald remarks in the

local press next day. It was one of those nightmare things which haunt the very young and whenever things seemed to be going wrong in "the actin' business," Jim remembered that episode and shuddered. He wanted to go back to playing in a band. Hollywood looked rather chilly and the nightmare haunted him.

He had a leave of absence from Paramount and Verna wanted to go to Chicago to see her ill mother. They went. No sooner had they arrived than Jim received a long-distance call from Willson which changed everything. He'd been called to test for "Air Force." Gone was the nightmare. Gone were the doubts and the discouragement. Act? Of course he could act!

Arrived in Hollywood on the day of the test, tired, haggard, hungry, dirty Jim managed a shave, haircut, shower sandwich. Then he nearly lost his mind hunting for the uniform he had to wear.

He arrived, gasping for breath, but on time to the split second. He had hurried so fast for so many hours that he completely forgot that he was testing for the role of "a typical, easy-going, slow-talking Texan." He talked a mile a minute (probably from sheer momentum) giving, he thinks now, a fair imitation of Pat O'Brien at his fast-talkingest. But he got the part. Howard Hawks knew what he wanted when he saw it—even if it was a bit frazzled.

JIM and Verna now dwell in a four-room apartment in Beverly. All he can tell you about it is that "it has lots of sunshine and potted plants. Verna likes 'em." Verna can cook. "Barbecued spare ribs and lots of wonderful things." Verna can sew. "Makes everything she wears . . . except her shoes." Verna can . . . and besides, she is so beautiful.

They don't go to parties or give them—yet. He hasn't quite speeded up to that point. They like to talk and eat and listen to records—and make records, too, of the voices of any friends who will lend their talents. They own a wonderful dog. "So many breeds in him, he'd sure surprise you!" Verna is teaching Jim to cook and he is teaching her to play tennis and when they both "catch on," why, they'll just have to find something else to learn—together. They are shopping for a place a little larger so that both their mothers can visit them.

Jim's daughter, Beverly Jean, was born on Sunday morning, December twentieth. Jim exclaims carefully that it happened "at eight minutes after six" and that the wonder child weighed "exactly seven pounds and five ounces. *Exactly!*"

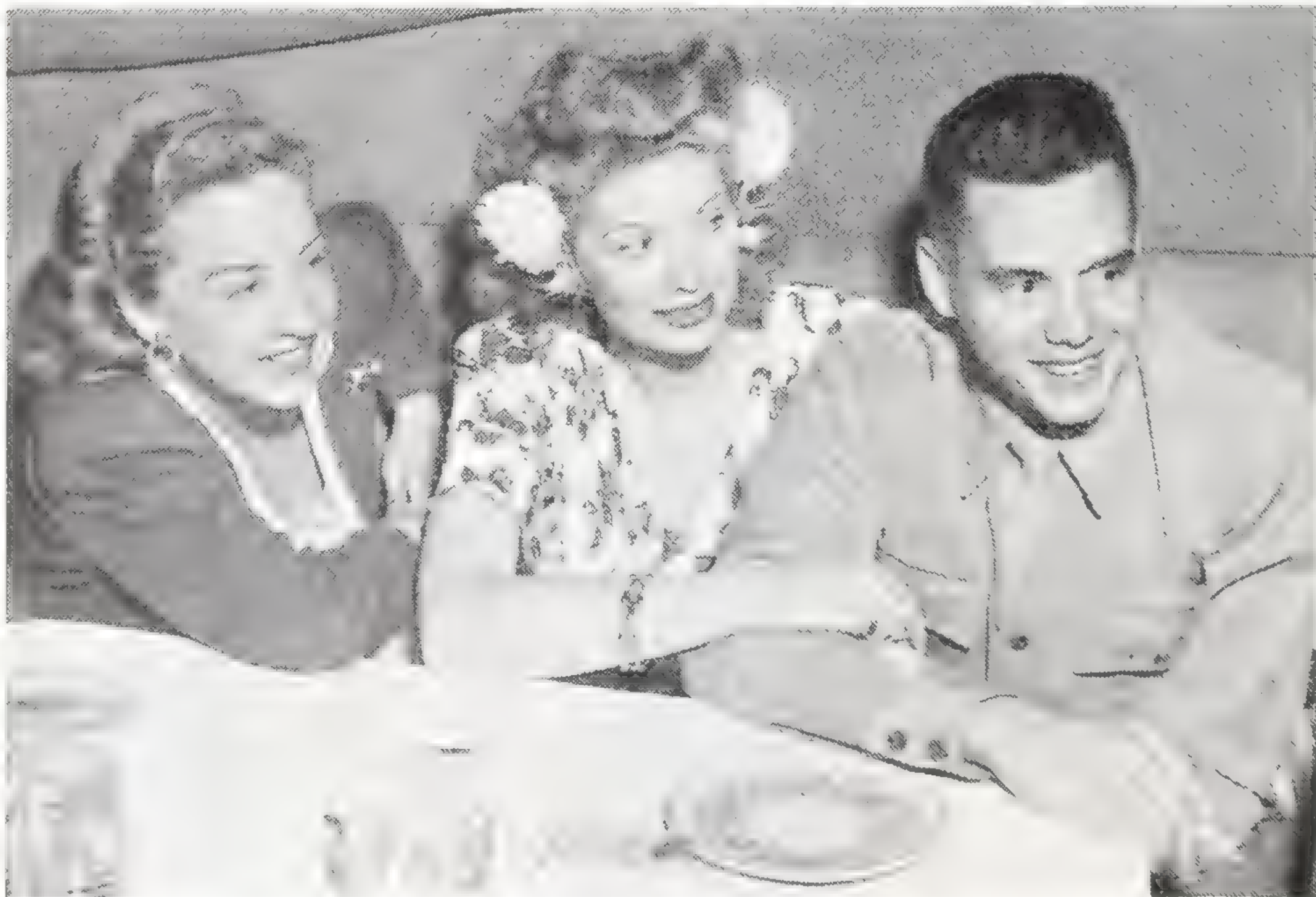
"She has my eyes and my lower lip and now that she's getting older, her nose is beginning to look like mine," he says.

He loves to handle her and to help dress her and bathe her. His big, awkward-looking paws are amazingly deft with the tapes and zippers which modern babies have substituted for the old-fashioned buttons and safety pins. A few intimate friends have "previewed" little Beverly Jean. But when she is a little older her parents plan a party which they speak of as a "baby-warming," at which she will be formally introduced.

"And pretty soon," Jim gloats, "she'll be sitting up and then we'll begin to know whether or not she's going to grow up to be an actress!"

Meanwhile, Jim is playing Tex in "Air Force" and important executives are conferring about how to use, hereafter, to best advantage, that lean, brown, shock-haired figure with its sudden, wonderful smile. Jim is "studyin' up some more on actin' and speed." Lots of speed.

The End.



Right face: Bonita Granville, Lucille Ball and her (and the Army's!) Desi Arnaz, taking a look-see at the Mocambo crowd

Dura-Gloss picks you up . . .



Look to Dura-Gloss, to help keep things on the bright side. Its glorious colors are a sight for tired eyes. There's a lift in regarding your own pretty fingers so gaily bedecked. So sit down and do your nails with Dura-Gloss. Do it slowly. It goes on so smoothly, each firm stroke is a satisfaction. It will stay on, too — wears exceptionally well because there's a special ingredient in it (Chrystallyne) to accomplish this. A big help these days because it makes DURA-GLOSS go farther.



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DURA-GLOSS NAIL POLISH

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Founded by E. T. Reynolds

Junior Miss Miracle

(Continued from page 53) a little Margaret went on and the matter remained unsettled, her mother tried to prepare her for disappointment. "It's my role," Margaret insisted, "no one else shall have it. I've got to have it."

A summons one day brought Margaret and her mother to Twentieth Century-Fox Studios to talk over a role in "My Friend Flicka." Margaret, or Maxine as she was then called, was finally chosen to discuss the part with the director and Roddy McDowall. They liked her instantly and chose her from among some twenty others. "Can you and Maxine go to Utah for location?" they asked. Yes, they would go, said Mrs. O'Brien, provided the Margaret role came to nothing.

That night, when Margaret got home she went straight to the telephone in the hall and knelt down on her knees. "Oh God," she cried passionately, "please, please give me the part of Margaret."

She got it the next morning.

It was she who insisted upon the legal changing of her name from Maxine to Margaret. The screen child had become so much a part of her she wanted to carry it with her always.

"But suppose you play in a picture called 'Tea For Susie'?" the judge asked facetiously. "Wouldn't you want to change your name again to Susie?"

She was horrified. "Oh no, I'll always be Margaret." And so the name was given her for her very own.

She came into pictures through an accident. Her mother had gone to see her sister's agent and taken Margaret along. All through the interview the agent's eyes kept turning to the little girl listening so earnestly to the conversation. "Say," he said finally, "how about this little one's going into pictures? They're looking for children for a sequence in 'Babes On Broadway.'" So Margaret went, got a small bit and was completely lost in the be-curbed, beruffled cuties surrounding her.

After the "Margaret" role she made the now famous short "You, John Jones" and played ten little girls of different nationalities. And because they were desperate little girls of Europe, each one "choked her throat." In "Jane Eyre" she played a small part with Orson Welles and then went over to M-G-M again for her "Lost Angel" role.

Margaret was born in Los Angeles, January 15, 1937. Her mother had been a dancer who gave up her career, when Margaret came, to devote herself to the career of her younger sister, Maissa Flores, also a dancer. Before Margaret was five, she had made four transcontinental flights in passenger planes and several trips in trains. She always insists upon an upper berth on trains because, as she says, it's higher, which seems to be reason enough.

Because she lived so much of the time from babyhood in various hotels she's a quiet child who easily conforms to her surroundings. A wretched case of whooping cough, when she was just six weeks old, has kept her tiny and underweight. She's finicky about food, but simply adores pears and cottage cheese salad.

Once, when she was stubborn, her mother slapped her hands. She's never forgotten it and the one word "punishment" is enough to settle any problem. It's her own idea about her hair. She's "partickle" about its being plain, but the eternal feminine vanity creeps out in the angle of her hat. Margaret insists upon giving it a slightly rakish tilt to one side.

SHE'S not the least bit affectionate, giving and demanding no kisses or hugs. Maggie, a dog of dubious character, is the victim of her dressing-up for play, attending tea parties in weird bonnets and ill-fitting garments. Maggie puts up with it beautifully.

Margaret isn't much for toys, a woolly dog being her favorite next to Maggie. Her three fully furnished doll houses interest her but little. But let the school kids next door come home from school with a small hand loom and Mrs. O'Brien is driven wild until she buys Margaret one exactly like it so that she, too, may be one of them in play.

Luncheon in the studio commissary is her big delight. She sits quietly in her corner thoroughly fascinated, not with the stars, but the other children from other sets. The schoolroom on the set is her special delight, although Margaret won't start her education until she's seven. She tries hard to keep the others from seeing the talent that will eventually set her apart. After a terrific crying scene before the camera that left the crew "choked in the throat," she dashed for the schoolroom, her smile bright and eager. "Why, Mar-

garet," cried her little stand-in, "you've been crying." Margaret shrugged. "Oh, it's just work, you know how it is," and instantly she diverted her attention to the drawing lesson.

She learned early the lesson of attention to business. Once she lost a small role to a little girl who listened more attentively to the director. For days after she wistfully wondered about the little girl to whom she had lost the role. "Is she having fun, do you think, Mother?" she'd ask. Never again did Margaret's attention stray when a director spoke to her.

Her dialogue, once memorized, is forever fixed in her mind. Her mother begins by reading her the entire script so Margaret can understand the character she plays. Once, at the end of a scene when the director had called "Cut," she turned to him and asked, "What happened to my line? I speak after he finishes."

The director looked at her. "You sure, Margaret? Well, let's see." So they looked it up in the script and, sure enough, her line was there. They reshot the scene for her dialogue.

Since the death of her father in her infancy, Margaret, her mother and aunt have lived in modest circumstances in an inexpensive apartment building. There is no car for traveling and no maid for cleaning. While Mrs. O'Brien washes the dishes in the evening and Margaret dries them, they discuss the events of the day. The set is Margaret's dream castle. She adores the atmosphere, the people, the work. When her contract with M-G-M was signed, Margaret was thoroughly happy. "Mother can use a million dollars," she commented. A quality of swift understanding and the ability to know what people are thinking about are the attributes that set apart this amazing bit of humanity.

EXPRESSIONS flee across her tiny face like living things as she listens to her director or a friend. Their every thought finds true response on the plainest of little faces.

She can be stubborn. Her persistency in rising at six and disturbing her mother's rest is one habit that places her in the O'Brien doghouse. "Please, Margaret, I didn't sleep all night," her mother will beg. The chatter keeps up regardless.

Persistence and determination march along beside her. Sitting on the sidelines while other children were being tested for Margaret, she watched one child through a crying scene.

"He never tested me in that scene," she cried. "He never did and I could do it too." Before her mother could restrain her she'd popped off her chair and gone to the director with her complaint.

Over the telephone her mother asked us to listen to the new poem Margaret had learned at the studio schoolroom. The little voice came over the wires repeating in the sing-song tones of the other children, "What do we plant when we plant a tree? A desk, a ship that sails the sea," and on and on.

"You know why it is, of course," her mother said, "that Margaret wouldn't say it differently for the world?"

We knew. They mustn't know, for just a little while longer so she can stay in their world, the world of little children who recite sing-song rhymes and play with hand looms and wear brown shoes and don't cry out a heartbreak when a director says softly, "All right, Margaret, cry now, dear." Little children who might not accept a movie actress as one of them, though the world will see her as Hollywood's Junior Miss Miracle.

The End.



Service-star wife, service-man husband: Ruth Hussey and Lt. Bob Longenecker having a Mocambo leave dinner date

Just to share
our thoughts with somebody else—or our
picnic lunch with a friend—helps us to
keep our balance in a topsy-turvy world.



For millions of Americans the simple joys
of companionship are made deeper, richer, more satisfying with a glass of
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In 12-oz. bottles and Quart Guest Bottles. On tap, too!

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THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

Butch, the Baby Menace

(Continued from page 52) stealer of "The Human Comedy." He's aware that he went to a studio and said words for "Pappy Mr. Brown," as he calls the director, Clarence Brown, but that he and his words could emerge simultaneously as a living, speaking object on the screen like "Bambi" or "Bugs Bunny," has never dawned upon him. He hasn't seen the picture and his mother says he probably won't. She thinks it best that way.

He's delightfully amorous. Any woman, even an old thing of nine like Joycie, should be flattered by his attention. "Look, Mom," he'll say and gently lift Joycie's hand to be kissed, completely oblivious that this Don Juan gesture is somewhat impaired by traces of the strawberry shortcake he had at four o'clock.

Once, on the bus on the way to a rodeo, he kissed Joycie's cheek. "Butch, before all these Marines," she scolded. Butch turned to the Marines and "gived looks" that were intended to shrivel them to atoms.

He lives with his mother and half-brother Skipper (whose name is also Jack) on the Santa Monica beach in a ramshackle house that would fall flat on its face with the slightest encouragement. It's the only house on the beach with a pier of its own, however. So they love it. Once Butch and Skipper and two neighbor boys built a shelter under the pier and slept there all night. Butch slept on the ironing board.

All day long he runs and tears and scampers along the beach—just a boy, a very little one, like thousands of American kids all over. Only somehow Butch is the little one that is always running behind the others—trying to catch up—just as he did in Saroyan's story. Against the skyline of the Pacific, any time one may glance up, he will see the parade—Skipper and the kids tearing along and then far behind, running his little legs off to catch up, will come Butch.

The only time Butch offered any objec-

tions to his work was over his wearing a nightshirt in his scene with Rooney. He refused point-blank to be caught dead in it.

Finally Mickey took him off piggy-back-riding and when they returned Butch was wearing the hated garment. "How did you do it?" they asked Mickey. "Oh, I told him I always wore one and when that didn't work I confided that General MacArthur wore one, too. And that cinched it with Butch."

DAD is Captain Jack Bronson Jenkins, of the U. S. Ferrying Command. When last he was home on leave he talked over the problem of Jackie's going on the screen. Clarence Brown had seen the little lad as he played on the beach, had noted the wistful brown eyes, the mouth that went up in a childish arch, the appealing little-boyishness and had begged that he be allowed to play the role.

When the time came for Butch to report to the studio, his mother was working at Columbia and Skipper, who is eight, was in school, so a neighbor boy accompanied the lad on his first journey into movieland.

At first the electricians, carpenters and people on the sidelines drew his attention away from the scenes. So Mr. Brown, who directed Garbo's early hits, dragged out the black screens that once surrounded the silent Swede and shut Jackie in with the camera. In no time at all he had learned to focus his attention and the screens were removed.

There's an "all aloneness" about Butch, who is never actually alone, that hits the heart like a sledge hammer. It comes from the spirit within. Butch is an introvert. His deepest sorrows and joys are kept hidden. When it becomes necessary to apply the hand to the boys, and Doris does not believe in sparing the rod, Skipper will howl unmercifully for a decent period of time and be gone off to play. But when

it's Jackie, there will come from some obscure corner much later the heartbreaking sound of a little boy weeping secretly in humiliation.

Once he set the house on fire. The studio had presented him with several feet of film taken from "The Human Comedy" and Butch held it too close to the lamp. He used every known trick of bewitchery to keep the firemen there long enough so that all the kids could see and know they had been there—right in his house.

And once the Coast Guard caught him swiping parts of a boat that had been beached by a storm. It was Doris who phoned the Coast Guard that she had glimpsed mysterious figures dismantling the beached boat. To her astonishment, the investigation led to Butch and Skipper's room where, in a neat pile, lay a carburetor, a fish net, a clock and other boat paraphernalia.

FROM the time he was three, Butch has dressed himself after rising at six o'clock, and made his bed. The boys have been taught to be self-reliant.

Boylike, his memory is a convenient one. Trotting over to the Lakes' one morning, he broadly hinted he'd had no breakfast. "Why Butch, you must have," said Mrs. Lake.

"No, no breakfast," insisted Butch, so Mrs. Lake set about frying eggs and bacon and preparing fruit. Halfway through the first dish, Butch began to dimly remember events of one hour previous. "It seems to me," he said, holding fast to the bacon and egg plate, "I do remember something about breakfast. Not much, but something." When the plate was clean, his amnesia passed like an April shower.

His weekly allowance of five cents and every cent he can wangle on the side go for comic books. He can't read, but the pictures fascinate him.

HE'S completely unself-conscious and once went to a rodeo with his pants half ripped off. They caught on the bus. And pooh pooh to those who gazed upon the exposed rear of one Mr. Jackie Jenkins. To those he "gived looks."

"What's electricity? What's fire? How far is a star?" are only a few of the millionteenth questions Butch can think up to ask. To the "What's God?" questions, Doris answered by reading to the boys the "Child's Bible" and the simplified Darwinian theory.

"Which is right?" the boys asked. "Find out your own way as you go along," she advised. Last week Skipper announced he'd signed a "contract" with the Presbyterian Sunday School and when Butch is a bit older, he expects to "sign" too. His latest signing was to an M-G-M contract which runs until he's twelve years old.

He's been everywhere. Born in Los Angeles, August 19, 1937, he began his travels when just four months old, moving to New York with his mother and two months later to Baton Rouge, Louisiana. When a year old, he traveled to the West Indies and then "settled down" for eleven months in Chicago, where his mother performed with John Barrymore in "My Dear Children." Then the three of them settled on a ranch in Patagonia, Arizona, for almost a year, and then moved on to the beach at Santa Monica. Best of all Butch liked the ranch where he learned to ride like a trouper.

But he's happy at the beach, building forts in the sand, walking the sands with the Coast Guard and running along behind the bigger kids—a freckled-faced little boy—trying so desperately hard to catch up.

The End



Two marrieds plus two nearly marrieds equal four people having fun: Mr. and Mrs. James Craig, Maria Montez and her fiance Pierre Aumont, bearded for his next film, making a Mocambo night of it

Add thrilling glamour to your beauty
...in just a few seconds



Claudette Colbert

IN

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new complexion*



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Yes, you can now give your natural beauty new glamour, new loveliness in just a few seconds...and you, yourself, will be utterly amazed and thrilled at the transformation. Pan-Cake Make-Up imparts a lovely new complexion, smooth as a pearl and flawless...and it stays on for hours without re-powdering. Try this glamour secret of the screen stars...originated by *Max Factor Hollywood*...and discover the miracle make-up that millions of girls and women are talking about.

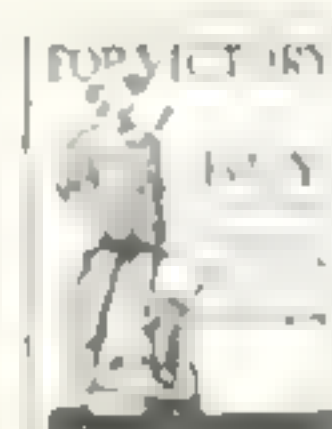
PAN-CAKE* MAKE-UP

ORIGINATED BY

*Max Factor * Hollywood*



*Pat. C. G. L.
Trade Mark
U. S. Pat. Off.



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M
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(Continued from page 41) best of things, or making the worst of them." In spite of myself, I was impressed by his earnestness. "We can make the best of Lowood, both of us. Think of all the things you can learn here. Think of all the books in the library. Through them you can have all the great men of the past as your friends."

I am afraid that seemed poor comfort to me then. Instead—

"Will you be my friend too?" I asked.

"Always, Jane," he answered. "Listen: Let's make a bargain. You make the best of your bad job and I promise you I'll make the best of mine. Is that a bargain?"

Again he held out his hand and this time I took it. "I'll—I'll try," I promised.

And I kept that promise. For ten long years, supported by his friendship and sympathy, I learned my lessons and did my tasks and took without complaint the punishments Mr. Brocklehurst devised. But as soon as I was eighteen I advertised in a newspaper, with Dr. Rivers's help, for a position as governess. Only one inquiry came in answer, but one was enough. Dr. Rivers wrote a reference for me, because Mr. Brocklehurst, furious over my departure since he had planned to keep me at the school and so save the salary of one teacher, refused to write one. I was engaged by mail.

Thus I came to Thornfield Hall, and to a new chapter in my life, a chapter that held some happiness and much sorrow.

THORNFIELD HALL stood square and black on a shoulder of the moors. I first saw it against the night sky, a few lights shining from its ground-floor windows, forbidding and lonely. Inside, it was silent and vast. Linen dust covers shrouded the furniture in the hall and in the drawing room opening off it and Mrs. Fairfax's feet rang on uncarpeted treads when she came downstairs to greet me.

Mrs. Fairfax had signed the letter of inquiry in answer to my advertisement, as well as the final letter engaging me, and I had supposed she was the mistress of the Hall. But, with one of her jolly laughs, she told me she was only the housekeeper. She was plump and neat, with a round, ruddy face, and I guessed her age to be about fifty-five. My pupil, she said while she bustled me down a long corridor to my room, was "Miss Adele."

"And that's Mr. Edward's room," she pointed to one of the doors we passed. "He's abroad just now, of course, but I always keep it ready for him. You never know when he may take it into his head to drop in."

"Mr. Edward?" I asked in confusion. "Who is he?"

"Why, the owner of Thornfield, of course," she replied. "Mr. Edward Rochester, and little Adele is his ward . . . and now here's *your* room, my dear."

Worn out by my long journey from Lowood, I lost no time in preparing for bed. Before blowing out the candle, I went to the window, to look out at the rolling wasteland of the moors. The wind was blowing and, as I stood there, it seemed to me that it brought a strange sound—an unpleasant and eerie cackling, almost like a woman's laughter. I shivered a little with a dread I could not define, but while I watched, a hurrying shadow passed across the room and I sighed in relief. It was only the jackdaws, cackling and rising in flight from the roof of the old building.

At breakfast I met my pupil, eight-year-old Adele, an enchanting little girl, full of grace and coquetry. I would almost have known before she told me that her mother had been French. With her dancing ways and dark, flashing eyes, she seemed

strangely alien in the heavy, British atmosphere of Thornfield. She said that after her mother died she had lived with "Monsieur Rochester" in a villa in Italy.

THAT night, after Adele had gone to bed, I went for a walk on the moors. It was very lonely there in the moonlight, with a cold winter wind plucking at my cloak, but I strolled along the road until it dipped abruptly into a little valley, where the wind was gone and mist lay heavy and still. I shivered, and was about to turn back when I heard the sound of a horse's hooves. As I stopped in confusion, a great dog bounded out of the mist straight upon me.

With a scream, I jumped aside, but an instant later I found myself directly under the hooves of a rearing black horse. The iron-clad feet beat the air above me; then the animal swerved aside and disappeared behind the curtain of mist, I heard a thud and a man's angry voice shouting above the dog's excited barking:

"Silence, you misbegotten hellhound!"

I ran toward the noise and was just in time to see the rider, wrapped in a dark cloak and with a black hat pulled down over his face, picking himself up from the ground. He was a towering rage.

"I—I'm sorry I frightened your horse," I said timidly.

He did not answer at once, being occupied with stopping to feel his foot and leg, then limping painfully to sit on a large stone at the side of the road.

"Apologies won't mend my ankle," he said at last, in a deep, surly voice. He glanced up at me and added, "Well, what are you waiting for?"

"I can't think of leaving you until I see you are fit to ride," I said.

Under the brim of the big hat I could sense keen eyes scrutinizing me. "Where do you come from?"

"From Mr. Rochester's house. I am the governess."

"Oh—I see. The new governess . . ." For another moment he kept me pinioned under that unseen stare; then, heaving himself painfully upright, he laid a hand on my shoulder. "Necessity compels me to make you useful," he remarked, and let me help him to his horse. With a groan, he got into the saddle. "Thank you," he said ungraciously. "And now let me make a suggestion. Get home as quick as you can." Not waiting for an answer, he dug his spurs into the horse's flanks and at once the mist had swallowed horse, rider and hound.

That was my first meeting with Mr. Edward Rochester of Thornfield Hall.

It was like him, I learned, not to have revealed his identity to me then—just as it was like him to arrive at the dead of night, unheralded and in what Mrs. Fairfax testified was a vile temper, just as it was like him to refuse to call a doctor for his twisted ankle, to bring Adele costly presents from abroad and then dismiss her curtly as if he could not bear the sight of her, to speak to me kindly one moment and virtually insult me the next.

He was not a handsome man, no; although he might have been if bitterness and ill temper had not marked that strong-featured face under its black mane of hair. His piercing dark eyes, crowned by beetling brows, could seem to probe your thoughts—or to look straight through you, as if you did not exist. He was a violent man, impatient of many things, brusque, indifferent to the feelings of others—and, something told me quite surely, desperately unhappy.

Toward me he was by turns indifferent,

insolent and dictatorial. Even so, now and then, he seemed to wish to be my friend and to be prevented by some disability in himself. But toward the child, Adele, he was invariably gruff and even cruel and for this I found it hardest of all to forgive him, until one night I learned the reason.

I had not been sleeping well, that night. The wind was howling around the eaves of the mansion and again it brought with it, like an echo, the strangely menacing cackle I had heard when I first came. Long after midnight I fell into an uneasy doze from which I was awakened by the sound of soft footsteps, accompanied by a faint scratching, outside my door. My heart thudded in fright, and I called out, "Who's there?" But there was no answer except a faint repetition of that cackle, like laughter.

I was afraid to get up, but even more afraid to stay in bed, so throwing on my robe I crept to my bedroom door and opened it. There was no one in the corridor, but I thought I heard a door shut softly at the far end—the end which led into the Old Wing of the house, which was uninhabited except for Grace Poole, a mousy little woman who, I'd been told, did the family's sewing.

And then smoke stung my nostrils.

I raced down the hall to where a pencil of light showed through the half-open door of Mr. Rochester's room. It was from this room that smoke was billowing. I called his name, but there was no answer and I pushed the door wide. He was in bed, asleep, a burning candle on the table beside him and the mattress and red curtains were smoldering.

He roused to my shout and together we beat out the little flickering flames. Only when this was done did I find time or strength to gasp:

"Someone tried to kill you! I heard them in the gallery. Shall I call Mrs. Fairfax?"

"Mrs. Fairfax?" he cried violently. "What the deuce would you call her for?" Unceremoniously, he picked up his heavy cloak and wrapped it around my shoulders. "Stay right here for a few minutes and *don't call anyone*. I'll be right back."

He went out and I heard him going along the corridor toward the Old Wing. The far door clicked behind him.

DO not know how long he was gone. In my fear and bewilderment, it seemed forever. When he returned, his face was blank, preoccupied.

"It's just as I thought," he said. "When you came out of your room, did you see anything?"

"No," I quavered. "But I heard someone in the hall—and that door closing."

"Anything else?"

"A—a kind of laugh . . . There's a strange woman called Grace Poole. . . ."

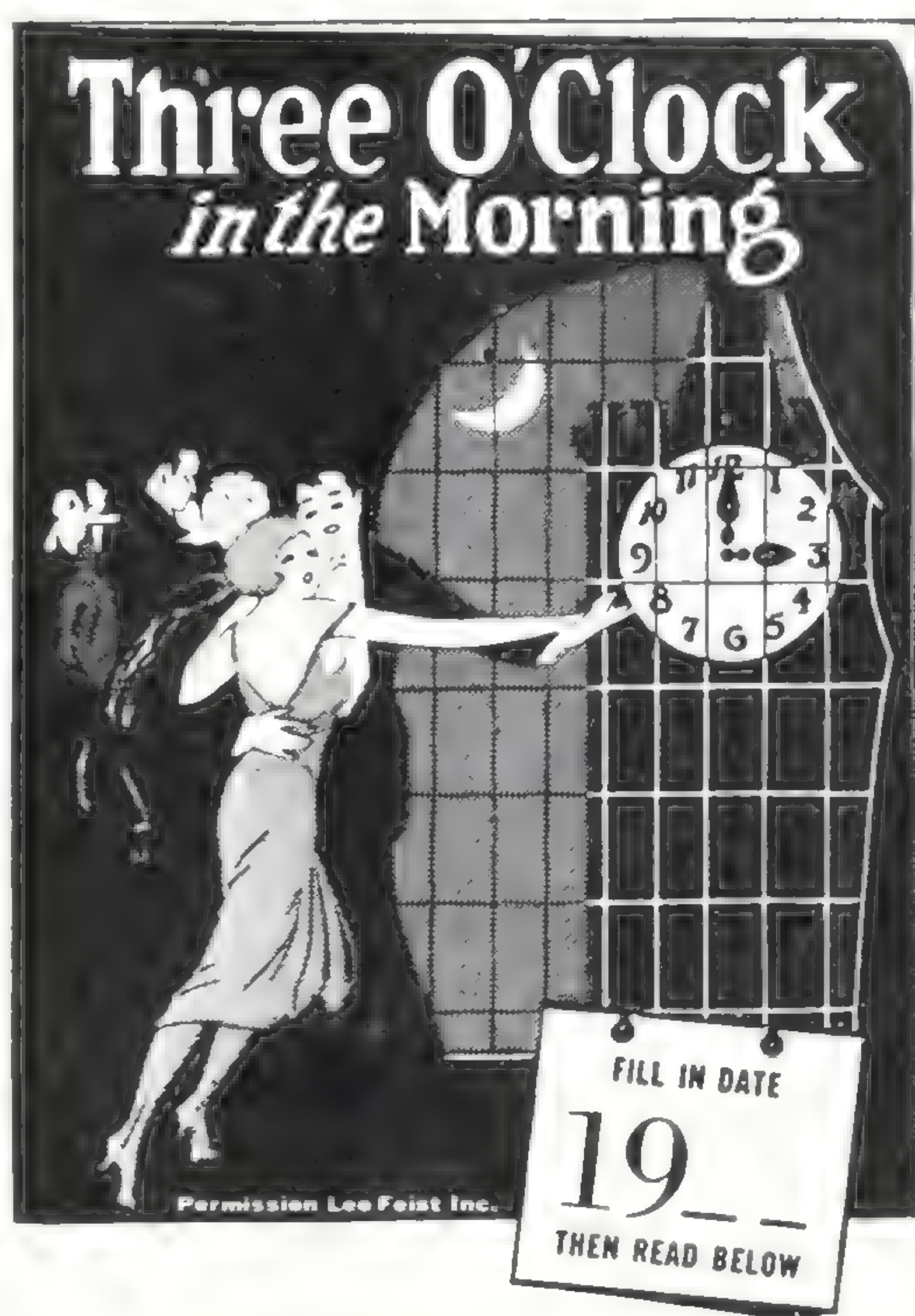
"Just so," he said, and I thought he spoke with relief. "Grace Poole—you have guessed it. Well," he added briskly, "I shall see what's to be done. Meanwhile—" He broke off, and looked at me fearfully. "The nursery!"

But when we got there, Adele was unharmed, sleeping peacefully. I was astounded at his evident concern for the little girl's safety; he sighed and said, "Thank God! I had an awful fear. . . ."

Turning away, I busied myself pulling up Adele's covers. While doing so I found that she had taken to bed with her a little pair of dancing slippers Mr. Rochester had given her. He saw them too, and picked them up.

"Poor little Adele!" he said quietly. "Trying to console herself for my unkindness! The child has dancing in her blood." Together, strangely (Continued on page 76)

Can you date these songs?



War songs, war shortages. Even skirts were shortened—to the ankle! Shapeless fashions. High buttoned shoes, spats. First permanent waves. It was 1918, and army hospitals in France—short of surgical cotton—welcomed a new American invention . . . Cellucotton* Absorbent. Soon nurses began using it for sanitary pads. Thus started the Kotex idea, destined to bring new freedom to women.

Flappers flaunted first champagne-colored stockings. Everything smart was "the bee's knees." People mad over radio. Mah Jong. And women everywhere enthused about the new discovery in sanitary protection . . . disposable Kotex* sanitary napkins, truly hygienic, comfortable. In 1922, millions of women gladly paid 60¢ a dozen for this convenient new product.

"Flaming Youth." Women plucked eyebrows, discarded corsets. "Collegiate" slickers, knickers (baggy plus-fours for golfers). The Charleston. Famous "Monkey Trial" in Tennessee. As the silhouette became slimmer in 1925, Kotex laboratories planned an improved, narrower pad with new rounded ends replacing the square corners . . . softened gauze, for greater comfort.



Empress Eugenie was everywoman's hat. Transparent mesh made stocking history. "I'll Tell The World" was current slang. Challenged by the clinging fashions of 1931, again Kotex pioneered—perfected flat, pressed ends. Only Kotex, of all leading brands of pads, offers this patented feature—ends that don't show because they're not stubby . . . don't cause telltale outlines.

Jitterbug Era. A king and queen ate hot dogs in America. New York's World's Fair: parachute drop and Aquacade. The Conga. Bustles. Wasp waists. "Cigarette silhouette," and women in 1939 grateful for the latest Kotex improvement: a snug, softer, cushioned pad with a double-duty safety center to prevent roping and twisting—to increase protection by hours.

It's a Woman's World today. Women are working for Victory. Far more active, yet far more comfortable in *this* war, for today's Kotex provides every worthwhile feature. Choice of more women than all other brands put together, Kotex is made to stay soft while wearing. Not that snowball sort of softness that packs hard under pressure. And no wrong side to cause accidents!

(Continued from page 74) alone in the sleeping house, we left the nursery and closed the double doors between it and my room. Mr. Rochester dropped the satin slippers on a table and then, thoughtfully, he touched a toy Adele had left there—a tiny music box surmounted by dolllike dancing figures of a little ballerina and a soldier.

"You see, Miss Eyre," he said, "I once had the misfortune to fall in love with *this*—" he touched the ballerina, and then the soldier—"and to be jealous of *that*." He paused, and when I did not answer went on, "Love's a strange thing. You can know that a person is worthless, without heart or mind or scruple, and still suffer to the point of torture when she betrays you . . . But at least I had the pleasure of putting a bullet through my rival's lungs."

I caught my breath. "And the little doll in the dancing skirt?" I asked.

"We tell Adele she died. The truth isn't quite so touching. I gave her some money and turned her out—whereupon she decamped with an Italian painter, leaving me with what she said was my daughter."

Picking up his candle, he shrugged. "Well, Miss Eyre, now that you know what your pupil is, I suppose you'll want me to look for a new governess."

"Adele has had so little love," I said quietly. "I shall try to make up for it."

He had been about to go, but now he stopped and looked down into my eyes with an expression in his own I had never seen before. "Are you always drawn to the loveless and unfriended?" he asked.

"When—when they deserve friends," I said.

Still he did not go. "You saved my life tonight," he said, "and I should like to thank you. Can't we at least shake hands?"

I gave him my hand and for a moment he held it before he said, "I knew from the first you would do me good in some way, at some time. Good-night . . . Jane."

THE next morning, before the household was awake, he had ridden away from Thornfield Hall. He did not return for six months.

They were a very peaceful six months. The mystery of the Old Wing, if mystery there was—and sometimes I wondered if I had dreamed all that had happened the night of the fire—did not again intrude on my life. Adele and I spent our time in lessons and in driving or walking about the countryside.

It was on our return from one of these excursions that we found Mr. Rochester back in the Hall.

This time he had brought other people with him—ladies and gentlemen with fine clothes and disdainful manners. Mrs. Fairfax was rushing about like one demented, calling orders to servants.

"Colonel Dent is here," she confided to me between sorties, "and his sister, Lady Ingram. And Sir George Lynn. And Miss Blanche Ingram."

There was a kind of roguishness about the way she pronounced the last name that made me ask, "And who is she?"

"Oh, haven't you heard about Miss Ingram and Mr. Rochester? She's quite an old flame of his. It wouldn't surprise me at all if it came to an engagement one of these days. Such a beautiful girl, and as talented as she is lovely!"

I told myself that there was no need and no excuse for the pang of something very like jealousy that came to me at her words.

One who had known Thornfield as it had been for the past six months would scarcely have recognized it that night. The great chandelier in the hall, never lighted since I arrived, blazed with candles. Maids and footmen scurried along the gallery. Over

everything was an air of gayety and excitement.

In all the bustle, I caught only a glimpse of Mr. Rochester. But he had not forgotten me, for just as the ladies and gentlemen were sitting down to dinner, Mrs. Fairfax brought me a message from him—that immediately after the meal I was to bring Adele into the drawing room to meet the guests.

I put on my black dress—in all the world I possessed but two—and did my best to prepare myself so that Mr. Rochester need not be ashamed of my appearance.

We were waiting, Adele and I, in the drawing room when the ladies entered it. It was easy to pick out Miss Blanche Ingram. She was the most beautiful person I had ever seen—tall, with elaborately dressed waved hair and a skin like cream satin. She was all in white, the only touches of color a bracelet of rubies which were the exact shade of her lips.

Sitting in the window seat, I had the disturbing sensation that I must be invisible. All around me, people laughed and chattered as if I were not there. Miss

AUGUST

11

Your September Photoplay -
Movie Mirror goes on
the newsstands . . .

Don't risk having
your newsdealer
say, "All Sold!"

Reserve your copy

NOW!

Ingram hung on Mr. Rochester's arm, after the gentlemen came in, and he did not so much as glance at me. Later, she played the piano and sang, while Mr. Rochester turned the music for her.

AFTER her song, Miss Ingram and Mr. Rochester joined Lady Ingram and they drifted about the room, talking animatedly, Mr. Rochester's dark head bent gallantly to catch every word. It seemed to me he was enchanted by her and if in truth she was as charming as her appearance I could not blame him.

They lingered at a table a few feet away, while Miss Ingram selected a sweet from a dish there, and I heard her say:

"Adele—an adorable name. But Edward, I thought you weren't fond of children."

"And I'm not!" my employer said heartily.

"Then what induced you to take charge of such a little puppet? Where did you pick her up?"

"I didn't," he smiled. "She was left on my hands."

Miss Ingram shrugged her smooth shoulders. "Oh, well, I suppose she is little trouble—I see you have a governess."

"Governesses!" Lady Ingram said suddenly. "Don't speak to me of governesses! The martyrdom I have suffered from those creatures! The clever ones are detestable and the rest ridiculous."

"Mama!" Miss Ingram said warningly,

raising her eyebrows and glancing ironically in my direction.

"Oh!" Her mother saw me then, but was not much disconcerted. As the two ladies moved away and Mr. Rochester followed them, I heard her add, "Well, it can't be helped. I hope it may do her some good."

I felt that I must smother if I stayed any longer in that hot, flower-scented room, so I rose quietly and slipped through the curtains across the door to the library. It was in my mind to make my escape upstairs—I could return later and say it was Adele's bedtime. But when my hand was on the door to the hall Mr. Rochester's deep voice spoke behind me.

"How do you do, Jane? Why did you not come and speak to me in the drawing room?"

I turned and faced him. How could he ask that so blandly, when he had ignored my very existence!

"I did not wish to disturb you, since you seemed engaged," I said.

He smiled, and came toward me. "You are paler than you were," he said. "What is the matter?"

"Nothing." I did not trust myself to say more—this kindness, coming so quickly on the heels of his indifference, made me want to cry.

"Then you are depressed."

"No."

He was quite near now—a movement of his hand and he would have touched me. "But I tell you that you are," he said, and there was none of the usual mockery in his voice—"so much depressed that a few more words would bring tears to your eyes. Indeed, they are there now, shining and swimming—"

In another moment, so gentle and sincere he seemed, I think I would have told him the reason for those tears. But the jangle of the front-door bell interrupted him and he started visibly, then stood silent and tense while a footman crossed the hall outside the library.

A man's voice said, "I wish to see Mr. Rochester." It was a strange voice, deliberate and lifeless—even then, without having seen him, I felt that its owner must be pale of face and pale of hand. He added, "Tell him it is Mr. Mason—Mr. Mason from Spanish Town in Jamaica."

MR ROCHESTER'S fingers closed over my wrist in a convulsive grip. In the lamplight I saw his lips drawn back from his teeth and an expression of dreadful fear in his eyes. A few seconds only he stood thus—then, still holding my wrist, he passed his other hand over his forehead.

"Do you feel ill, sir?" I asked anxiously.

He shook his head. Gazing at me with a look in which there was now more sadness than fear, he said, "My little friend! I wish I were on a quiet island with only you; and trouble, and danger, and hideous recollections far away."

Hardly knowing what to say, I asked, "Can't I help you?"

"Jane, if help is wanted, I'll seek it from you—I promise you that!" He looked past me, toward the drawing room, and said, "If all the people in that room came and spat at me—what would you do, Jane?"

"Turn them out of the room, if I could."

He half smiled, but it was a weary smile. "But if I were to go to them and they only looked at me coldly and whispered sneeringly among themselves and dropped off and left me one by one—what then? Would you go with them?"

"No, I would stay with you—to comfort you, as well as I could." I did not even think of the answers to this catechism—they rose unbidden to my lips.

"Then you could dare censure, for my sake?" he asked.

"Yes, sir" (Continued on page 78)

How to Win Out in your **BIG MOMENT**



by
LORETTA YOUNG

Star of Paramount's
"CHINA"



1 When a girl knows she's met the man, how sad it is for her if carelessness has spoiled the soft, smooth beauty of her skin!



2 It's foolish to take chances. Screen stars take Lux Soap beauty facials *every day*. **ACTIVE** lather removes dust and stale cosmetics *thoroughly*—gives precious skin protection it needs.



3 This beauty facial's so simple. All you do is smooth lots of the creamy lather well into your skin, splash with cool water, pat to dry. Now skin feels smoother, looks fresh.



4 Its soft, smooth skin does the trick! In your big moment—your *tender* moment—smooth, adorable skin will make his heart turn over, make him whisper, "You're *beautiful!*"



IT'S SMOOTH,
ADORABLE SKIN
THAT WINS
ROMANCE AND
HOLDS IT! YOU'LL
FIND DAILY
**ACTIVE-LATHER
FACIALS** WITH
LUX SOAP A
WONDERFUL
BEAUTY AID!



9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it.

"Thank you, Jane." He seemed more confident now and he pulled open the library door. The man who had asked to see him stood across the hall, warming his hands at the fireplace. As I watched before returning to the drawing room to get Adele, I heard him say, "Edward—"

He held out his hand, but Mr. Rochester did not take it. Instead, he remarked coldly, "I shall not be hypocritical enough to say that you are welcome here." Then the curtains closed behind me and I heard no more. But my thoughts were with him, and with his secret trouble, for hours afterward, long after I had taken Adele upstairs, long even after the last of the guests had retired to their rooms.

I could not sleep. I lay listening to the silence—as if I were waiting, indeed, for the shuddering, piercing scream that presently echoed through the great house.

No one could have slept through that cry of torture and when I came out onto the gallery it was already filled with excited ladies and gentlemen in their night attire. One of the older gentlemen was fiercely brandishing a pistol and vowing that he would shoot the robbers.

Abruptly, the door at the end of the gallery, leading to the Old Wing, swung

open. Mr. Rochester stood there, laughing. "Steady on the trigger, Colonel," he called. "And ladies, compose yourselves, I beg you."

Led by Miss Ingram, they clustered about him, inquiring if he was hurt. Not at all, he said cheerfully, and again warned the Colonel to drop his pistol. "Those things are no good against nightmares," he said. "Nightmares?"

"That's all it was. One of the maids had a bad dream and woke up screaming."

I knew as well as I knew my own name that his explanation was untrue. When I saw Miss Ingram bidding him a languishing farewell at the door of her room I turned back into my own room, sick at heart. He had said if he needed help he would ask me for it. But he was bending over Miss Ingram's hand.

A moment later there was a light tap on my door, and his voice: "Jane! Are you awake?"

I answered, "Yes, sir."

"Come out then, quietly."

Again I put on the robe I had just discarded and went out to the gallery. He was at its end, beckoning as he turned a key in the lock of the door to the Old Wing. And he no longer was laughing.

"Come this way," he said, "and make no noise."

The door swung shut behind us. Side by side, we mounted stairs, of a stone which struck cold through the soles of my slippers. The only light came from the candle in his hand.

"You don't turn sick at the sight of blood?" he asked.

"I don't think so," I answered as steadily as I could. "I have never been tried yet."

At the head of the stairs there was a door of a dead, flat black color. Just outside it, Mr. Rochester stopped.

"Jane," he said urgently—"what you see may shock you and frighten you and confuse you. But I beg you, don't seek an explanation, don't try to understand. No matter what the appearance, you must trust me."

I nodded wordlessly. Then he put out his hand and pushed open the door, and we went in.

Behind that door lies the mystery of Thornfield Hall—and of Edward Rochester. For the poignant conclusion of this famous love story, by the sister of the author of "Wuthering Heights" see

September PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR

My Kid Brother Spence

(Continued from page 43) Confidentially, I don't think Spence has entirely recovered from his juvenile travelitis. He likes to go places on the spur of the moment . . . and he likes to have others do the same.

During the World Series, Spence was making a picture. He, the director, and other members of the cast spent most of the two weeks preceding the opening in a vain attempt to think up a method of getting away without blasting a picture schedule.

Although he failed in this World Series instance, I must admit that my brother Spence has frequently been very good at figuring the angles. Take, for instance, that case—when he was in high school—of wanting to make the trips around the country with the football team. He was never quite heavy enough for football, so he had to do some promoting to travel with the team.

I came home from Dartmouth one fall and was told by my mother to watch the band parading previous to a big game. "If you look sharp, you'll see a member of the family," she confided.

I stood on the street corner and scanned every member of that band. Spence wasn't behind a cornet, nor a saxophone. The clarinets seemed to be getting along fine without him. Drums! I thought. But I was wrong. Then I saw the biggest, shiniest serpentine tuba on earth. It's an instrument that sounds only two notes, you know, but those notes have to be blown with a sixty-mile-per-hour wind velocity.

You've guessed it. Spence was encircled and dwarfed by that tuba. But he was triumphantly marching with the band and he attended every game of the season. I certainly wish they'd had some movie outfits in those days, because I would have loved a few feet showing The Bub circumscribed by the tuba.

Another picture I'd like to have would be that showing Spence as he marched into the kitchen one April night in 1918. He was wearing that crooked, one-sided grin that has become a screen trademark and he looked out from under his eyebrows at Mother.

"I've enlisted in the Navy," he said without preamble.

He's like that to this day. If he has something to unchest, he says it and has it over in a hurry.

A good many things happened immediately, if I remember correctly. Mother cried, of course, and insisted that Spence, not yet eighteen, was just a baby. Dad was sort of proud of the kid. As for me, I was out of the house and down the street before anyone could stop me. I enlisted, too, not so much from patriotic motives, mind you, but because of my desire to be near Spence and to keep an eye on him. I was really a granny about the kid.

We were at Great Lakes for the early part of our training, then Spence was transferred to Norfolk, doing some sort of an ordnance job, I thought. I didn't sleep very well at night because of worrying about him, until I heard through a mutual friend that Spence was doing okay; he was acting as aide or some such cushy job for an officer. I relaxed.

AFTER we were mustered out of service, I went to work for Firestone, followed by a stint with the Buick people. Spence went back to school at Marquette, then to Ripon College, Wisconsin, after which that old black magic of the stage got him. Those first years were plenty rugged. Whenever I could manage it, I used to slip a little happy cabbage into my letters to Spence. He always paid me back the day he had a spare cent. But I was repaid a dozen times over when I saw Spence in one of those early plays.

I went backstage after final curtain to tell him hello.

"How was it?" he asked.

"It was pretty good," I said. Those words don't read with much meaning, but the way I said them made Spence look up and grin.

I don't think we've spent much time in talking about his acting ability, but he knew from then on how I felt about it. One of the best times in our lives occurred when he was working in a stock company in Chicago, and I was in Milwaukee. At every opportunity, Mother and I went to see the new play. Also, by that time, Spence had married a beautiful girl named Louise Treadwell.

When a new Tracy was on the way, Louise stayed with us. I was the guy pacing the floor and asking the doctor bothersome questions when Johnny was born. Not only was I keeping up a one-man aircraft warning service to detect the

stork, I was answering the telephone every thirty minutes to reassure Spence, who couldn't get away from his job.

He later performed an important service for me. After he had been in Hollywood for two years, he asked me to come out for Christmas vacation. While I was ogling the poinsettias and the climate, he took advantage of my weakened condition and persuaded me to return to Milwaukee only long enough to resign my job, get Mother and return as his manager.

I made one small suggestion: I had met the girl I wanted to marry. "Move out, and when I've finished my next picture, I'll go back with you to be your best man," he volunteered. That's Spence for you.

SHE is now entirely accustomed to the Tracy Brother act. Take our Christmas celebrations as an example. She and I roll out with the dawn and drive over to Spence's so that we'll get there before the youngsters, Johnny and Susie, have started to open their packages—that is a ceremony too good to miss.

After the kids have emoted over their gifts, we adults exchange packages. For Christmas, 1940, I gave Spence a set of dark brown leather portfolios containing stills from every picture he had made since he came to Hollywood, along with the outstanding press notices about each picture. You should have seen him! He has added a book a year to the set since. "Nice for the kids," is all he says about it, grinning.

He gave me a gold watch chain upon which hangs a medallion reading "C.E.T. from S.T. 12-25-40." That I value, of course. But to give you an idea of how swell a brother can be, I must tell you about the card enclosed in the jeweler's box. "You know that everything I have is yours," he had written.

Incidentally, my favorite picture, to date (even including the swell part he has currently in "A Guy Named Joe") is "Boys Town" in which he played Father Flanagan and won his second Academy Award. He sent that Oscar to Father Flanagan.

In my opinion, that one gesture tells fully what sort of man has developed from the imaginative, hard-working, generous character who is still my kid brother.

The End

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(from a letter by M. T. T., Long Island, N. Y.)

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(from a letter by C. F. C., Prineville, Ore.)

**WHO CAN FORGET DELSEY?
—SOFT LIKE KLEENEX**

Hope there'll be
no shortages
after the war



(*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

Uniform Date-iquette (Anne Gwynne)

(Continued from page 36) who is to reach
in the pocket and pull out the money.
There are few service men who can't afford
to take you to a movie.

If you're dining out and he wants to
pay the bill, be sure to go to some inex-
pensive but pleasant place. If, on the
other hand, he hasn't any money and
you're doing the taking, it's a good idea
to go to a party in which there is one
civilian man. And let the civilian pay the
check. You can settle with him later.

The other solution to this dining-out
business is not too difficult either. All
girls go dashing off to the powder room
at one time or another during the evening.
Well, after everything has been ordered,
you can excuse yourself, head for the
powder room and on the way corral the
waiter and pay the bill while the service
man isn't looking. Or, if you know the
waiter, you can ask him to send the bill
to your home.

The Romantic Problem: This is universal
for any man or girl on a furlough date.
The man may be lonely, the girl may want
to be friendly and yet not give the wrong
impression.

The wise girl will have figured out her
date in advance. Almost every man says
something on a first meeting that will give
a girl a clue as to whether he is lonely or
just fresh. The first impression should be
the guide to her future actions. If he's
lonely, she can take care of the moonlit
night. If he's fresh, her acquaintance
should be limited to the first hello.

I think in this particular problem it's
wise to follow a canteen slogan I once
saw: "Be charming, feminine and imper-
sonal, and you'll be all right."

Date Manners Code: First, your conver-
sation. Keep it impersonal. Talk about
the town where you live, about his town,
about himself, anything, in fact, but the
war.

It doesn't take long for a girl to find
out what a service man wants to talk
about. He'll give her a good indication
in the first few minutes.

The courtesy of being a good listener
is due your service date. Let him feel that
you're interested in what he's telling
you. Maybe he isn't your type; maybe he
is boring; but what can you gain by letting
him know that? You'd probably only
hurt a decent fellow who was having a
few lonely hours filled.

Act natural when you're on a furlough
date. Be yourself! If you follow this rule,
you'll make him feel comfortable and at
ease with you, which is one of the first
"musts" in any etiquette book.

Should a service man be allowed to
return courtesies?

With many girls thinking that they
shouldn't let a man do anything for them
simply because he is in a uniform, this is an
important problem.

I think every service man should be
allowed to return a girl's courtesies. If he
wants to do something nice for her in
return for what she has done for him on a
furlough date, the girl should let him.
To refuse him a chance to express his
thanks is a quick way to embarrass him.

Above all, a girl should look and act like
a lady. To be careless about dress and ap-
pearance is an obvious offense to any
service man. It's like telling him bluntly,
"You're not important—I'm just doing you
a favor." Don't forget, girls, the men in
our armed forces are yearning to see you
looking your loveliest.

Building a service man's morale is a
date-iquette point which a girl should
consider carefully. She can really help on
this—can make a furlough date mean more
than just an evening or two out together.

Always manage to bring into your con-
versation, "When you come back—" for
that does give any man a feeling of con-
fidence. Whatever his troubles are, let
him talk. No one can lift a soldier's mor-
ale more than a girl who is willing to help.
Give him something to look forward to—
a hope and a confidence in the greatness
of his future. Men look to girls for hope
more than ever in these days.

THE END

Uniform Date-iquette (Ann Sheridan)

(Continued from page 37) your service
date in a familiar manner. Don't tease
him by being too cuddly and cute. And
don't give him the impression that you're
replacing his best girl back home. You're
not—and he's not going to think you are!
You're a stranger to him on what may
be only a date for one night. Don't think
it's cute to be cute.

Make no promises to him of any kind,
especially that you'll wait for him and
write him regularly. He'll wait for those
letters and, if they don't come—well, you
figure it out. You may make life miser-
able for a swell guy. If you aren't inter-
ested in him for keeps, don't let him
think you are.

Don't lose your sense of humor at any
time. If you're unlucky enough to come
up against a man who isn't easily con-
vinced that you're not interested in him,
don't forget that sense of humor which
should enable you to handle any situa-
tion. Use it!

I don't mean by all this that you should
be so proper you become a bore. Defini-
tely not! By being too proper, you'll
only make the fellow feel uncomfortable
and will unconsciously make him think
you think he's a heel. And don't get in-
sulted or indignant if you think he may
be leading up to an uncomfortable situa-
tion. Maybe he isn't. If he is—you'll
know what to do.

Dressing for a Service Man: Don't over-
dress—and don't underdress.

A girl might innocently give a man the
wrong impression entirely if she steps
out in gowns that are designed to accen-
tuate a figure. Maybe she likes such
dresses, but they're inadvisable when
you're on a furlough date. Yes, you'll say
that the man might like to see you in such
an outfit. But are you sure? Lots of men
in civilian life are embarrassed if a girl
acts as though she's trying to shock every-
one with the dress she has on. And ser-
vice men can be embarrassed too. They'll
be certain to tag you as "that kind of a
girl."

Don't wear furs, jewelry and a lot of
folderol. No service man will be comfort-
able if you look like the "Grand Dame."
And don't wear slacks—ever! The men
see enough of trousers in the service. For-
get suits and the like, and steer toward
feminine frills.

Don't pass up perfume, however. Some
men say they don't like perfume on a
girl, but most men in the armed forces do!
And bright red nail polish, too, makes a
hit with them. I know this to be true.
When Patricia Morison came back from
seeing our boys in England, the one thing
they commented on, she said, was how
much they enjoyed red nails. It was a re-
lief to them—a memory of femininity they
didn't want to forget.

Your Conversation Manners: Don't pity him and don't try to mother him.

Nothing is more annoying to a service man than to be told, "Oh, how awful it must have been for you to leave your home and your job," or "Your life in the service is terribly, terribly lonely and hard, isn't it?" He's adjusted to his life. Most of the men like it. And they don't want tears shed over them; it's poor taste.

In the same connection, don't pity yourself. Don't tell him about your troubles. He wants to hear pleasant things. Your difficulties are unimportant. He's not going to care a hoot that you have to sacrifice because butter and coffee are scarce.

Also—don't discuss your past or present love life with him. No service man wants to think he's a filler-in, even on a furlough date. Besides, intimate conversation like that is not in the date-iquette book.

Don't be intellectual in your conversation just to let him know how much you think you know. If he's the kind of man who wants to talk about intellectual subjects, you'll soon find that out for yourself. Otherwise, you might find that he knows a lot more than you and can make you look silly.

Special to the Boys:

Oh, yes, rules for furlough dates also apply to the men!

First of all, don't try to sweep a girl off her feet. Don't think that because you wear a uniform you are privileged to act as though you've known her all her life.

This may sound presumptuous, but it is a mistake some service men make. They are, fortunately, in the minority. Perhaps they assume such an attitude because they are self-conscious. I don't know. But whatever the reason, it's wrong.

When a service man is on a furlough date, there is no need to get into arguments with a girl. He should never be sarcastic or talk cuttingly about her clothes or the things she says. There are men who try this—usually to build up the ego and hide an inferiority complex.

Another don't is one based on my own experience with service men: Don't argue with a girl. Respect "No" when you hear it. On several occasions, service men have argued with me when I have made it clear that I was unable to stay up late because I was working the next morning. One boy became insulting when I had to leave and couldn't dance with him. I would have liked to dance with him, but it was impossible. On the other hand, I have met many service men who have respected such reasons. They have been courteous and understanding. Such men I have several times invited to the studio to visit me.

My last don't along these lines is: Don't tell girls suggestive stories. Most of them won't appreciate your humor and you'll only embarrass them.

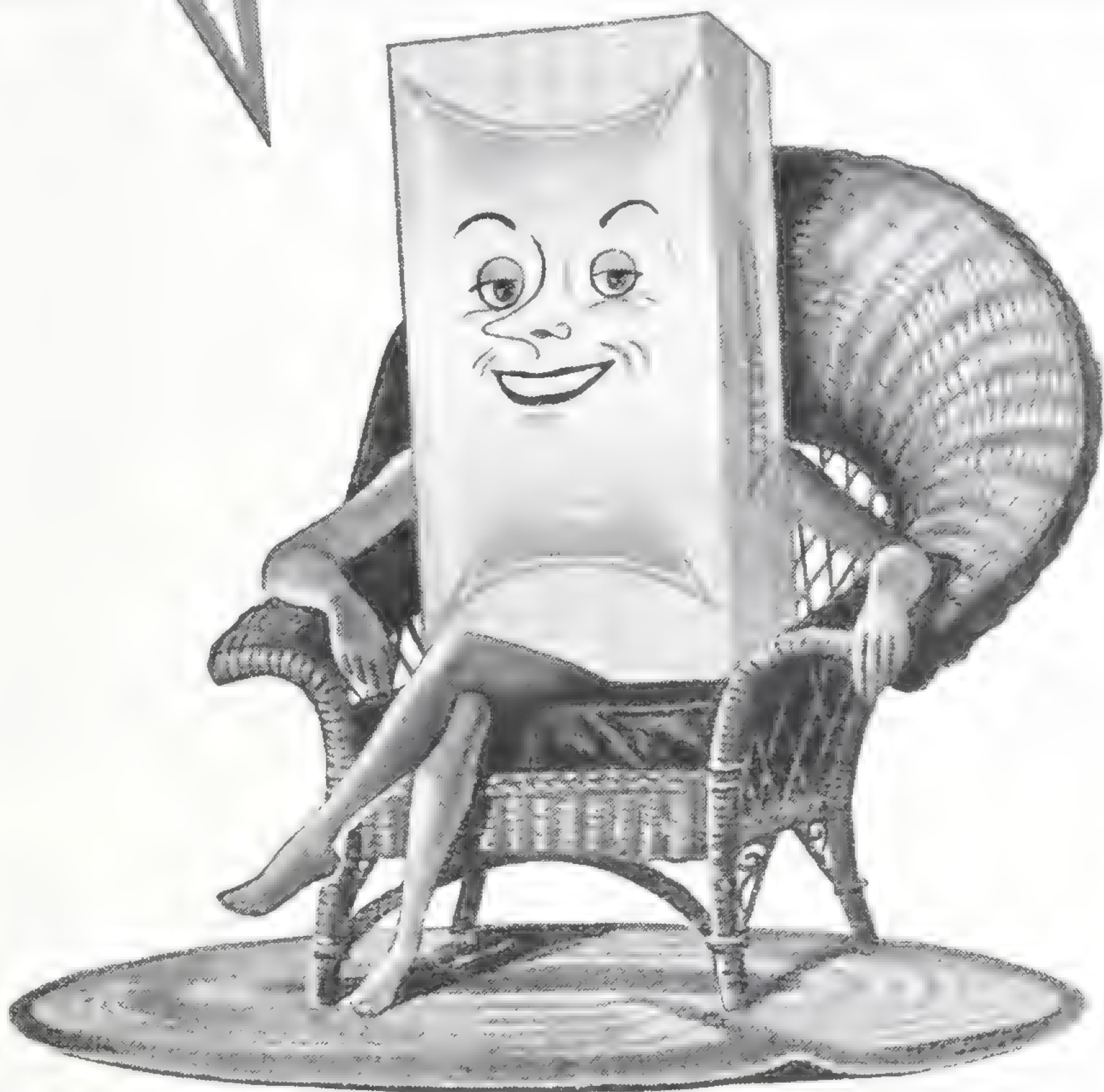
Above all, remember you have no right to spoil furlough dates for the rest of the fellows. The biggest majority of you are great guys. And when you're with a girl, don't forget that the date is for an evening. It's not a campaign for the duration unless it happens to develop into the real thing.

The End

WATCH FOR THE WINNER—

of Photoplay's contest on Hollywood's Best Dressed Woman—to be announced in the September issue!

Now...let's talk about you



You've had your share of worries lately . . . what with shortages and soaring prices, saving 'points' and stretching pennies . . . it's a full-time job just to keep your family clothed and fed.

Then there's the weekly wash. More than likely you're doing it yourself. And now—the last straw—you can't always get your favorite laundry soap!

It's hard to be patient about these things. But—please believe that the makers of Fels-Naptha are doing everything they can to keep you supplied. Working day and night at it. If your grocer doesn't have Fels-Naptha Soap in stock today—he *will* have it soon. So *please keep on asking.*



FELS-NAPTHA SOAP—banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"

Listen To Me, Alice Faye

(Continued from page 26) when I come home, when she's sleepy, and then I think of all the things I missed all day, I think how I missed giving her her bath, and hearing the first words she said and all that. I think about that when I'm on the set making pictures and it makes me very unhappy and what I'm doing doesn't seem very worthwhile, really."

"Other women have to do that," I said, "other women have done it successfully."

"But I don't have to," said Alice, quietly, "I don't have to at all. I don't care much about making more money. My husband makes enough for us. And the women who did it, as you say, successfully, didn't do it in wartime. You see, in wartime you stop being able to buy lots of things."

"I want to explain just what I mean if I can. I've got a home—a real home. It's out here in the Valley and it's quiet and it's—good. Phil works hard and he wants a home. Now I can't get servants. When I'm working the whole place just falls apart. You can't buy somebody now to take care of your home, the way you used to do. I'm doing most of my own housework and cooking. And—if anything happened to my baby while I was away making a picture, I'd blame myself. I'd never get over it."

"Both Phil and I were married before. We both knew what it is to make a failure of marriage. Now we have true happiness and it's my business—it's always a woman's business, isn't it?—to keep it, to protect it if she can."

"It just seems to me that my duty is to my baby and my husband and my home. It seems to me I ought to be home taking care of my baby. I think myself that just as much as is humanly possible every woman with very young children, children that don't go to school yet, ought to be home with them. Sometimes I know it isn't possible, sometimes a woman has to earn her living, and that's different. But I don't. Or sometimes perhaps she can do something that's very important for the war. But what I do isn't very important. Lots of girls can do what I do—lots of girls can sing and dance. I've worked ever since I was a little girl. But you know that underneath most of all I've wanted a home and children and a good marriage."

"In wartime," Alice said slowly, "keeping a home is difficult. It's a real job. That's what I'm going to do."

I THOUGHT then of the low frame house among the fruit trees out in San Fernando Valley, of Phil Harris, who is the husband Alice loves so much. "You're really happy with him, aren't you?" I said. "You really love him?" And with a little chuckle Alice said, "So far so good—and it's up to me how much farther it can go, isn't it?"

So there it was and, as you can see, it's an honest and an unselfish viewpoint. Not easy to feel right about going away day after day and leaving the baby, not easy to drive forty miles a day to work and back, coming home to find the house in a mess, no dinner ready, never being sure what's happening to your baby while you're gone, doing a big day's work and then buckling down to get dinner and clean up and make beds and all that. Not easy at all. I know because I've done it—but then I had to.

Listening to Alice, I knew only too well what road I had always wanted to take, what road I would take in Alice's spot—if that was all there was to it.

But—is it?

In wartime. That's what Alice had said herself. It's all different in wartime.

Right there my imagination took a swift flight of a good many miles to the state of Georgia. Down there, near a lovely old Southern town called Columbus, is a great and almost unbelievable place called Fort Benning.

Now there are quite a few movie theaters scattered over the vast area of Fort Benning for the thousands of men in training there. While I was doing my job, two pictures played in those small theaters which mean so much to the men who work hard all day at the grim business of learning war.

One of the pictures that played was a violent tale of war based upon the assassination of one of Hitler's fiendish Gestapo chiefs. The men stayed away from that one in regiments—in battalions—in whole divisions. They were at war—they didn't need to be sold on it, though perhaps it is wise to keep it fresh in the minds of us civilians.

The other picture was "Hello, Frisco, Hello." Starring Alice Faye. Well, I wish you could have seen them. They stood outside in long, expectant lines, they jammed into the theater until the walls bulged, they whooped and whistled and shrieked with approval when Alice appeared on the screen.

"Other girls can sing and dance," Alice Faye had said, and I knew she believed it.

But you see, Alice Faye, other girls can't sing and dance the way you can. Not for those guys nor so many, many more like them. There's only one Alice Faye, and the squawk the boys are making now is that they don't see enough of her as it is.

That, you can see, is why all the time Alice was talking to me I kept thinking—listen to me, Alice Faye.

And then what I wanted to say was this:

You're up against a mighty tough decision, my girl. You said it yourself—it's wartime. None of us is being allowed to do what we want to do. None of us can make any kind of a move however big or little without figuring out first whether it has any bearing on the war effort and what part that circumstance plays in it.

Now there isn't any use kidding anybody. "Hello, Frisco, Hello," was just an average run-of-the-mill picture. With all due respect for Twentieth Century-Fox, they have never at any time made the most of Alice Faye's genius. It's always made me unhappy, and I've screamed about it before in print and in person. Like the sergeants, I always want to see more, much more, of Alice Faye, and I want to see more facets and phases of that luminous and amazing personality, which combines so closely pathos and laughter, music and tears, sex appeal and tenderness.

But even so, even though they don't give Alice Faye the stories and the parts and the songs she ought to have, the boys in the armed forces love her and they want to see her pictures.

So the little girl from Tenth Avenue is up against a wartime decision, like a great many other American women. The pretty blonde who sang with Rudy Vallee's band and was kept behind in Hollywood after she went out there to make a picture is right smack up against it.

On one side is what she wants to do herself—incredible as that may seem. You just have to take Alice's word for it, you always have to take her word for whatever she says. She wants to quit pictures, she wants the one she's working on now to be her last, she wants to give up the career she never has cared a great deal about, anyway, and do what seems to her her first duty. To give her life and her time to what used to be woman's only business—husband, home, children.



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DR. HAND'S TEETHING LOTION

Just rub it on the gums

You can't help but sympathize with her, can you?

I remember very well a week end Alice spent with me down at Malibu. It was by her wishes a very quiet week end. No other guests, just sunshine and talk and rest for her. I remember that as one of the times when she explained to me the great friendship that existed between her and Rudy Vallee and tried to make me understand what she had tried to do for him in his troubles and how grateful she had been to him. On Sunday morning there came an invitation to go up the beach to the J. P. McEvoy's, who were having a buffet supper for Washington's famous glamour girl, Evie Robert. I asked Alice if she wanted to go and she said, "Oh, I couldn't. I just couldn't. I can't meet a lot of strange people. I just never know what to do or say."

Very shy, the lovely Alice. Very ready to become a housewife and mother—and she'd like it.

Moreover, it seems pretty evident that Alice is really in love for the first time in her life. Not with the deep affection she had for Rudy, not with the dazzled youthful fascination that led her to marry Tony Martin, but with a grown-up woman's love for the one man of her life.

Perhaps, too, with all her lack of vanity and ego, she isn't very happy in the pictures they give her to do, perhaps subconsciously that's what makes her feel it isn't very worth while, as she puts it herself.

And then there is the fact that she wants more children, wants to raise a big family. "They ought to grow up together," Alice says. "I want my baby to have brothers and sisters. I want a whole houseful growing up out here in the sunshine."

BUT—listen to me, Alice, honey.

I don't know which road you'll take, though I know you're sure now that you're through with pictures, as no other girl has ever been in all the history of motion pictures—not at least at the very top of her earning and drawing power. I'm sure you believe that's the right thing for you to do, to be there with your baby, when she wakes up, to put her to sleep at night, to have a good dinner waiting for Phil, to have your home peaceful and—oh, a real American home, such as you've dreamed of always.

Only you have to be sure you've thought of the rest of us. You have to put aside your humility for a little and consider what you mean to many people in these dark days, when music and laughter mean so much and are so rare. Lots of homes have been broken up these days, Alice. Lots of people aren't able to have their good, clean homes and their families altogether.

You can't hide your head about us, Alice. You see, I say all this only because I know how little you consider your place in the sun, how apt you are not to count on the affection the world has for you. Not to believe that it matters whether you ever sing for us again or not. I just want to tell you that it matters a great deal, that's all.

It matters to many of us, who need cheering up, who need a song in our hearts that's hard to find, it matters to boys who have gone to war—truly, it matters a great deal to them. I bear witness to that, myself.

So as you stand at the crossroads of your amazing decision, remember you're not just a mother and a wife and a housekeeper. You're a girl named Alice Faye who has sung herself into the love of the American people, who are now going out to fight. You can't, you see, go back on that.

The End



HIS KISSES LINGER on a SATIN-SMOOTH FACE



LOOK "SMOOTH" FOR YOUR DATE

In a jiffy! Cleanse off old powder and make-up with Jergens Face Cream; remove the cream. Splash your face with cold water; blot dry. Ah! How fresh you look; how smooth your face feels!

New Cream

works like 4 creams against
unappealing Dry Skin

THANK GOODNESS for this new cream—Jergens Face Cream; it acts like 4 creams to give your skin that young-looking, inviting satin-smoothness.

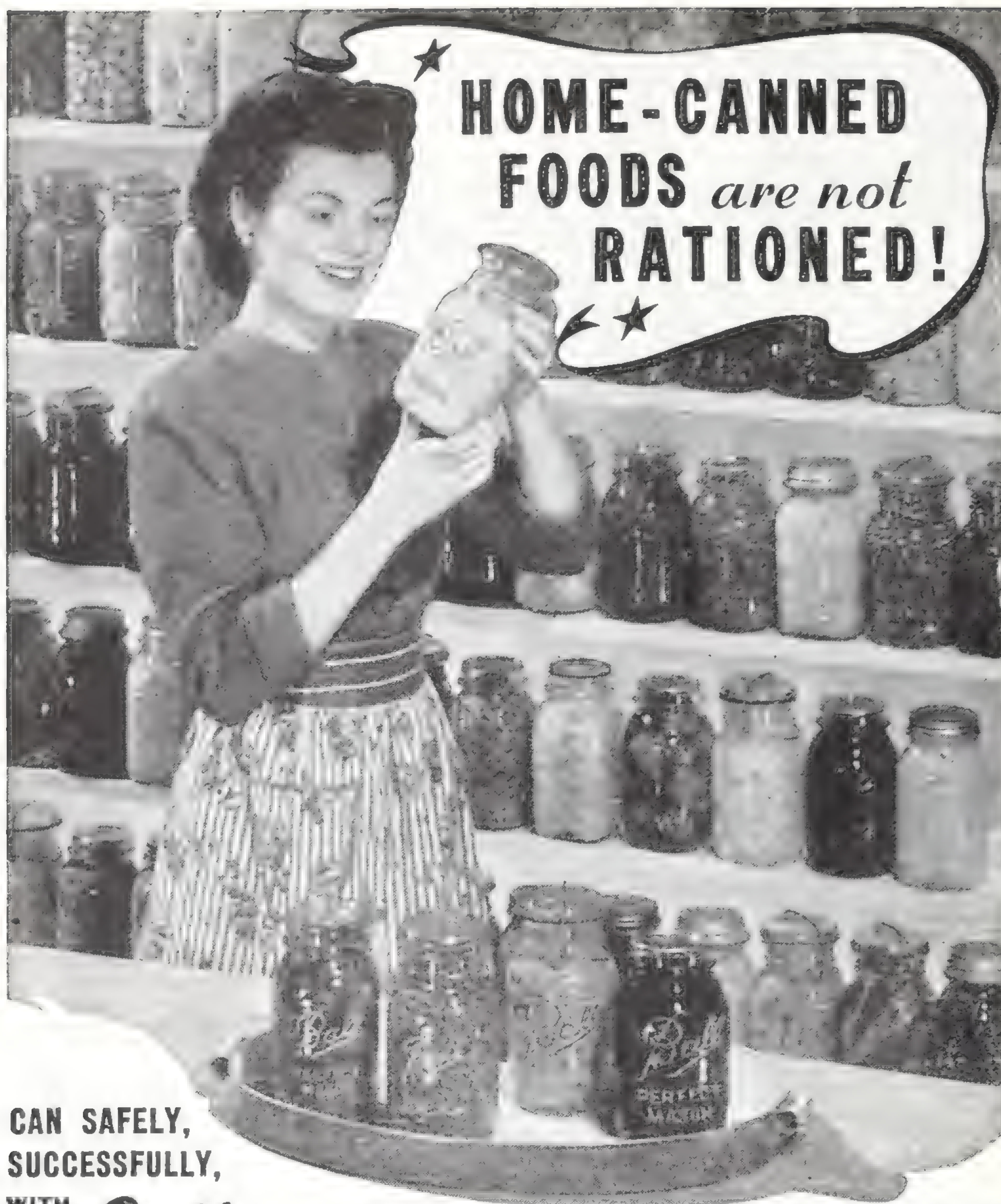
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- (3) for a "too-lovely" powder base;
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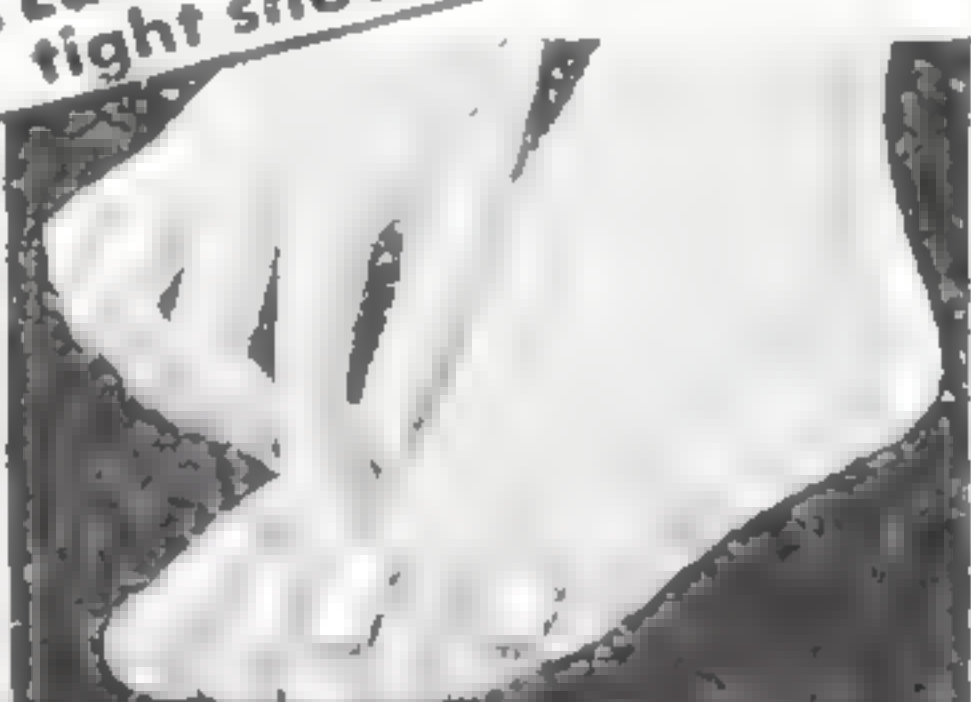
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HOLLYWOOD FILM STUDIOS
7021 Santa Monica Blvd., Dept. 846, Hollywood, Calif.

The Truth about Victor Mature and Rita Hayworth

(Continued from page 29) in, hadn't leaped into the breach.

An exact transcript of the conversation is, of course, unavailable. Enough is available of the seventy-five-dollar telephone call to shed light on later developments.

For one thing, it was a stormy conversation, with Mature doing the storming. On at least one occasion he begged the pardon of the Coast Guard monitors, who, legend has it, replied: "Go right ahead. Non-marine combat is out of our province."

To go over the ground carefully, he wanted to know, right off, if the reports were true about her and Orson Welles. She said they were and they weren't, depending on what report he had reference to. Yes, she had been out several times with Orson Welles. No, she was not in love with him.

"At least you concentrate on geniuses," he came back. "A girl could do lots worse."

She told him she thought that was unkind.

He wanted to know how dare she bring up the word unkind. He wanted to know lots of things. He wanted to know, for instance, if they weren't engaged to be married as soon as he hit port. He wanted to know if she remembered making a pact with him—the foolish sort of pact that lovers are constantly making—to the effect that never during his absence, no matter how long, would she go out with anyone else—alone—and that if she did he was to understand that love had died. He wanted to know if it had been, perchance, she who had been given custody of his English bull dog, Genius II (Vic, himself, is Genius I), made custodian of his cars and personal affairs; she who had been named in his will.

Her answer came back over the trans-Atlantic wire bewildered, confused by his barrage, not too convincing to Vic's Latin sense of right and wrong.

There wasn't much more for him to say and he said it.

"So long, Rita. Good luck and good-by."

"Vic . . . Vic . . ."

Long distance answered. "The party has hung up," the operator said.

THEY will tell you if ever you see any of them, the crew of the D—, that when the big bosun walked out of the telephone booth he was almost a stranger to them.

For nine days he kept his own counsel, doing his chores and then going down below. He wanted to be alone and he got his wish. The men understood. His "Gestapo," the half-dozen members of the ship's complement who were closest to him, understood and kept their distance. He would come out of it, they knew.

Only during gun practice was there a trace of the old Mature. The officer of the day would give the order to man the stations and the first one at his post would be Gun Captain Mature. At the command "Man the guns" he would be himself again; alert, calmly tense and eager.

Then at the end of the ninth day he walked into the mess, reached over Scorchy's shoulder just as that able seaman was about to take a swig of coffee, picked up the mug, bowed to the now-flaming Scorchy and said with mock seriousness: "Thank you, Sir. Your service to the union will never be forgotten." It was all part of an old ritual that had begun long months ago—during Mature's first week aboard the ship, as a matter of fact.

In due time the ship docked at Boston.

and once again, as Boatswain Victor John Mature strode along the dock, he was a man without a woman. He knew the feeling well, too well. Here was truly the paradox of paradoxes: The Great Lover was without a love.

It was unthinkable that this same thing had happened to him several times before. Five times the Great Lover had found his Great Love only to have it take wings. There was the fey Jeannette Morris, his first love, the girl back home in Louisville. He had had nothing to offer her except a bag of hopes and a career in Louisville that was studded with things undertaken and littered with wrecks of things abandoned. She had chosen to remember him fondly and let it go at that. There was the russet-coiffured Frances Evans whom he had married during his apprentice days at the Pasadena Playhouse. He had lost faith in his dreams, wearied by waiting and had jettisoned him in the divorce court.

There was the mercurial Lana Turner, so eager to find Love as he was to keep it. She had dropped him for Tony Martin. There was golden girl Betty Grable. He had found him expendable and had turned to George Raft.

There was the camellia-faced society beauty, Martha Stephenson Kemp. She had been swept off her feet by the dark donis, had married him and had made her discovery in a single year that her background and the background of the son of a scissors-grinder were oil and water. He had asked him for a divorce and he had complied.

And then there was Rita. Boston looked bleak to the bosun, so with his two staunch shipmates, Steve and Scorchy, he headed for New York to introduce the boys to the conviviality of the

Stork Club and his close friend, Sherman Billingsley. It was there as the evening waxed warm that a waiter set a telephone extension on Vic's table and said, "Hollywood calling, Mr. Mature. . . ."

A guarded look came over the bosun's face. "Okay," he said quietly.

Rita's voice came over the wire, picking up the torn threads of their last telephone conversation, saying the words that had jammed in her throat under the shock of that mid-Atlantic call. He had asked her if she remembered many things. Well, she had—all those things and more.

She told him she remembered the first time she met him—in the movie books—and had said aloud: "Hmmm. Not bad. And not good." She told him she remembered their first date—dinner at Vic's bachelor apartment with Vic's cook as chaperone. She told him she remembered the mad things they had done, driving along the surf at Santa Monica at four in the morning, listening in the dark to radio mystery dramas.

She told him she remembered the first time he kissed her in "My Gal Sal," how he had held it so long that Director Irving Cummings had had to shoot a half-dozen retakes to appease the Hays office. She told him she remembered how the bottom dropped out of her life the night after she saw him to the train that took him to Boston, thence onto the deep.

She told him that what else she remembered—and very vividly—was her unhappy marriage to Edward Judson, a marriage she had plunged into with more trust than judgment. She told him that she didn't want to make another mistake, that he had been away five months and that people change in far less, that the end of the war was a long way off and that it might be a wiser thing to put the marriage

off and see how they felt when he came back and they had gotten to know themselves all over again.

"It's as much for your good as mine," she told him with that unquenchable sincerity that is so much a part of her.

Vic's answer was brief. "Okay, Rita. Don't worry. You're not breaking my heart!" He hung up the phone and turned to the gayety-filled room.

But there was little gayety in the bosun's heart. For the next few days he went through the motions of having a hilarious time.

At length the time was close when the three Coast Guardsmen must report back to ship, so they journeyed to Boston and had a last look at Vic's favorite hangout, the Ritz Carlton. There in the dining room that night Vic and his "Gestapo" were spinning tales, reminiscing and, every now and then, taking a quick gander at a pair of attractive legs, when the captain handed Vic a note.

"If it's from a woman, I don't want it," Vic said.

"It's from a gentleman."

He opened it, read it and looked around.

It was Huntington Hartford, the scion of the A. and P. millions and a Stork Club buddy of Vic's dating back several years. With him was a platinum blonde.

He read the note again.

"Will you join us, sailor?" the note read.

He was about to shake his head when the icy blonde made with a smile. At fifty miles it would melt an iceberg.

Vic turned to his "Gestapo." "Pardon me, boys," he said. "I'll be right back."

Scorchy cut loose with that rippling laugh of his. The big bosun was himself again. It was high time.

The End

"THE BEST TUNE AT THIRST TIME"

Johnny presents GINNY SIMMS
and EDGAR FAIRCHILD
over NBC, Tuesdays.

Two of radio's top tune-smiths tune in on America's top drink—Pepsi-Cola. It's the big drink with the better flavor . . . once you taste it you'll sing out, "Pepsi-Cola Hits the Spot".

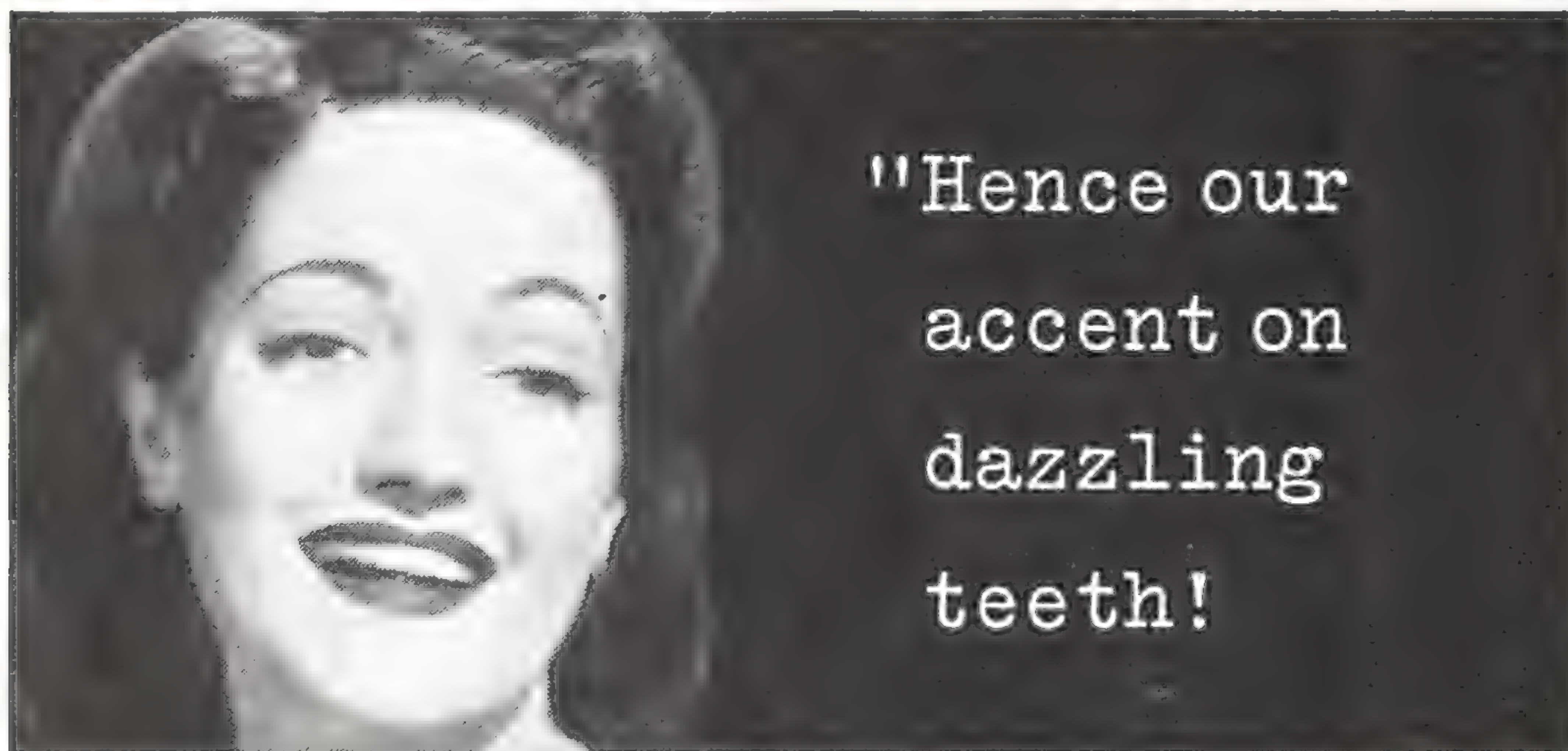
PEPSI-COLA

DOROTHY LAMOUR speaking:

Starring in "DIXIE," a Paramount Technicolor Production.



"Hollywood
knows a
girl should
sparkle..."



"Hence our
accent on
dazzling
teeth!"



"I depend
on CALOX
for my
daily care."



A dentist's dentifrice—

Calox was created by a dentist for persons who want the utmost sparkle and brilliance consistent with utmost gentleness. Look for these professional features:

1. Scrupulous cleansing. Your teeth have a notably clean feel after using Calox.
2. Unexcelled efficiency—even for problem teeth. And Calox is a miracle of delicacy.
3. Especially lustrous polishing.
4. No mouth-puckering, medicine taste. Contains no strong ingredients. Even children like the cool, clean flavor.
5. Made by McKesson & Robbins, Bridgeport, Conn.—a laboratory specializing in professional drugs.

What about Betty Grable and Harry James?

(Continued from page 25) nights in succession at the Hollywood Canteen. "Would you like to go out?" I asked Betty one night. She grinned and said, "Yes, I would!" Our first date was dinner at Romanoff's."

To all intents and purposes that was the beginning. But does one ever know when love really begins? Sometimes it creeps into the heart because of a song, the touch of a hand, the way a girl's hair shines under the moon, the way a man's mouth sets with gentle firmness. Sometimes for a year or two or even more, love that begins like that stirs only now and then with a sweet stab of memory.

That was how it was with Betty and Harry. They met first about five years ago in Chicago. They were different then. Betty, after setbacks, was struggling for another toe-hold on the starry ladder. Harry, heavily in debt, slaving with his first band, was concerned because he and Louise Tobin James were to be separated, while she went home to Texas to await the birth of their first baby. Neither Betty nor Harry at this time had emerged from the cocoon of their early years to the brilliant personalities they are today. However, they must have sensed vitality and warmth and force in each other. Because they never forgot.

"There's always been something between us," Harry admitted, "in spite of the barriers which until recently existed."

"That night we went to Romanoff's we were both free. Betty had broken with George Raft and I had been separated from my wife for almost a year..."

THE separation between Harry and Louise Tobin James is very definite. They have an agreement which gives her thirty-six percent of his net earnings with the taxes paid by him. Eighteen percent goes to her and eighteen percent is halved in trust funds for their two sons, Jeffrey, two last March and Timothy, one last March.

"I tried hard to make a go of my marriage because of the children," Harry says. "But I gave up trying when I figured it would only make Louise miserable, me miserable, and the children miserable in the end. We never had a real marriage. During the nine years we've been married we have been together only about four."

Louise James knows Betty and Harry are in love and gives every evidence of wishing them well. If the rumor that her heart belongs to a doctor, now overseas, is true, it would make it easier for her to be philosophical about the end of marriage for herself and Harry.

"I'm afraid," she says, with rare honesty, "I fell in love and we got married. He was eighteen and the trumpet player in a band in which I, fourteen, was soloist. He had a long hard climb. During that climb, because we didn't feel at ease working together, we were frequently separated. Naturally we drifted."

Life plays fantastic tricks sometimes. Louise James, spraining her ankle a few months ago, went for an X-ray, all unknowingly, to the hospital at which Betty was a patient. While she sat in the admitting room two nurses standing in the doorway talked about Betty and her cross-country telephone conversations with Harry, which they said "must have cost a fortune!"

Had these nurses realized the woman listening was Mrs. Harry James they would, of course, have been in a panic. It would be needless in the case of a woman who can speak of the other woman in her life as Louise James speaks of Betty.

"Betty is an adorable girl and cute as can be. She's a jitterbug fan too. And Harry's a musician. They have much in common. They should get along."

"Harry must be very much in love to ask for a divorce now," she continues. "There is the draft, you know. Although, in all fairness, I do not feel Harry will be taken. He's not strong. He's had several severe illnesses. Besides, he's needed in the work he is doing."

Betty and Harry are both twenty-six. They've had to work for their success. Betty, however, had a plushier beginning than Harry. During the same years she was living in a big stone house in St. Louis, tormenting her stockbroker father for a saxophone and dancing lessons, and amusing herself playing Kiddie matinees while she attended the exclusive Mary Institute. Harry, born of circus people, was being billed as the youngest contortionist under canvas and playing the "hot" drum in the band.

AFTER our first date at Romanoff's we had only three weeks in which to see each other," Harry said. "And since we were both working hard we couldn't stay out late. We could be together only for an hour or two a day."

"Outside of the attraction you have for each other," we asked, "what makes Betty so dear to you?"

"Her companionship." He didn't hesitate an instant. "She's the first girl I have ever known with whom I could share things, everyday things like going to the beach or the movies or the park—or playing golf. Betty and I did all the things a musician usually does with another fellow. Musicians are clannish that way, I guess. We seldom share life with a girl. With Betty it's different."

The Friday that Harry had to leave for the East came all too soon. He would write every day and telephone often. Betty knew that. But she knew also that she was going to be insupportably lonely.

He reached Chicago on Monday, only to learn Betty had collapsed and had been rushed to the hospital. He called her at once. Within the same hour her room was bright with his flowers.

"**B**ETTY and I have very definite plans," he says.

Right now, however, their plans must be held in abeyance, we suspect, depending upon whether or not Louise James will consent to go to Reno. She seems to prefer to sue for divorce in California.

"I will file a divorce here (in California) whenever I am instructed to do so," she says. "I do not see how I can go to Reno—with two babies. The heat of Nevada, the change, the priority on travel, the fact that I could not get help there would prevent me from taking such a step."

"So far I haven't asked for one thing. I couldn't, except for the children. They are entitled to full support from their father and for their sakes I wish to get a full settlement."

If Louise James does go to Reno it may very well be that Betty's and Harry's "very definite plans" will mean a wedding before autumn comes around. If, on the other hand, a divorce in California or Reno isn't filed reasonably soon it is not beyond the bounds of possibility that Betty will break off this romance.

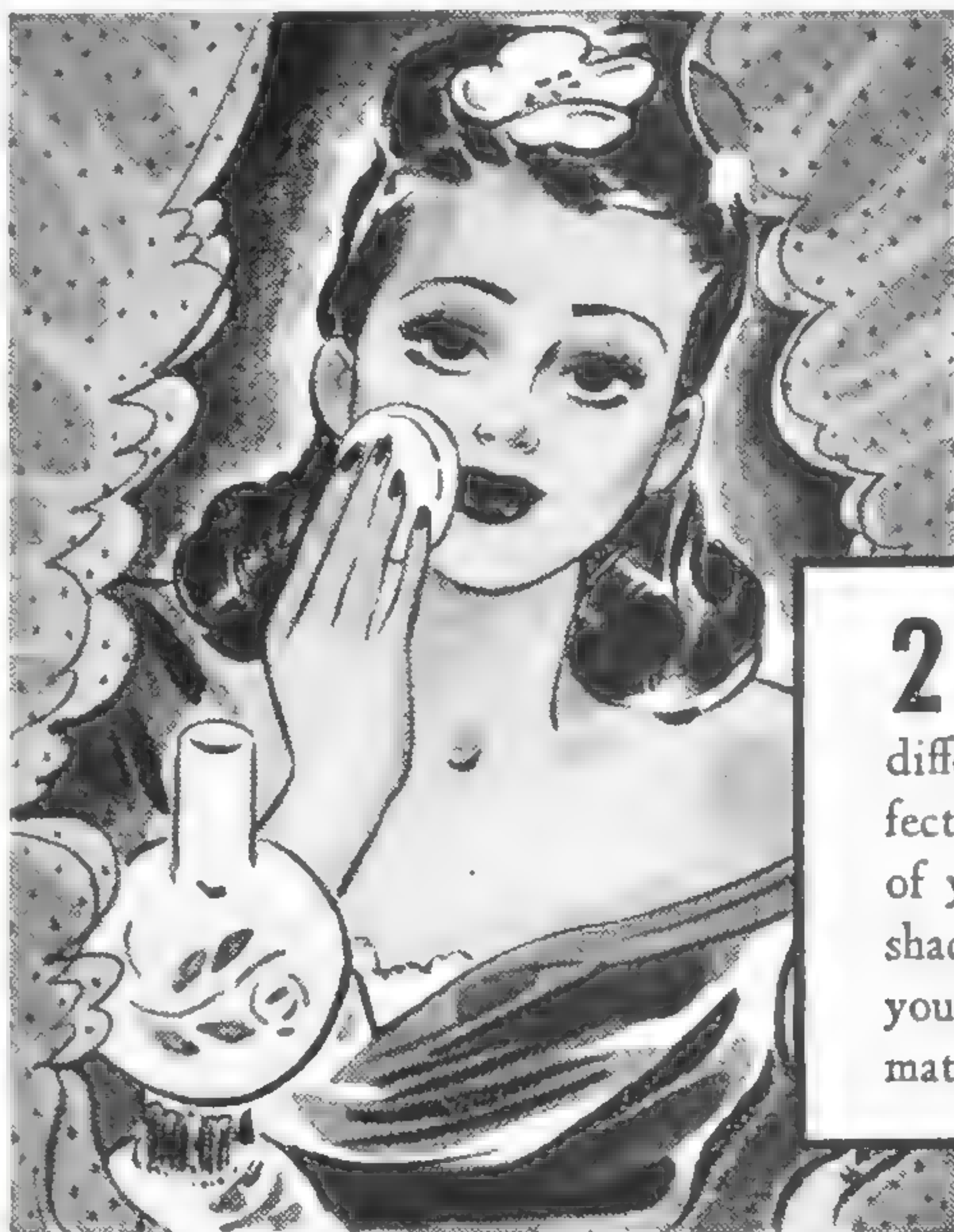
Talking of Harry when she journeyed to New York to see him, Betty said simply and sincerely, "He's a swell guy and the nicest man I know." But she suffered too long in the throes of a similar romantic dilemma to run the risk of a repetition. This time she may prefer the hand of the surgeon despite the hurt to the heart.

The End

I want to Join the W-I-V-E-S



1 You see she was a very lonely girl indeed. There was no romance in her young life... 'cause she looked old and faded... and love stayed away. And it was all her face powder's fault... its shade was dead and lifeless... which added years to her age!



2 Then she tried a glamorous new youthful shade of Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder. What a difference! For these new youthful shades are perfectly matched to the vibrant, glowing skin-tones of youth! And, listen... there's an alluring new shade of Cashmere Bouquet to bring out the natural, youthful coloring of your complexion, too... no matter what your age!

3 Look at her now... our sad Miss is a glad Mrs.—thanks to that smooth, downy look of youth Cashmere Bouquet Powder gives her! What's more, this new Cashmere Bouquet is always color-true, never streaky... color-harmonized to suit your skin-type... goes on smoothly, stays on smoothly, for hours!

4 So glorify the youthfulness of your complexion! Thrill to the glamorous new allure Cashmere Bouquet can bring to your skin! You'll find a new, youthful shade that's perfect for you... in a 10¢ or larger size, at all cosmetic counters!



**CASHMERE BOUQUET
FACE POWDER**

In the New Youthful Shades





Baby's normal motions (shown by speed camera), even when held by father, create constant friction and danger of painful chafing. New protection against chafing is provided by super-smooth Mennen baby powder, pounded to amazing fineness by special "hammerizing" process.



You can't keep baby in a huge sterilized bottle to safeguard him against harmful germs that are in the air everywhere. But you can help protect his delicate skin with Mennen Antiseptic Baby Powder, vital because germs play a part in many common baby-skin rashes.

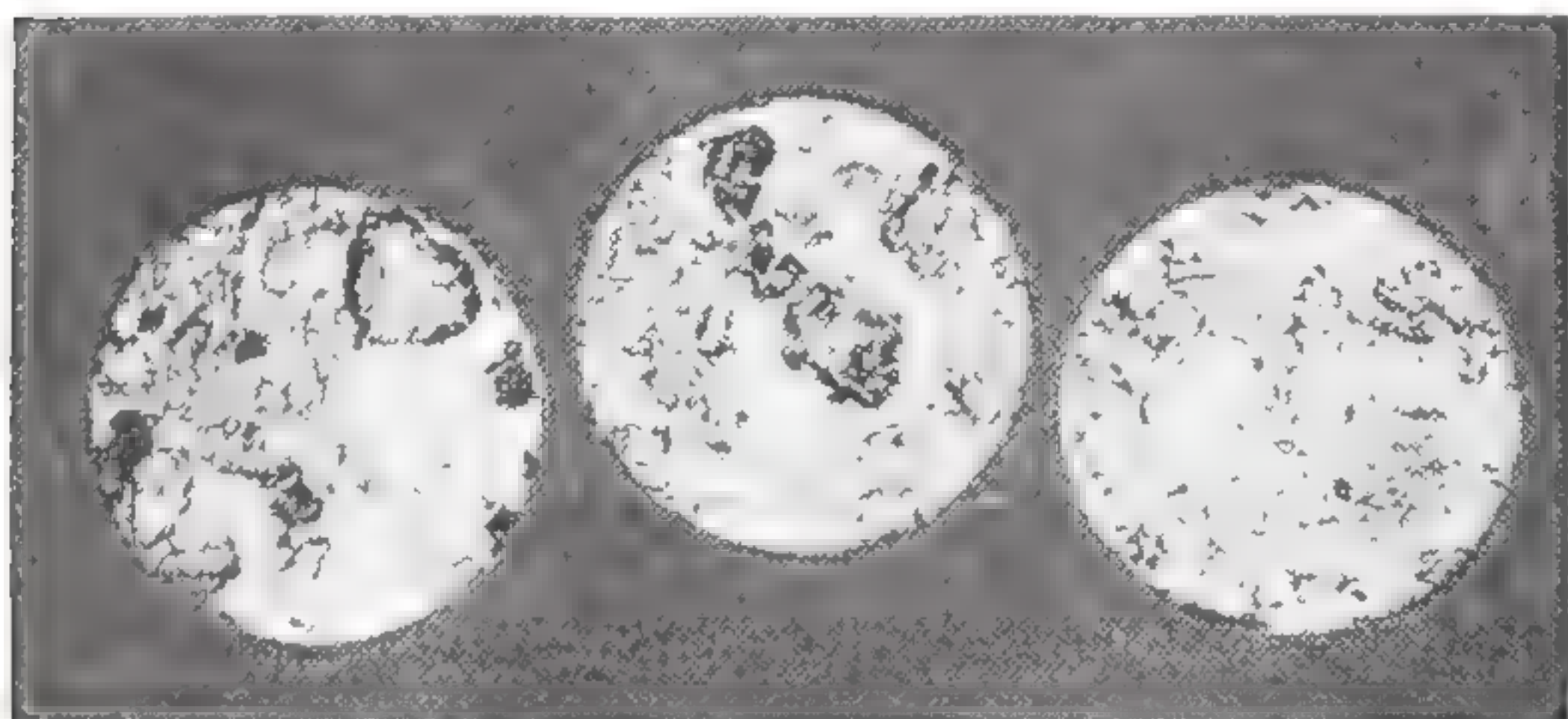
WARTIME BABIES BENEFIT FROM NEW POWDER DISCOVERIES



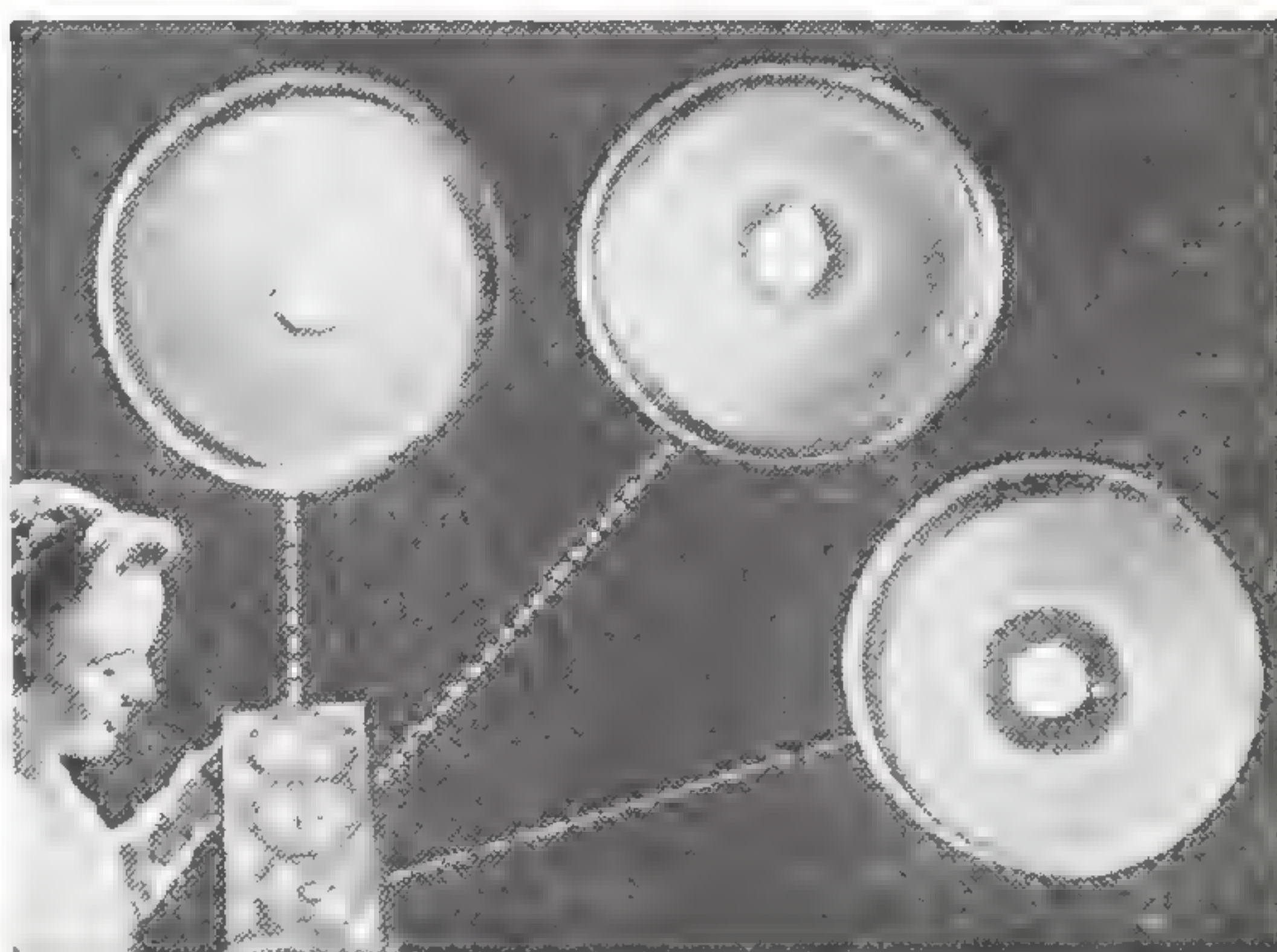
3 out of 4 doctors stated in survey that they prefer baby powder to be antiseptic.

WITH MOTHERS taking on more responsibility for baby's health, due to wartime shortage of doctors and nurses . . . science has developed an improved baby powder that is a valuable health aid, not a mere "cosmetic." It is new Mennen Antiseptic Baby Powder.

Being *antiseptic*, this powder helps keep baby's skin free of many rashes in which germ-action is involved . . . diaper rash, prickly heat, scalded buttocks, impetigo. In addition, because it is *smoother* than other powders (see photos below), Mennen baby powder is a *better* aid in preventing painful chafing of skin. Delicate new scent keeps babies *lovelier*, too.



Photos taken thru microscope (above), compare 3 leading baby powders. The one at extreme right is smoother, finer, more uniform in texture. It is Mennen baby powder, now made in "hammerizing" machines in which millions of hammer blows pound powder to amazing fineness never possible before. Result: skin is protected better against chafing.



U.S. Gov't Testing Method shows antiseptic superiority of new Mennen powder. Center of each round plate above contains a different baby powder. In gray areas, germs are thriving. But in Mennen plate (bottom, right), dark band around center shows where Mennen Powder has *prevented* germ growth. Use the powder in baby's diapers and all over body. Best for baby, also best for you. *Pharmaceutical Div., The Mennen Co., Newark, N. J.*



Fun on the farm!



(Continued from page 18)

Ray Milland raises Buff Orpingtons in solitary confinement (the hens, not Milland). He sells the eggs and fryers to Hedy Lamarr for cash and puts the cash in a piggy bank for the baby's War Bonds. Comes so much as a yip from a hen in her solitary, sanitary, sound-proofed nest-unit, and Milland gallops out to collect the egg from "Alice" or "Rita" or "Bette" and has frequently been soundly pecked for his trouble.

Turnips and spinach, of all unlikely things, are what Gene Tierney raises, with the help of a part-time gardener, on her Victory acre. Gene acquired her taste for turnips in "Tobacco Road," and now she devours them raw or cooked and says they taste a bit like apples. She goes for fresh spinach salad quite as eagerly. From her twelve hens, sturdy Plymouth Rocks, Gene gets enough eggs for her kitchen and her friends and a weekly angel-food cake that goes to the Hollywood Canteen.

It's remarkable that the stars, with picture work and war work, find time for garden work at all. Somebody asked Barbara Stanwyck, a girl who largely by her own efforts has wrung from the soil a neat little harvest and some of the biggest cutworms in California—when she found leisure to do it?

"Oh," Barbara replied, "I work from daybreak to backbreak!"

Sterling Wedding Pattern

(Continued from page 30) statue. "I got as excited as I possibly could yesterday," she explained . . . "I hadn't any excitement left for today."

The minister prompting them gently once or twice. The minister tapping Bob on the shoulder when the nuptial kiss went on and on. Mrs. Milland as matron of honor and Agent Henry Willson as Bob's best man.

Then the reception, with scores of friends coming to wish them happiness and a real wedding cake, miraculously achieved in that short time, with tiers and tiers of frosting and a miniature bride and groom on top. There hadn't been time for presents, except the rings they had given one another, Ann's diamond circlet with two gold guards, Bob's a plain gold band.

And this they will probably remember best of all. Suddenly Ann's mother, Mrs. Annette Lake, sat down at the piano and lifted her very lovely voice in the song which has been beloved of thousands of brides and grooms at thousands of weddings. "Oh, promise me that one day . . ."

Everyone wept, just as sentimental people (who are, of course, the really nice people) have always wept when that song was sung at weddings.

And oh, yes, there was a present; Richard Thorpe, director of Ann's picture, "Cry Havoc," had whispered in her ear, "You don't have to report for work tomorrow, Ann. We can shoot around you."

Then a last toast was drunk, Ann and Bob slipped out through a side door and it was all over—except for the memories, theirs forever.

THE END

Brief on Blair

(Continued from page 47) prepares her own meals. Even when she has friends over for cocktails, she does everything herself, even to making the canapes.

She never practices her voice lessons at any certain time but goes into the exercises at any odd moment of the day or night. The only time a neighbor complained about her was when this person asked the landlady to ask her not to practice as she walked into the building late at night.

Her favorite sports are football and swimming. Football to watch and swimming to participate in. She is a good swimmer and even won a couple of amateur contests.

She likes to experiment with new shades of lipstick, face creams and strange color combinations.

WHEN Gregory Ratoff was looking for a girl to play the lead in a picture he was doing, someone suggested her. This was before she had clicked in pictures. Ratoff said, "Get her. Let me see her." She was in the studio art gallery at the time, in a bathing suit, posing for publicity pictures. She was told to stop everything and get to Ratoff's office immediately.

She put a coat over her bathing suit and rushed to Ratoff's office. After being introduced to her, Ratoff said, "Take off your coat. I want to look you over to see if you're the girl for the part." She refused to take off her coat, saying, "I'm either the girl or I'm not, regardless of the coat."

"That's the girl for me," said Ratoff. "That's just the fire and punch I'm looking for." She played the part.

She is a great favorite with the service men. She has broadcast on "Command Performance" many times. She spends much of her spare time knitting for "Bundles For America" and on the set, when not in a scene, she knits sweaters for this organization.

She chews gum like a fiend. She loves coffee and used to drink quantities of it. She has now rationed herself concerning coffee.

She is not particularly interested in food, but when she does sit down to a meal she will eat practically anything that is set before her. Her big favorite, that she can eat at any time, is ice cream.

She loves to walk. Her idea of a rest after a particularly hard day is to go for a long walk.

She takes shower baths at least twice daily. She hates small bath towels. She prefers the ones that wrap around her like a toga.

Her hardest task is to get to bed at night. She keeps putting it off. Among other things, she can't go to bed until everything in the room is in order. Ash trays empty, articles on the dresser in their exact places and all the magazines neatly stacked.

Her favorite sleeping garment consists of a short-sleeved cashmere sweater and a pair of silk shorts. She realizes that this isn't the proper attire for a movie actress and when going on a trip she always carefully packs her best glamour nightgowns. She generally wears a nightgown the first night. Then she reverts to her favorite costume—the sweater and the shorts.

Her proudest boast is that she looks just about the same when she wakes up in the morning as she does when you meet her during the day, except, of course, that she is wearing a dress.

The End

香點請
糖美你
國給
口我

"WILL YOU GIVE US SOME
AMERICAN GUM, PLEASE?"



YANKS SHARE A "BACK HOME" FAVORITE WITH THEIR ALLIES IN FOREIGN LANDS!

All over the world, a winning Yankee smile...a friendly gesture...are saying, "We're your friends" to people who don't speak our language.

That's why so many of America's men in uniform are offering Beech-Nut Gum to natives in foreign lands.

They're sharing a good thing and making good friends.

And if there are times when you can't get all the Beech-Nut Gum you want, it's because the needs of the men and women in the Armed Forces, both at home and abroad, come first of all!

Use your free time this summer to serve your country!

In many areas, men and women, boys and girls will be vitally needed for work on farms and in food-processing plants to save America's crops. Volunteer when your local Community Committee asks for help. Yes, you will be paid!



Beech-Nut Gum

The yellow package...with the red oval

Grace Horton
COVER GIRL TELLS

"How I
really do Stop

Underarm Perspiration and Odor
(and save up to 50%)"



"My charm is my fortune"
says alluring Grace Horton

"There's much more to my job than a 'pretty face,'" says Cover Girl Grace Horton. "To get on the covers of the big magazines, I had to learn every make-up trick, every hair style. And I had to find a deodorant that I could *really count on* to keep my underarms dry. Even under 10,000-watt photographer's lights!

"I found that Odorono Cream really does prevent odor and at the same time protects the fragile, expensive clothes I pose in."

"Effective for you!"

"Odorono Cream can be just as effective for *you*. Because it contains a really

effective perspiration stopper. It actually keeps the tiny sweat glands under the arm closed—up to 3 days!"

"Safe for you, too"

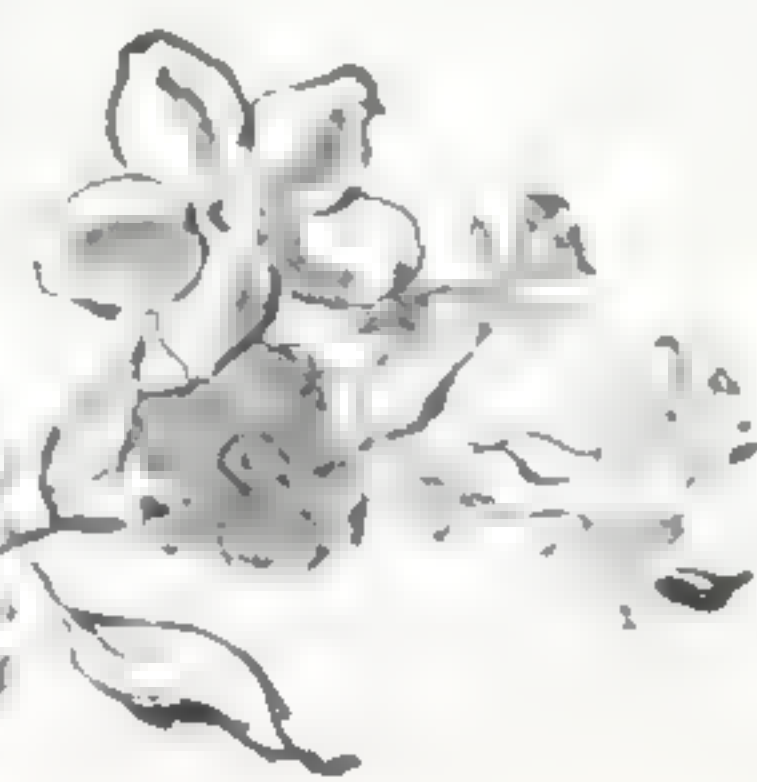
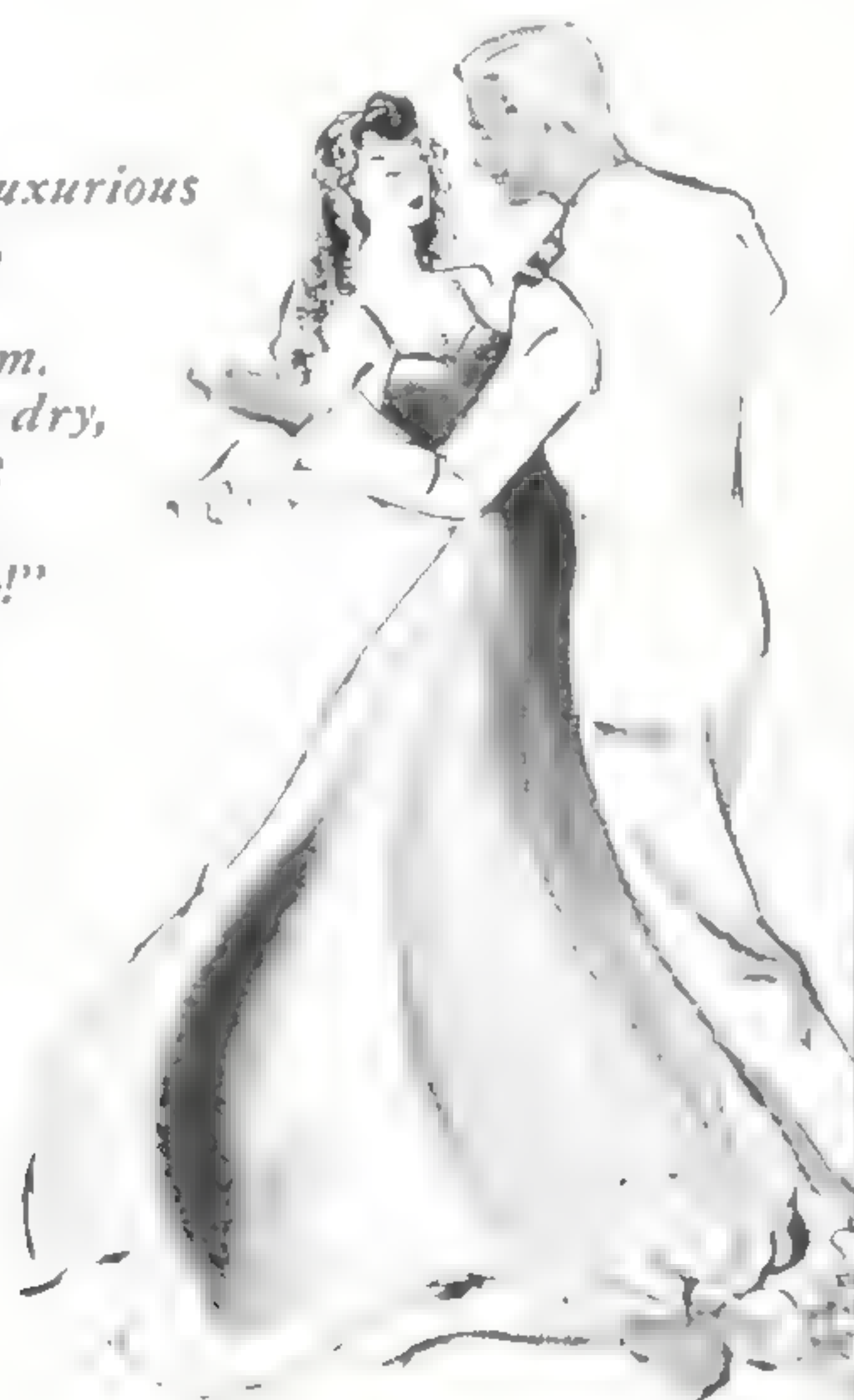
"My wonderful Odorono Cream is non-irritating—contains emollients that are soothing to the skin—so you can even use it right after shaving! I call it my 'clothes-insurance,' and use it every morning for 'poise-insurance,' too. It doesn't irritate my skin and doesn't rot the most delicate fabrics. I just follow the directions."

"My War Stamp Money-Saver"

"Think what you can put into War Stamps. For 39¢ Odorono Cream actually gives you up to 21 more applications—50% more for your money than other leading deodorant creams give you. That can add up!

"I am so sincerely enthusiastic about my Cover Girl answer to the underarm daintiness problem—I would like every girl to try it. You'll find it at any cosmetic counter."

"You'll feel luxurious using delicate, white, fluffy Odorono Cream. No waiting to dry, either . . . just smooth it on and be smooth!"



Don't Be Ashamed to Pray

(Continued from page 33) was shown. Each had been right in a way, but he had not grasped the entire idea.

So it is with life. We see only a small corner of the gigantic pattern. When we see the whole pattern at last, and the reason is clear, we know things have happened for the best, although at times this is difficult to believe.

Not long ago this fact was vividly brought home to me. There was a role which I believed to be *the* one I needed to advance my career. For nights I concentrated on that part, praying I might attain it. Someone else got it.

At first, I could have cried. But a week later, I was offered a far superior role opposite Cary Grant in "Mr. Lucky" at RKO. If I had been given the other, I could not have taken this one, since both pictures were shooting at the same time. I understood then why my prayer seemed unanswered for a while. It had not been right for me.

I don't believe you have to belong to an established religion to be religious. Religion is a matter of the heart and the soul—not a matter of a certain creed or set of rules, a priest or a preacher, a cathedral or a synagogue.

Religion is charity and greatness of purpose. It is unselfishness and a heart-deep interest in one's fellows. It is the ability to have faith in the eternal rightness of things.

THE greatest living example of this philosophy that I know is Lew Ayres. I was at a party at Dorothy Parker's one evening and was standing near Sam Goldwyn and Lew. Inadvertently I overheard Sam thank Lew for a check for \$3000 which Lew had sent, to be used for the Red Cross.

I think that few people know that, for a long time before he left pictures, Lew Ayres donated *ninety percent* of his salary to charities and relief organizations.

Lew is one of the most deeply religious people I have ever known, too. All the time we worked together on the "Kildare" pictures, he was studying many religions, striving to find the one which would best suit his needs.

He talked with priests, with ministers. He read Confucianism. He studied Christian Science, the Jewish beliefs and the religions of India.

In the end, he joined none, but took what seemed best to him from each. He took the idea of eating no meat from one. From another, he denied himself liquor and cigarettes. "Thou Shalt Not Kill" was the greatest motivation in his philosophy. He wanted to do his part in the war—he has no personal fear—but he had to act according to his beliefs.

| DON'T believe you have to teach women to pray. I think they have an innate religion whether or not they are aware of it. Women essentially live with prayer and hope in their hearts.

A man I know had been given up for lost. Wounded. Adrift on a life raft. When he came back, he was speaking of his wife, who never gave her husband up as lost.

"I knew I would get back safely," he said. "I felt the power of her love and faith bringing me back! I never lost *my* hope because of that."

Daily, I am thankful for my faith. I should have accomplished nothing without it. I know this. Whatever your faith is, renew it today, bring it out into the open and be proud of it! Make it work toward a swift victory!

THE END

How Loyal Are Hollywood's Women?

(Continued from page 63) man to whom she would want to remain loyal in this war crisis and in the years to follow. When he came back to Hollywood on a leave, her decision was made: She married him. Today, she takes her place among the women who feel that war and its emotional upsets can never touch their love.

IN THE case of some of Hollywood's hitherto "restless" women, the loyalty that war subconsciously demands has worked wonders.

Lana Turner, whose antics have always been headlines, redeemed herself by re-marrying Private Steve Crane. Certainly Lana's desire to rectify all past errors, to think first of her coming baby and her love for Steve, her desire to become stabilized, speak well for the wartime behavior of Hollywood's glamour girls.

Carole Landis had two marriages behind her at the bright and early age of twenty-one. There were rumored romances with Franchot Tone, Victor Mature, Gene Markey and others. Here was a girl reaching for so much in life and finding all too little. That is, until she made her trip abroad to entertain our armed forces and met and married in London her American air pilot, Captain Thomas Wallace. Carole returned home a different woman. Gone was the restlessness, gone was everything but the thought of "her man." The greatest joy of her life will be the day when she and "Tommy" can have their own baby.

If ever a girl played the field it was Ginger Rogers. And then came the war with its steadying influence. Ginger ended all her bachelor girl romances by marrying young Jackie Briggs and establishing herself in La Jolla in order to be near her husband, a Marine near San Diego. She has proven herself an unselfish wife, a truly loyal Hollywood woman.

The list of these loyal women is a long—and famous—one.

Gene Tierney, forgetting her career, has spent every minute she could squeeze from her work by her husband's side. In a cramped, furnished apartment, in a small Kansas town, Gene has cooked, scrubbed and cleaned for herself and her husband, Oleg Cassini. The possibility of having to face her coming motherhood alone fails to daunt her.

Brenda Joyce, with a career that could have been speeded toward success by effort and concentration, chose instead to leave Hollywood for a small, unattractive town in California, just to be near her husband, Owen Ward. Career was again brushed aside when she found she was to have a baby. Surely no finer example of wifely devotion and commendable behavior can be found than this.

Maureen O'Hara spent every moment she could with her husband Will Price, in San Diego and later at Quantico, Virginia. Annabella also followed Ty Power from boot camp to Quantico.

No account of Hollywood's loyal women would be complete without honorable mention of the intrepid Rosalind Russell who carried on her career in Hollywood, ran a house for her Air Corps husband, Captain Freddie Brisson, in Laguna, and bore his baby son while she was living in the top floor of a garage in Beverly Hills. Hats off to Russell!

And so we balance the accounts and find the loyalty of Hollywood women by no means coming out on the short side of the ledger. For one who is weak there are a hundred who are strong, a heartening human ratio.

The End

LINNY Down on the Farm BY These

NEAT—NOT DOWDY! Bravely these simple washables face the perils of the farm—they resist rumpling and soiling because they're starched with penetrating Linit.



READY FOR ACTION. The battle on the food front means hard work and long hours. But a woman can do anything if she knows she looks beautiful doing it.

GLAMOR IN GINGHAM! It isn't the material—it's what you put in it that counts. Try Linit-starching your dainty frocks and other washables. You'll notice they look fresher, neater longer!



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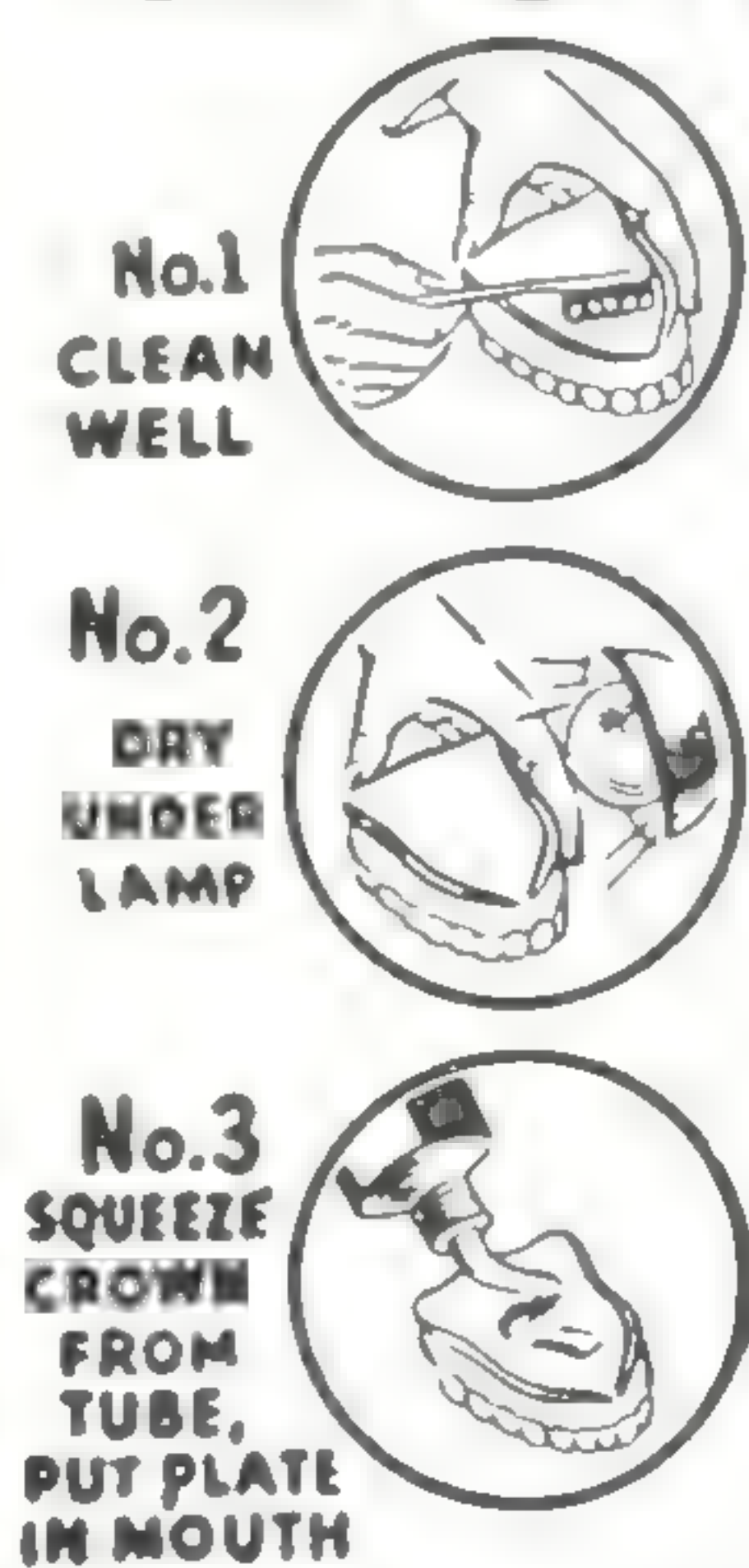
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Tightens False Teeth or No Cost!

Here's new amazing mouth comfort without risking a single cent... enjoy that feeling of having your own teeth again. Satisfy your desire for food... eat what you want.

JUST 3 STEPS



CROWN RELINER TIGHTENS FALSE TEETH OR NO COST. PERFECT FOR PARTIALS, LOWERS AND UPPERS.
Don't suffer embarrassment and discomfort caused by loose dental plates. Apply CROWN RELINER. In a jiffy your plate fits like new and stays that way up to 4 months. No old-fashioned heating to burn your mouth. Just squeeze CROWN from tube and put your teeth back in. They'll fit as snugly as ever. Inventor is a recognized authority in dental field. A patent has been applied for CROWN RELINER to protect you from imitators. After you reline your plate with CROWN, take your false teeth out for cleaning without affecting the CROWN RELINER. CROWN RELINER is guaranteed... it's harmless. NOT A POWDER OR PASTE! DOES NOT BURN OR IRRITATE. If not satisfied, even after 4 months, return partly used tube for full refund.

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J. Clements of Algona writes: "My plates were so bad they rattled when I talked. Now I can eat steaks, corn on the cob." E. W. W., of Virginia writes: "I found Crown Reliner to be all you claim and more." Many more attest to same excellent results. Reline your plates with CROWN. It's tasteless. Has that natural pink color. Order a tube of CROWN RELINER today... enough to last a year. We include FREE a tube of CROWN plate cleaner.

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Send your wonderful Crown Dental Plate Reliner and include the free Crown Reliner Cleaner. I will pay postman one dollar plus postage on arrival. If I am not satisfied after four months, I may return partly used tube for full refund.
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It's easy—just show friends, others these big value Personal Christmas Cards, with name, 60 for \$1. Make quick profits. Also sell famous "Hertel Art" 21-card Christmas Assortment, only \$1. You make up to 50c. 11 popular boxes—Xmas wraps, Religious, Everyday, Birthdays and others. Quick money makers. Experience not needed. Write today for Samples on Approval.
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Introductory offer. With every order for smart, new, Sterling Silver solitaire engagement ring we will include without extra charge exquisite wedding ring set with eight simulated diamonds matching in fire and brilliance the beautiful solitaire engagement ring (the perfect bridal pair.) Send no money with order, just name, address and ring size. We ship both rings in lovely gift box immediately and you make just 2 easy payments of \$2 each, total only \$4. We trust you. No red tape as you make first payment to postman on arrival then balance any time within 30 days. Money back guarantee. Act now.
EMPIRE DIAMOND CO., Dept. ST-11, Jefferson, Iowa

Brief Reviews

(Continued from page 16)

KLAR GUNNER, THE—Warner: You'll see Ronald Reagan again, this time as an actor for Uncle Sam in this picture of how the U. S. Army trains aerial gunners. But the picture belongs to Burgess Meredith, playing the part of the Kansas farm lad who joins up just "to be around" a Flying Fortress. It will hold the attention of the girls as well as the boys. (July)

SECRETS OF THE UNDERGROUND—Republic: John Hubbard, district attorney, and his girl friend, Virginia Grey, find a corpse in a trunk, which almost leads to Virginia's death. As if this weren't enough, Nazi agents forge War Stamps and the women's auxiliary defense corps jump in and help clean up the Nazis. (May)

SHANTYTOWN—Republic: Here's little Mary Lee as a poor kid who arranges for a garage mechanic to live with her folks in Shantytown. When she learns a racketeer has him on such a bad spot that he has to flee, her chivalry is aroused and she manages to save him. John Archer and Marjorie Lord are a handsome couple, and Harry Davenport, Billy Gilbert, and Matty Malneck and his orchestra lend a lot to the show. (July)

SLIGHTLY DANGEROUS—M-G-M: Romance in the comedy manner, with Lana Turner as a small-town shop-girl who goes to the city, buys herself a new personality and then meets a mishap that leads to an impersonation. Robert Young is the boy in love with Lana but not quite sure just who she is. Walter Brennan is the wealthy man who accepts her as his long-lost child. (June)

SOMETHING TO SHOUT ABOUT—Columbia: Janet Blair comes to the fore with a neat, provocative performance as the young songwriter who gets shoved into the star spot of a show angeled by gay divorcee Cobina Wright Jr. Don Ameche is the press agent, Jack Oakie an old vaudeville star, and William Gaxton the show's producer. It's gay. (May)

STRANGER IN TOWN, A—M-G-M: Frank Morgan is a Supreme Court Justice who goes on a vacation and meets local attorney Richard Carlson, who's running for Mayor. Through Morgan's advice Carlson eventually ousts the crooked opposing party. Porter Hall is the small-town judge and Jean Rogers the very pretty girl in the case. (May)

TARZAN TRIUMPHS—RKO-Radio Tarzan (still Johnny Weissmuller) puts on a one-man blitz when the Nazis attempt to overrun his domain. Frances Gifford, princess of a lost civilization, provides the feminine interest. Johnny Sheffield is Tarzan's son. (May)

THEY CAME TO BLOW UP AMERICA—20th Century-Fox: All about the German training of saboteurs to be sent to America, with George Sanders as the American-born German who goes to Germany to study at the Nazi school for saboteurs at the instigation of the FBI. It's an informative story packed with suspense; and Poldy Dur, Anna Sten, and Ward Bond round out the excellent cast. (July)

THIS LAND IS MINE—RKO-Radio: Charles Laughton as the timid schoolmaster overridden by mother love surpasses anything he has done on the screen. Una O'Connor as his mother is terrific. Maureen O'Hara is the schoolteacher Laughton loves, George Sanders her fiancé who turns traitor, and Kent Smith her brother. They, as well as Walter Slezak as a Nazi, deserve applause. (June)

TWO WEEKS TO LIVE—RKO-Radio: When Abner, played by Norris Goff, is erroneously told he has but two weeks to live, his partner, Lum, played by Chester Lauck, decides to rent him out for hazardous ventures. Rocket ships to Mars, bombs in a violin case and Nazi plots befall Lum before he finds the doctor has committed an error. (May)

WHITE SAVAGE—Universal: A melee of murder, fabulous jewels, greedy men, earthquakes and Maria Montez in a sarong—all in Technicolor. Maria is a South Sea princess and Jon Hall a white fisherman who falls in love with her. Paul Guilfoyle is the bad man who tries to steal the Princess' jewels. Sabu, sly and comical, is most amusing. (July)

YOUNG AND WILLING—U.A.: A group of penniless boys and girls, ambitious to be stage stars, share an apartment in order to exist. Unbeknown to playwright Robert Benchley they dig up one of his old plays and put it on. William Holden, Eddie Bracken, Susan Hayward and the others shouldn't be wasted on such trivia. (May)

YOUNG MR. PITT, THE—20th Century-Fox: As pure entertainment, this biographical tale of the career of the English prime minister leaves much to be desired. It is however, beautifully acted and historically interesting. Robert Donat plays the conscientious Pitt, Robert Morley his opponent, Phyllis Calvert the girl he loves and Raymond Lowell is George III. (June)

YOUNGEST PROFESSION, THE—M-G-M: Laugh and enjoy yourself over this story of autograph hounds, with Virginia Weidler, president of a fan club, seeking autographs at all costs. Edward Arnold plays her long-suffering father and the guest stars who are very neatly placed in the story are Walter Pidgeon, Greer Garson, William Powell, Robert Taylor and Lana Turner. (May)

MANY NEVER SUSPECT CAUSE OF BACKACHES

This Old Treatment Often Brings Happy Relief

Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

MAKE EXTRA MONEY

Sell Personal Christmas Cards

Show smart new designs. Amazing values. Also lovely "Prize" 21-Folder Christmas Ass. New, novel. Top notch \$1. seller. Your profit up to 50c. Extra bonus. 11 popular boxes—Xmas wraps, Religious, Everyday, Birthdays and others. Quick money makers. Experience not needed. Write today for Samples on Approval.
CHILTON GREETINGS, 147 Essex St., Dept. 23-B, Boston, Mass.

Do You Want LONGER HAIR

Just try this system on your hair 7 days and see if you are really enjoying the pleasure of attractive hair that so often captures love and romance.
HAIR MAY GET LONGER when scalp and hair conditions are normal and the dry, brittle, breaking off hair can be retarded, it has a chance to get longer and much more beautiful. Just try the **JUELENE SYSTEM** 7 days, let your mirror prove results. Send \$1.00. (If C. O. D. postage extra). Fully guaranteed. Money back if you're not delighted.
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SORE FEET FEEL FINE

When You Do This at Night

For 10 minutes tonight, soak your sore, raw, itching feet in the rich, creamy lather of Sayman Wonder Soap—and pat dry with a soft towel. Then smooth on plenty of medicated Sayman Salve—over the watery blisters, the painful cracks, the sore, raw skin. Do this for 10 nights and shout with joy for comforting relief. Only 25c. All druggists. Ask for

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Mrs. B. C., of Texas, earned \$474.25 while taking course. Mrs. S. E. P. started on her first case after her 7th lesson; in 14 months she earned \$1900! You, too, can earn good money, make new friends. High school not necessary. Easy payments. Equipment included. 44th year. Send coupon now!

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Please send free booklet and 16 sample lesson pages.

Name Age
City State

The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 22)

✓✓ Prelude To War (War Dept. film)

It's About: The causes of the present war, beginning twelve years ago.

A MOST graphic and at moments pulse-stirring account of why we're where we are today! It is a vivid reminder that World War II began with the burning of some mud huts in Mukden, Manchuria, back in 1931 when the buck-toothed boys from Nippon fired the first shot. The world did nothing about it then. Nor did it do anything about the bombing of some mud huts in Ethiopia several years later, when Mr. Duce sent his reluctant Italians out to reconquer the old Roman Empire. Nor yet was it moved to action by the frenzied laboratory of Housepainter Hitler whose eyes were fastened on the vision of a world ruled by Germans.

The picture, culled from news shots and captured enemy films, is a master job of editing by that master film-maker, Frank Capra, as one of his first jobs for the Army. It was originally planned for Army consumption alone; to tell our Johnny Doughboy why he was being issued an Army uniform and being subjected to a GI haircut. But the power of the picture, presenting in simple language the intricate causes of today's fighting, led Army heads to ask that the film be shown to civilians throughout the nation.

So you will have the opportunity of seeing it—and we do mean opportunity.

Your Reviewer Says: For every man and woman who loves freedom.

✓✓ Bombardier (RKO-Radio)

It's About: How boys are trained to become bombardiers.

YOU'VE read much in our daily papers of our closely guarded bombsight. Here, then, is a story built around that precious instrument, so necessary to our victory, that is not only interesting and instructive, but entertaining. The climax in which our bombers, through this instrument, destroy a town in Japan is a whiz-dinger.

(Continued on next page)

Best Pictures of the Month

Stage Door Canteen

Action In The North Atlantic

Bombardier

Mission To Moscow

Prelude To War

Bataan

Best Performances

Robert Taylor in "Bataan"

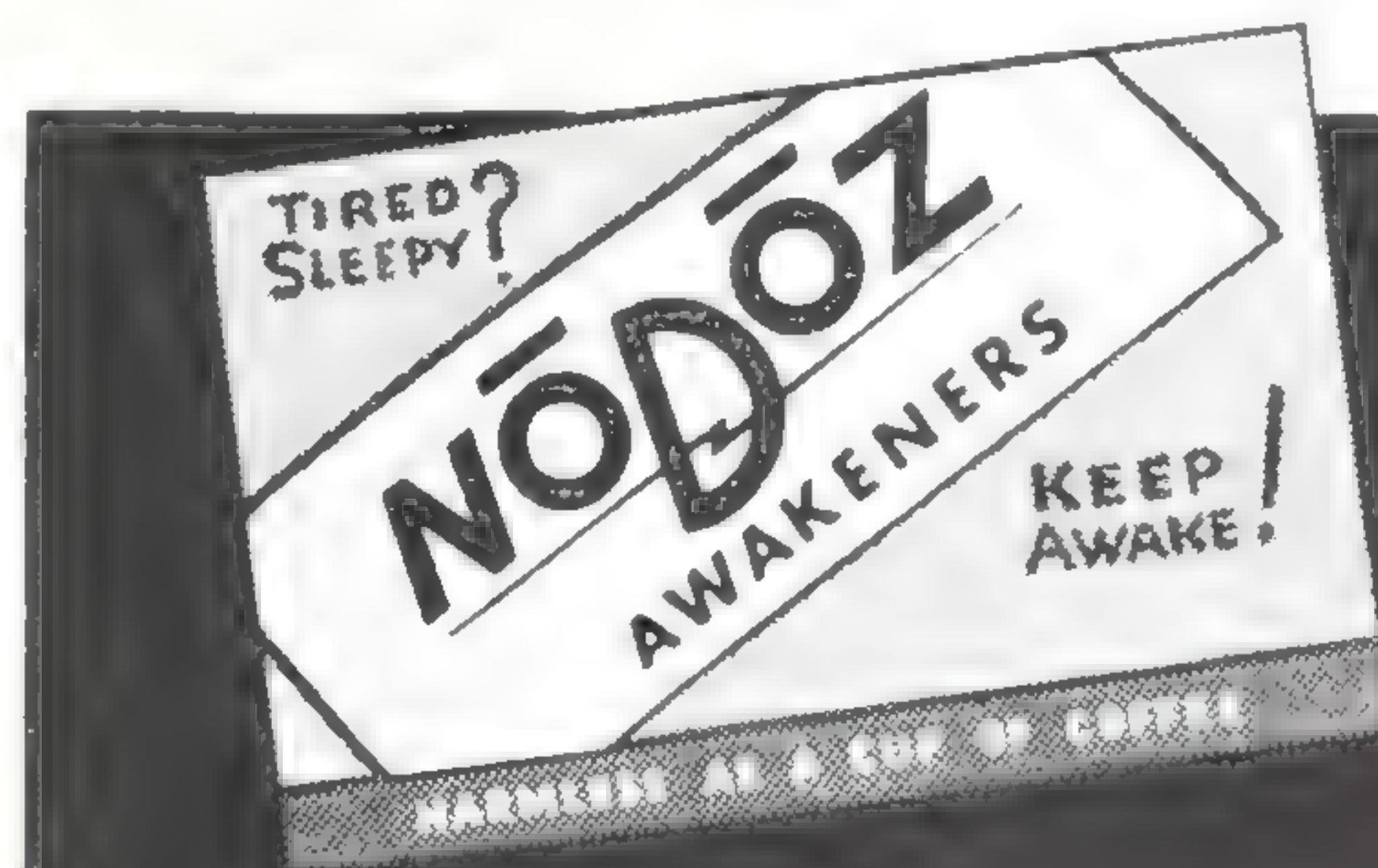
Robert Walker in "Bataan"

Walter Huston in "Mission To Moscow"

How to KEEP AWAKE ON THE "GRAVEYARD SHIFT"

Thousands of Americans behind desks, driving cars, on production lines, use NoDoz Awakeners to keep awake, alert and more efficient. When the going gets tough and you have a job to do — *don't take a chance . . . TAKE A NODOZ AWAKENER!*

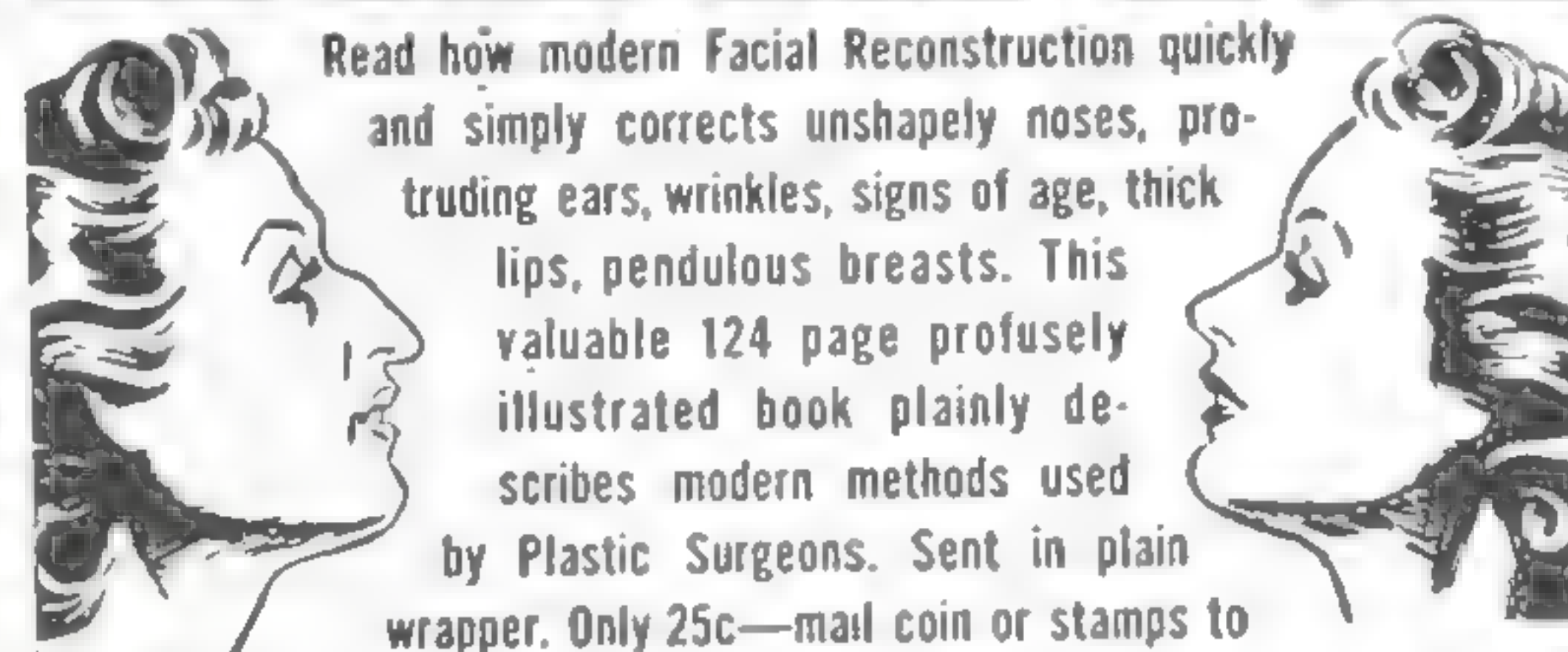
For trial-size package, send 10c to
NoDoz Awakeners, Richfield Bldg.,
Oakland, California, Dept. M-2
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AT YOUR
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25¢

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BEFORE AND AFTER



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Simulated DIAMOND Wedding RING

WHILE THEY LAST—Smart, new Sterling Silver WEDDING RING set with sparkling, fiery Simulated Diamonds in the beauty of white gold, now offered in special bargain sale. **FREE** package Solid Perfume included free if you order immediately. **SEND NO MONEY** with order, just name and ring size. Pay \$1.29 on arrival plus few cents for tax and mailing. Wear on 10 days' money-back guarantee. **EMPIRE DIAMOND CO., Dept. 25-SW, JEFFERSON, IOWA**



Embarrassing Wet Underarms

How to Control Them—Be Truly Fastidious
and Save Clothes, too!

Are you horrified at *any* underarm dampness and odor? Are you appalled at arm-hole staining and clothes damage?

If you are willing to take a little extra care to be surer of not offending—you will welcome the scientific perspiration control of Liquid Odorono.

Liquid Odorono was first used by a physician 30 years ago to keep his hands dry when operating.

A clear, clean odorless liquid—it simply closes the tiny underarm sweat glands and keeps them closed—up to 5 days. If you need it more often, you use it more often—daily if necessary to

bring quick relief from all perspiration embarrassments.

When your underarm is kept dry, you won't "offend," you won't stain and ruin expensive clothes. Today, especially, you want your clothes to last. You can depend on Liquid Odorono for real "clothes-insurance."

Don't waste time with disappointing half-measures. Start using Liquid Odorono. It's the surest way to control perspiration, perspiration odor, staining and clothes damage. Thousands of fastidious women think it's the nicest way, too . . . it leaves no trace of grease on your skin or your clothes, has no "product odor" itself. You will find Liquid Odorono at any cosmetic counter in two strengths—Regular and Instant.

HANDS OFF— POISON IVY!



When you see a three-leafed, oily plant with a green, waxy appearance — stay away from it. It may be Poison Ivy.

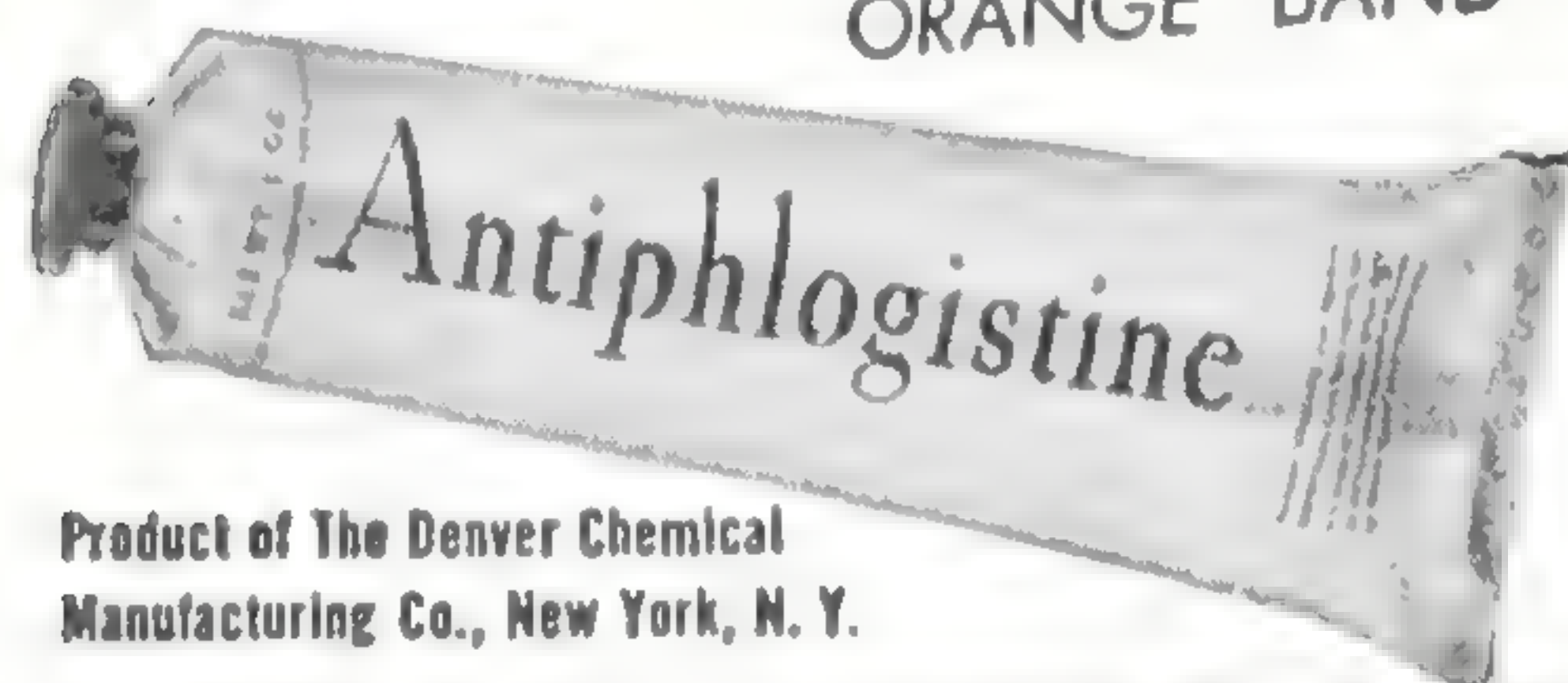
But if you do get Poison Ivy, apply ANTIPHLOGISTINE immediately—just as directed. It does three important things:

- 1 Relieves itching
- 2 Helps prevent spreading
- 3 Promotes healing

ANTIPHLOGISTINE is ready-to-use. For best results, apply it early.

Antiphlogistine

THE WHITE PACKAGE WITH THE
ORANGE BAND



Product of The Denver Chemical
Manufacturing Co., New York, N. Y.

USING YOUR EYES MORE?

*Here's how to wash
away that weary look!*

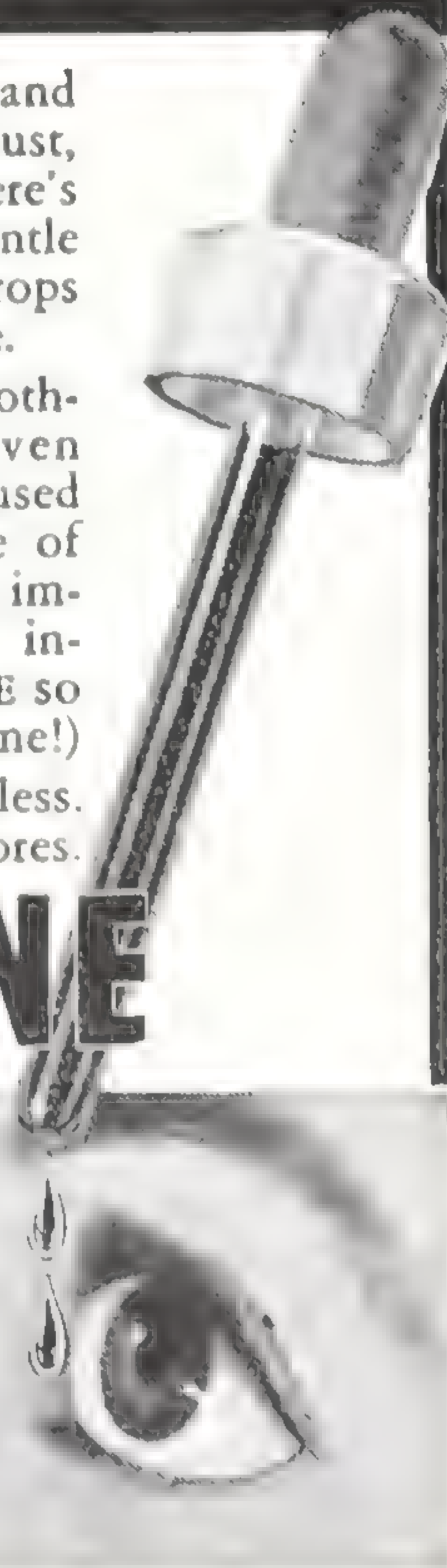
When your eyes are red and tired from overwork, dust, glare or late hours—here's how to get quick, safe, gentle relief! Just drop two drops of EYE-GENE in each eye.

INSTANTLY—feel its soothing, cooling effect. Even that bloodshot look caused by irritations or overuse of your eyes vanishes almost immediately. (Its exclusive ingredient makes EYE-GENE so effective in so short a time!)

TRY EYE-GENE. Safe, stainless. At drug, dep't. and 10¢ stores.

EYE-GENE

2 DROPS
CLEAR, SOOTHE
IN SECONDS!



The usual red tape and stubborn opposition encountered by the progressive believers in the virtue of high-altitude bombing is met on every side. Thank heavens, sighs the audience as a whole, this stubbornness is finally overcome and the right given a bombardier to take command over pilots during air raids.

Pat O'Brien gives a swell show as the bombsight devotee, an Army pioneer who wins his fight over Randy Scott, a pilot who believes his job superior to the bombardier. Barton MacLane, Eddie Albert, Walter Reed and Robert Ryan are good actors and prove it. Anne Shirley has little to do but makes that little count.

If it all sounds too technical for solid entertainment and enjoyment, don't be fooled. You'll be instructed and entertained at the same time.

Your Reviewer Says: Good stunt, this.

The Leopard Man (RKO-Radio)

It's About: Murders that follow the wake of a leopard killing.

THOSE mild-mannered people who made the "Cat People" return with an offering all about a publicity man who gives an actress a black leopard that kills a young girl. Thereupon other murders occur which are made to look like a leopardish deed.

It takes Dennis O'Keefe, who started all the fuss in the first place, to discover the real culprits. Margo, with a pair of mean castanets, Isabel Jewell, with fortunetelling powers, Abner Biberman, as a leopard trainer, Ben Bard, as a police chief, prowl along with the cat.

Your Reviewer Says: We weren't scared.

Gildersleeve's Bad Day (RKO-Radio)

It's About: A stolid citizen who is accused of bribery.

POOR Gildersleeve! He attracts hulla-balloo like sugar does flies. And he means so well. At least he had no idea of the trouble he was brewing for himself when, as a member of a jury, he worked to set the accused man free. And then comes to light a note which offers Gildy a grand (\$1000 bucks) to do the very thing he has done of his own accord. Naturally, he's accused of bribery and all heck breaks loose with a whirl of puffing Gildersleeves midst a wild series of chases.

Jane Darwell, Nancy Gates and Charles Arnt get mixed up in the thing.

Your Reviewer Says: Frustration, thy name is Gildersleeve.

Salute For Three (Paramount)

It's About: A publicity stunt that backfires.

NOT worth the time it takes in showing this minor musical is about a press agent (Marty May) who tries to promote Betty Rhodes into a radio job by linking her name with war hero Macdonald Carey.

Dona Drake leads her girl orchestra as she did before hitting films (she used the name Rita Rio) and Betty Rhodes sings pleasingly. Cliff Edwards and Minna Gombel would just as leave not been around we gathered, and the wasted talent of Macdonald Carey is a crying shame.

Your Reviewer Says: Forget all about it.

✓✓ Mission To Moscow (Warners)

It's About: The experiences of an American ambassador to Russia.

WHETHER this movie was instigated by certain powers that be for political or military reasons, as has been hinted, we can't say. If, however, it were created for sheer controversial discussion, it more than achieves its aims. People either howl against its approval of Russia or loudly approve its message of brotherly understanding. It's all up to you.

But, regardless of anyone's reaction, we must not lose sight of the fact this is a picture beautifully directed, acted and executed. The story, based on the experiences of Joseph Davies, our ambassador to Russia, as written in his book "Mission To Moscow," takes our minister, prior to the war, through the factories, the political intrigues, the length and breadth of Europe in his quest for truth—the truth about Hitler and his intentions and Russia and her intentions.

Huston does a masterful job. Ann Harding, as Mrs. Davies, and Eleanor Parker, as their daughter, are very good. Helmut Dantine, Oscar Homolka, George Tobias, Richard Travis and Gene Lockhart are a few of the many fine players in this film, so ably directed by Michael Curtiz.

Your Reviewer Says: A picture to see, digest and discuss.

Sarong Girl (Monogram)

It's About: A strip-teaser on parole.

NOT so good, friends, not so good. Frankly, bad, if you want our down-right opinion. For one thing, Ann Corio, a burlesque star whose jail sentence is commuted when a shady lawyer steps in with a phony old mother, is not yet com-

Cover Girl for Next Month—

Olivia de Havilland

There's a story behind this cover. Washington asked our help in calling for women to fill certain civilian jobs to release more men for service. We appealed to Olivia de Havilland to tell that story on our September cover. She gladly said "Yes!" So next month you will see Paul Hesse's finest cover of the Olivia you love doing a job Uncle Sam wants a lot of you to do!

etent enough to handle a leading role. On the right side of the ledger is Johnny "Scat" Davis and his music and the comedy team Tim and Irene Ryan.

Our Reviewer Says: Take it away, boys. Take it away.

✓ Five Graves To Cairo (Paramount)

It's About: How a British soldier outwits the Germans in Africa.

FRANCHOT TONE has his best role in many a day as the lone survivor of an English tank on the African desert, just after the fall of Tobruk. He manages to crawl to a small hotel on the Libyan border, only to find that the British have vacated and the Germans are taking it over as their headquarters. With the reluctant aid of the Egyptian owner of the hotel, Akim Tamiroff, and an Alsatian maid, Anne Baxter, Tone impersonates a dead German waiter whom he discovers to have been an agent in the pay of the Nazis.

From Field Marshal Rommel, played superbly by Erich von Stroheim, Tone learns the secret of the German success in Africa. Whereupon the temperature of the picture rapidly rises along with the suspense of the audience.

Erich von Stroheim walks away with the picture, and Peter Van Eyck as Rommel's aide scores heavily.

Anne Baxter proves herself a more than competent actress and Tamiroff plays himself as usual. But it's Franchot Tone who wins the African war practically singlehanded.

Our Reviewer Says: Anything but a funeral!

Jitterbugs (Twentieth Century-Fox)

It's About: Two screwballs on the loose.

OUR favorite comedians, Laurel and Hardy, are permitted to run riot in a half-dozen story ideas at once. First, they're a two-member jive band selling gasoline tablets. Then they become involved in an impersonation contest, Hardy as a Southern colonel and Laurel, first as his valet and then as Vivian Blaine's aunt. All this to recover money crooks have stolen from the woman.

The climax comes when a river boat, run by gamblers, slips from its moorings and goes on the rampage with guess who on board.

Your Reviewer Says: Gee, we wish this had been funnier.

✓ Mister Big (Universal)

It's About: A Greek tragedy that becomes a hepcat farce.

REMEMBER the tired old student body group that want to put on a hot musical for their class play and the faculty says no?

Well, here's the same old thing again, folks, and here again are the irrepressible brats responsible for the questionable transformation.

We suppose the younger jive kids will adore it. We have no reason to believe more mature audiences will loathe it gustily.

Of one thing we're sure—Donald O'Connor is a comer. A personality, a fine dancer, a great little performer; watch

out for his smoke, there's plenty of fire behind it.

Gloria Jean sings old style and new style the songs written by Buddy Pepper and Inez James, and Peggy Ryan proves a live-wire partner for O'Connor. Robert Paige, as the professor, and Elyse Knox, as a teacher, are a mildish twosome.

All sorts of Jivin' Jacks and Jills and dancing, singing people cavort about like mad.

Your Reviewer Says: Not so loudddd!

Swing Shift Maisie (M-G-M)

It's About: Maisie goes to work in a defense plant.

IT WAS inevitable that Maisie, the hard-boiled gal with the heart of gold, should land on the swing shift. How she got there and what happens after she gets there just do not jell as they should have.

Maisie is working in a trained dog act when test pilot James Craig comes along and causes her to lose her job. To make amends he helps Maisie get another job in a defense plant.

The "getting in" part in which Maisie resorts to fibbing about her birth statistics (she was born and that's just about all she knows about it) finally lands her in deep trouble when Jean Rogers, the girl Maisie has befriended, betrays her. And not only that but Jean almost steals her test pilot beau.

Ann Sothern does a good job as Maisie and Jean Rogers is a wow as the meanie. This series had better grow stronger from now on or where will Maisie be?

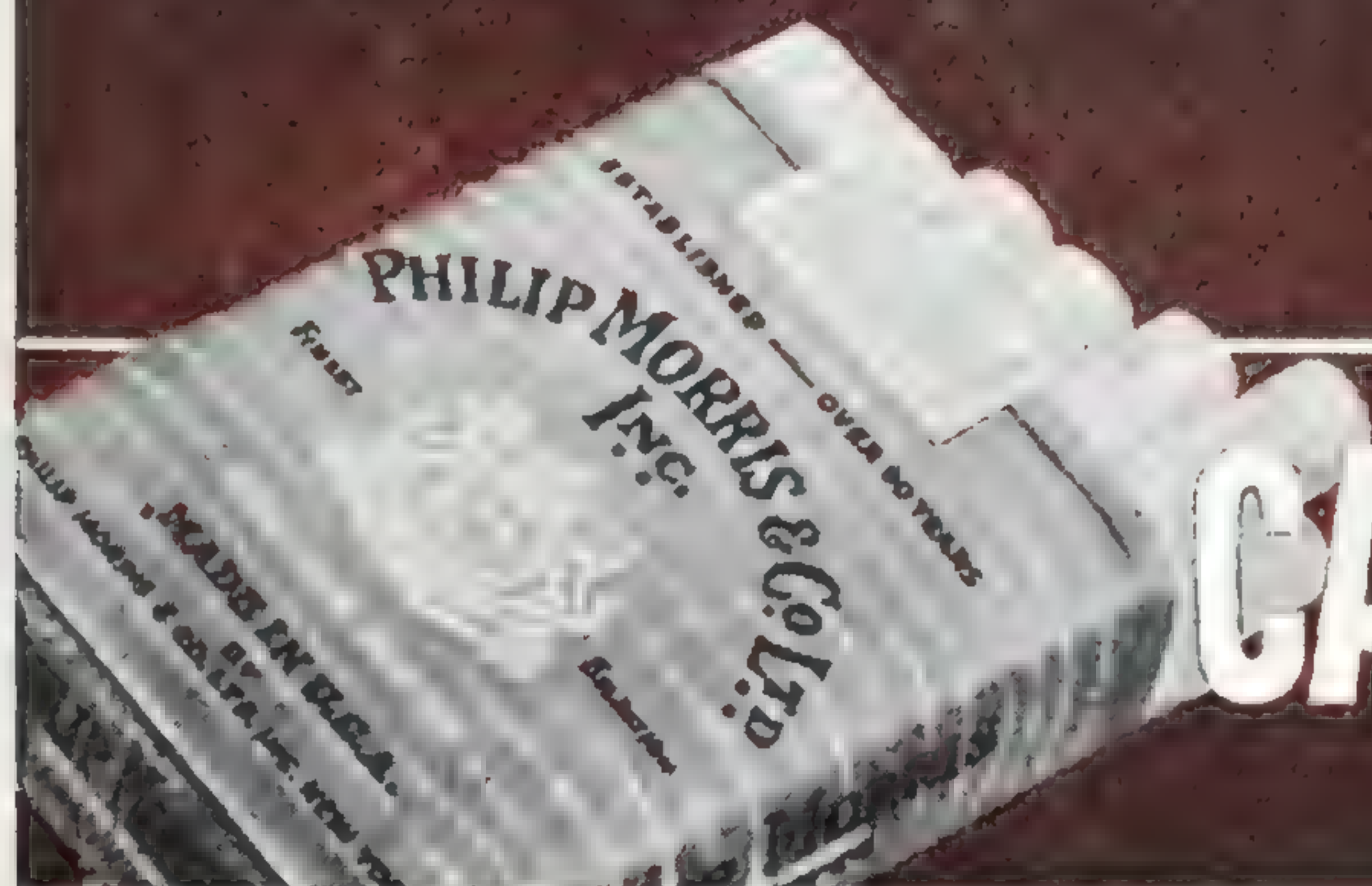
Your Reviewer Says: Average, good-enough-for-an-evening fare.

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✓ Dr. Gillespie's Criminal Case (M-G-M)

It's About: The famous doctor gets in-
volved in a jail break.

HERE is a series that deserves a one-
check rating for the high standard it
constantly maintains and for the carefully
constructed plots and excellent perform-
ances.

Lionel Barrymore is always splendid as
the irascible head physician of a general
hospital who is trying to choose between
two internes, Van Johnson and Keye
Luke, for his assistant. To Dr. Gillespie
comes Donna Reed who is about to marry
a sergeant but is unsure of her emotional
memories of a former suitor, John Craven,
a homicidal maniac. To the prison to visit
Craven go the famous doctor and interne
Van Johnson just in time to become in-
volved in a jail break.

Luke and Johnson are splendid. So is
little Margaret O'Brien as one of the little
sufferers in the children's ward and
Marilyn Maxwell who snatches the fancy
of Dr. Van Johnson. Bill Lundigan gives
a fine performance as the bitter war vet-
eran who must learn to walk on artificial
legs.

Your Reviewer Says: Always good, these
Gillespie stories!

✓ Stormy Weather (Twentieth Century-Fox)

It's About: The life review of a great tap
dancer.

CRAMMED to the brim with entertainers
who can entertain, this all-Negro re-
view is a singing, dancing feast to the eye
and ear.

Looking back over the pages of his life,
Bill Robinson, veteran tap dancer and
master of them all, reviews the fictional
events that have shaped his life—his return
from World War I, his love and marriage
to beautiful Lena Horne, their separation
and reunion. Between the happenings we
have those limberback brothers, the Nich-
olas lads, who outdo themselves in their
gymnastic specialties.

Lena Horne sings some old tunes so
hauntingly beautiful, climaxing the parade
with "Stormy Weather." Cab Calloway and
his Hi-de-hi gang go over with a bang in
their numbers so suitable to their special
brand of music.

Dooley Wilson, as a sport, and Babe
Wallace, as Robinson's rival, are just right.
Katherine Dunham and her troupe of
dancers, Mae E. Johnson singing "I Lost
My Sugar In Salt Lake City," Fats Waller
and his piano and Ada Brown with her
song "That Ain't Right" are the out-
standing hits.

For those who enjoy the tops in their
line, this parade of Negro performers will
prove a solid hit.

Your Reviewer Says: Something doing every
minute.

Song Of Texas (Republic)

It's About: A rodeo performer who almost
loses his ranch through kindness.

ROY ROGERS leaves a crooked rodeo
show to place on his ranch an old
cowhand who wants to impress his vis-
iting daughter. Roy pretends the old
fellow is owner of the ranch and darn-dag
it all if the girl, pretty Sheila Ryan, and
her pal Arline Judge don't almost do

GRAY HAIR TURNING DEEP BLACK

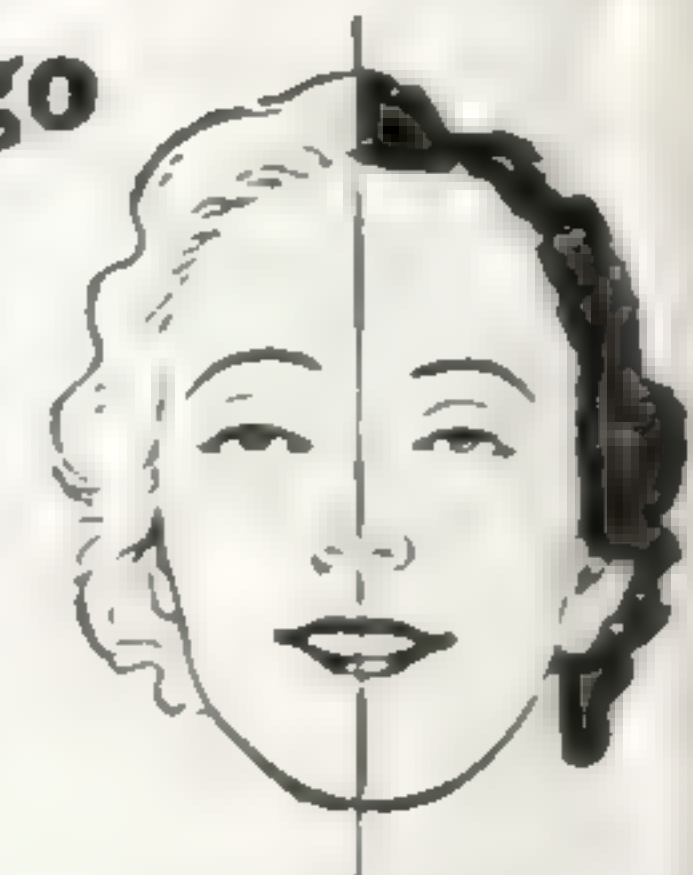
says Mrs. J. B., Chicago

"After using Grayvita only a short
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this makes in my appearance." Mrs.
J. B., Chicago.

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This anti-gray hair vitamin, Calcium Pantothenate
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5 lessons. We send lessons 6 and 7 FREE of extra cost!
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I know I've been an awful grouch not taking
you any place lately. But after standing all day at
my new job, my feet darn near killed me with cal-
louses and burning. Now I've reformed—or rather
my feet have—thanks to the Ice-Mint you advised.
Never tried anything that seemed to draw the
pain and fire right out so fast—and the way it
helps soften callouses is nobody's business! Been
able to get some extra overtime money—so what
do you say, let's go dancing tonight. You can step
on my Ice-Mint feet all you want.

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him out of his own ranch before things right themselves.

Your Reviewer Says: Get hep, young man, get hep.

Taxi, Mister (Roach-U. A.)

It's About: The trials (love and pecuniary) of a taxi driver.

WAY back when taxis were obtainable, Hal Roach made a series of pictures with Bill Bendix (since risen to fame) and Joe Sawyer playing a pair of taxi drivers. At a banquet commemorating the success of the pair, the story is told in flashbacks of how Bendix met and fell in love with burlesque queen Grace Bradley and how the interference by Sheldon Leonard, a gangster, eventually led to the ultimate success in business and love. All three principals, Bendix, Bradley and Sawyer, are a hit trio. Jack Norton, as a drunk, is amusing.

Your Reviewer Says: Fare, please.

✓✓ Spitfire (Goldwyn-U-A.)

It's About: A man's dream which came true in the Spitfire plane.

BECAUSE this is a true story you will find it twice as moving and exciting. It is the story of R. J. Mitchell, the designer of the Spitfire. Lying on the English cliffs watching gulls in flight Mitchell decided planes should be built as simply as birds themselves, without all the clasp and superstructure that used to be part of them. He paid for clinging to this belief—and his wife and test pilot paid with him. When we tell you Leslie Howard plays Mitchell, David Niven plays Jeffrey Crisp, the test pilot, we convince you the performances in this picture are as real as life itself.

Finally, Mitchell's or Howard's design (we are afraid from now on we will always confuse the two) wins the Schneider trophy. That, however, is only the beginning. A holiday in Germany frightens Mitchell. He listens to Hitler's officers; he watches Hitler's youth; and he cuts short his holiday to go home to England and remodel his gay Schneider trophy plane so it can "turn on a sixpence" and carry machine guns that will shoot fire from the skies.

Mitchell's story is told by Jeffrey Crisp—talking to his thunder squadron on an English airfield between Axis raids over England.

This is a film you will remember. For somehow, telling of a man's dream come true and the origin and growth of the Spitfire, Leslie Howard, who directed and produced this film, tells an underlying story too—an underlying story about ideals and decency and the individual pride which belongs to men of free nations—the very things all such men fight for today.

Your Reviewer Says: Don't miss this.

You're in for a treat!
The witty and wise
Dorothy Kilgallen
gives you a piece of her gay mind
in
"If I Were Hollywood's Matchmaker"
Watch for it!
September Photoplay-Movie Mirror



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PROMPTLY at six-thirty p.m. John Loder drove through the gates of M-G-M, parked his car and walked over to Hedy Lamarr's dressing room. He had a date with her, that evening, a very important date—they were to be married.

Hedy was already dressed in her plain black velvet suit, white silk blouse, small pearl earrings and pearl beads. She had only to slip over her hair a black net snood covered with daisies and draw on her white kid gloves.

At seven-fifteen, John and Hedy drove up before the apartment of Mrs. Conrad Veidt in Beverly Hills and met Judge Holland emerging from his car. Mrs. Veidt and Hedy were friends of fifteen years' standing and the actress had wanted to be married in her friend's apartment.

Waiting for Hedy and John were Hedy's mother, Mrs. Gertrude Kiesler, Sir Charles and Lady Mendl, Bill Gerard of M-G-M and Sammy Pierce, a friend of John's.

Hedy's beauty blazed through her excitement. "Give me my ring," she insisted like a schoolgirl. "I won't wait. Let's hurry and get married."

First the necessary papers were signed and witnessed and then Hedy and John walked to the fireplace, joined hands, listened to the brief words of the Judge and then exchanged bright gold plain band rings whose inscriptions were always to be a secret.

The bride carried a small corsage of white roses with one red rose in the center—a duplicate of the many corsages John had showered upon her.

Champagne glasses were raised in a toast to the bride after the brief ceremony and at seven-forty-five the party was over and the small assembly walked with the happy couple to their car. Good-bys were said and they were off to spend the Memorial Day holidays at Lake Arrowhead.

Hedy's gift to her husband was a gold key which unlocks the door to her home, the home they will now share together.

"I want babies more than anything in the world," Hedy told her friends. "We both want children and we want them now—right away."

Hedy is the mother of an adopted son and Loder, whose wife recently divorced him, has a small daughter.

Hollywood wishes them all the best.

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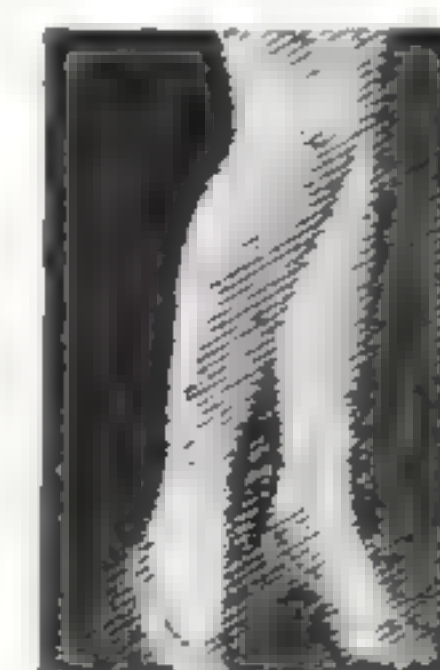
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10 YEARS YOUNGER



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Casts of Current Pictures

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BATAAN—M-G-M: Sergeant Bill Dane, Robert Taylor; Lieut. Steve Bentley, George Murphy; Corp. Jake Feingold, Thomas Mitchell; Corp. Barney Todd, Lloyd Nolan; Capt. Henry Lassiter, Lee Bowman; Leonard Purckett, Robert Walker; Felix Ramirez, Desi Arnaz; F. X. Matowski, Barry Nelson; Matthew Hardy, Phillip Terry; Corp. Juan Katigbak, Roque Espiritu; Wesley Eeps, Kenneth Spencer; Yankee Salazar, J. Alex Havier; Sam Malloy, Tom Dugan; Lieutenant, Donald Curtis.

BOMBARDIER—RKO-Radio: Major Chick Davis, Pat O'Brien; Captain Buck Oliver, Randolph Scott; Burt Hughes, Anne Shirley; Tom Hughes, Eddie Albert; Jim Carter, Walter Reed; Joe Connors, Robert Ryan; Sergeant Dixon, Barton MacLane; Jap Officer, Leonard Strong; Chito Rafferty, Richard Martin; Paul Harris, Russell Wade; Captain Rand, James Newill; Chaplain Craig, John Miljan; Instructor, Charles Russell.

DR. GILLESPIE'S CRIMINAL CASE—M-G-M: Dr. Leonard Gillespie, Lionel Barrymore; Dr. Randall Adams, Van Johnson; Marcia Bradburn, Donna Reed; Dr. Lee Wong How, Keye Luke; Roy Todwell, John Craven; Joe Weyman, Nat Pendleton; Molly Byrd, Alma Kruger; Alvin F. Peterson, William Lundigan; Margaret, Margaret O'Brien; Dr. Walter Carver, Walter Kingsford; Ruth Edly, Marilyn Maxwell; Sergeant Patrick J. Orisin, Michael Duane; Warden Kenneson, Henry O'Neill; Sally, Marie Blake; Irene, Frances Rafferty.

FIVE GRAVES TO CAIRO—Paramount: John J. Bramble, Franchot Tone; Mouche, Anne Baxter; Farid, Akim Tamiroff; Field Marshal Rommel, Erich Von Stroheim; Lieut. Schweigler, Peter Van Eyck; General Sebastiano, Fortunio Bonanova; Major Von Buelow, Konstantin Shayne; Major Lamprecht, Fred Nurney; British Colonel, Miles Mander; British Captain, Leslie Denison; British Captain, Ian Keith; English Tank Commander, Bud Geary; German Sergeant, Frederick Giermann; Schweigler (Body Guard), Bill Mussetter; German Technician, John Royce; German Engineer, Otto Reichow; Rommel's Orderly, Clyde Jockman; Rommel's Orderly, Sam Waagenaar; German Soldier, Peter F. U. Pohlney; First Soldier, John Erickson; Second Soldier, Philip Ahlm; Third Soldier, Hans Maebus; Fourth Soldier, Roger Creed.

GILDERSLEEVE'S BAD DAY—RKO-Radio: Throckmorton P. Gildersleeve, Harold Peary; Leroy Forrester, Freddy Mercer; Margie Forrester, Nancy Gates; Aunt Emma, Jane Darwell; Judge Hooker, Charles Arnt; Birdie, Lillian Randolph; Louie, Douglas Fowley; Al, Frank Jenks; Toad, Alan Carney; J. W. Peavey, Richard LeGrande; Floyd, Arthur Q. Bryan; Otis, Dink Trout; Police Chief, Charles Cane; Julie Potter, Joan Barclay; Henry Potter, Grant Withers; Jimmy, Russell Wade; George, Harold Landon.

JITTERBUGS—20th Century-Fox: Laurel and Hardy, Themselves; Susan Cowan, Vivian Blaine; Chester Wright, Bob Bailey; Bennett, Douglas Fowley; Tony Queen, Noel Madison; Dorcas, Lee Patrick; Corcoran, Robert Emmett Keane; Cass, Charles Halton.

LEOPARD MAN, THE—RKO-Radio: Jerry Manning, Dennis O'Keefe; Kiki Walker, Jean Brooks; Clo-Clo, Margo; Dr. Galbraith, James Bell;

(Continued on page 102)

BUY WAR BONDS
ALL you can as OFTEN as you can!



YOU know someone—a son, a brother, a nephew, a neighbor—now courageously fighting your battle . . . facing death bravely to do the job you can't do.

You know how much is needed for the final victory. Billions of dollars monthly. Billions that War Bonds must help to provide!

And you know that buying War Bonds is the safest investment you can make. One that pays you at the end of 10 years \$4 for every \$3 you put in—or lets you get back, at any time after 60 days, every cent you have invested.

Surely, your heart and mind both say, "Buy War Bonds, now and regularly . . . all you can, as often as you can!"

This advertisement contributed in cooperation with the Drug, Cosmetic and Allied Industries, by the makers of

MIDOL

SUIT FREE AS A BONUS
And Big Money in Spare Time, Too!
 We want you to wear this fine made-to-measure Suit—YOURS FREE as a bonus—and earn BIG CASH PROFITS in spare time showing to friends and taking orders. Choice of scores of rich, quality fabrics tailored-to-measure in newest styles. Also Ladies' Tailored Suits—complete line. Write today for FREE SAMPLES. No experience, no money needed. For quick action tell us about yourself.
J. C. FIELD & SON
 Harrison & Throop Sts., Dept. W-1835, Chicago, Ill.



BLONDES
All Ages All Shades
New 11-Minute Shampoo Washes Hair Shades Lighter Safely
 This new special shampoo helps keep light hair from darkening—brightens faded blonde hair. Not a liquid, it is a fragrant powder that quickly makes a rich cleansing lather. Instantly removes the dingy, dust-laden film that makes blonde hair dark, old-looking. Called Blondex, it takes only 11 minutes to do at home. Gives hair attractive luster and highlights, keeps that just-shampooed look for a whole week. Safe for children's hair. Blondex is sold at 10c, drug & dept. stores.



Poor "hairfusser"
Late each day —
You should try
The GRIP-TUTH way!

"HAIRFUSS"
KILLS YOUR DAY... USE




25c

Change from "hair fussed" to "hairfixed" in a jiffy! Between beauty-shop visits, GRIP-TUTH, the modern HAIRTAINER holds every hair *securely* in place; exclusive "spring-tooth" action means GRIP-TUTH *can't fall out!* And that's especially important if you're a defense worker. Sold at all leading beauty salons, department stores, chains; card of one large or two small retainers, 25c.

GRIP-TUTH: Diadem, Inc., Leominster, Mass., Dept. F-3
Nu-Hesive Surgical Dressings, by our affiliated company, are one of our contributions to National Defense

The Dennison Handy Helper says:
"BEFORE YOU PARK IT, LABEL IT.. MARK IT"

Dennison
GUMMED LABELS



Transparent Mending Tape • Mailing Labels
Gummed Reinforcements • PRES-a-PLY Labels
Index Tabs • Shipping Tags • Crepe Paper
DENNISON MFG. CO., Framingham, Mass.

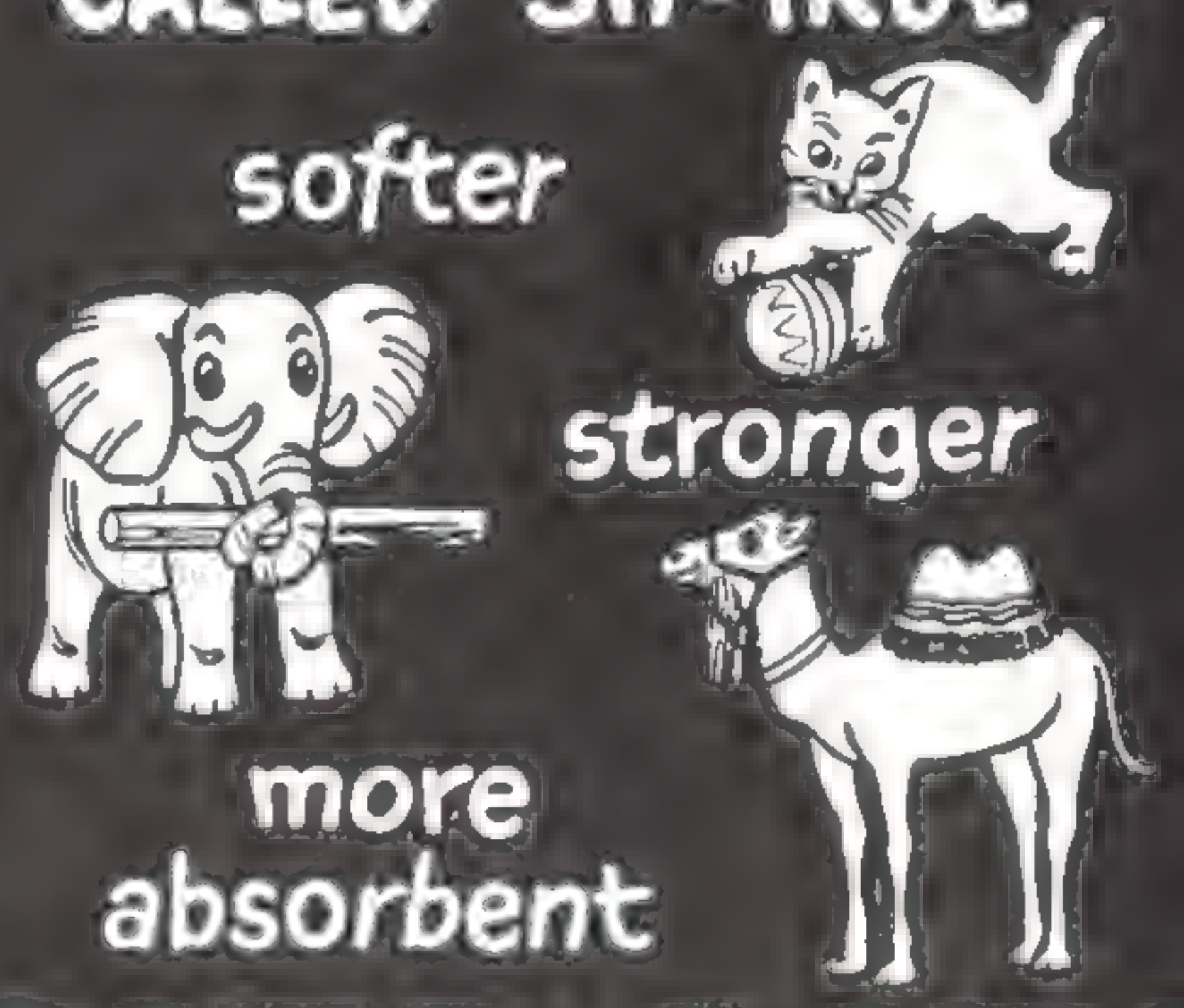
TIS TRUE ABOUT THE TISSUE
CALLED "SIT-TRUE"

softer

stronger

more absorbent

SITROUX
SAY SIT-TRUE
CLEANSING TISSUES



The Fashions Shown on Pages 60 and 61 Are Available in the Following Stores

Starmaker #1

J. W. Robinson, Los Angeles, California
Harris Company, San Bernardino, California
Roos Brothers, San Francisco, California
G. Fox & Company, Hartford, Connecticut
Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D. C.
J. P. Allen, Atlanta, Georgia
Marshall Field Company, Chicago, Illinois
De Jongs, Evansville, Indiana
H. P. Selman, Louisville, Kentucky
D. H. Holmes Company, New Orleans, Louisiana
Hearne Company, Shreveport, Louisiana
Hutzler's, Baltimore, Maryland
Slattery's, Boston, Massachusetts
Brighams, Springfield, Massachusetts
Himelhoch's, Detroit, Michigan
Goldstein Chapman, Omaha, Nebraska
Bonwit Teller, New York City, New York
Highbee Company, Cleveland, Ohio
Oppenheim Collins, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Kaufman's, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
J. Goldsmith Company, Memphis, Tennessee
A. Harris Company, Dallas, Texas
Foley Brothers, Houston, Texas
Joske Brothers, San Antonio, Texas
Frederick Nelson, Seattle, Washington

Starmaker #2

May Company, Los Angeles, California
G. Fox, Hartford, Connecticut
S. Kann & Sons, Washington, D. C.
Wieboldts, Inc., Chicago, Illinois
Madigan Brothers, Chicago, Illinois
William H. Block Company, Indianapolis, Indiana
Robertson Brothers, South Bend, Indiana
William Filene's & Sons, Boston, Massachusetts
J. L. Hudson, Detroit, Michigan
Herpolsheimer's, Grand Rapids, Michigan
Kline's, Inc., Kansas City, Missouri
Famous Barr, St. Louis, Missouri
Abraham & Strauss, Brooklyn, New York
Hens & Kelly, Buffalo, New York
Gimbel Brothers, New York City, New York
E. W. Edwards, Rochester, New York
E. W. Edwards, Syracuse, New York
J. L. Brandeis, Omaha, Nebraska
A. Polsky, Akron, Ohio
H. & S. Pogue, Cincinnati, Ohio
Adler & Childs, Dayton, Ohio
LaSalle & Koch, Toledo, Ohio
Gimbel Brothers, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
Cherry & Webb Company, Providence, Rhode Island
Paris Company, Salt Lake City, Utah
Boston Store, Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Starmaker #3

May Company, Los Angeles, California
The White House, San Francisco, California
Denver Dry Goods Company, Denver, Colorado
G. Fox Company, Hartford, Connecticut
Jelleff's, Washington, D. C.
Union Dry Goods Company, Macon, Georgia
H. P. Wasson Company, Indianapolis, Indiana
Filene's, Boston, Massachusetts
Forbes & Wallace, Springfield, Massachusetts
Dayton Company, Minneapolis, Minnesota
Ernst Kern, Detroit, Michigan
Harzfeld's, Kansas City, Missouri
Scruggs Vandervoort Barney, St. Louis, Missouri
Franklin Simon, New York City, New York
Sibley Lindsay & Curr, Rochester, New York
O' Neill's, Akron, Ohio
May Company, Cleveland, Ohio
Union Company, Columbus, Ohio
Lasalle & Koch, Toledo, Ohio
Strawbridge & Clothier, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Kaufmann's, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
Hahlo's, Houston, Texas
Thalheimer's, Richmond, Virginia
Frederick & Nelson, Seattle, Washington
Boston Store, Milwaukee, Wisconsin

New *under-arm* Cream Deodorant *safely* Stops Perspiration



1. Does not harm dresses, or men's shirts. Does not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Safely stops perspiration for 1 to 3 days. Removes odor from perspiration, keeps armpits dry.
4. A pure white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream.
5. Arrid has been awarded the Seal of Approval of the American Institute of Laundering, for being harmless to fabrics. Use Arrid regularly.



**ARRID IS THE
LARGEST SELLING
DEODORANT**

ARRID

39¢ a jar

(Also in 10¢ and 59¢ jars)
At any store which sells toilet goods

GOING WITHOUT *Stockings?*



Keep feet from sticking to shoes
Thousands of girls have found a delightful way to keep feet dry, comfortable. They sprinkle soothing, refreshing Blue-Jay Foot Powder on their feet, in their shoes. It keeps shoes dry; contains special ingredient that guards against feet sticking. Deodorizes, too. Try it! At all drug and toilet goods counters.

**BLUE
JAY**

Foot Powder

(BAUER & BLACK)

Division of The Kendall Company

Reg. U. S.
Pat. Off.

Starmaker #4

Bronson King, Torrington, Connecticut
Blair Shop, Washington, D. C.
Kaplowitz Brothers, Washington, D. C.
Charles A. Stevens, Chicago, Illinois
Russems, Lawrence, Massachusetts
R. Healy, Worcester, Massachusetts
Fields Shop, Jackson Heights, Long Island, New York
Halle Brothers, Cleveland, Ohio
Durnil Dry Goods Company, Muskogee, Oklahoma
John Wanamaker, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Thalheimer, Richmond, Virginia

Starmaker #5

Gayfer's, Mobile, Alabama
Redferns, Tucson, Arizona
M. M. Cohen Company, Little Rock, Arkansas
Malcolm Brock Company, Bakersfield, California
J. W. Robinson, Los Angeles, California
Harris Company, San Bernardino, California
Arthurs, Wilmington, Delaware
Lohns, Jacksonville, Florida
J. D. New, Orlando, Florida
Sniders Cotton Shop, Danville, Illinois
Hutzler Brothers, Baltimore, Maryland
Ernst Kern, Detroit, Michigan
John G. Myers, Albany, New York
Robbie Robinson Asbury Park, New Jersey
Gidding Company, Cincinnati, Ohio
Dewer's, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Joseph Horne, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
J. Goldsmith, Memphis, Tennessee
Striplings, Fort Worth, Texas
Ivey Keith, Greenville, South Carolina
George R. Taylor Company, Wheeling, West Virginia

If no store listed here is within convenient distance of your home, write to us:

The Fashion Editor,
Photoplay-Movie Mirror
205 East 42nd Street
New York City, New York

It is very likely we will be able to suggest a store that will be convenient to you. Lack of space makes it impossible to list all the stores in which these fashions are sold.

Be sure to specify your choice by using the number by which we describe the fashion in which you are interested on this page.

Tune in the BLUE NETWORK

Every day
Monday through Friday
3:15 to 3:45 P.M. (EWT)

LISTEN TO—"MY TRUE STORY"
—a new and different story every day. Stories about the lives of real people; their problems, their loves, their adventures—presented in cooperation with the editors of True Story magazine. Check your local newspaper for local time of this—

BLUE NETWORK PRESENTATION



fascinating
Captivating
GLAMOROUS...



MINER'S
Liquid MAKE-UP



MINER'S Foundation
CREAM with LANOLIN

MINER'S Patti-Pac
CAKE MAKE-UP

... that's the way you will look if you use a MINER'S make-up base. LIQUID, CAKE or CREAM ... choose the type you prefer. MINER'S makes all three. Any one of them will keep your complexion fascinatingly smooth, captivatingly flawless and glamorously fresh — all day long. Try your favorite today ... in one of six skin-glorifying shades — 10¢ to \$1.00.

MINER'S
Masters of Make-Up Since 1864

"BOBSTER"

In the **PLATINUM** Finish

"BOBSTER"

The New
Over-sized Beret
ABOUT \$3

AT YOUR FAVORITE STORE, OR WRITE TO
SALFAIR
65 WEST 39th STREET, NEW YORK CITY

Look for the original trademark in each hat...

Another **PLAY TOPPER**

SELF-ADJUSTABLE HEADSIZE

How to give BLONDE HAIR that "LITTLE GIRL" LOOK!



• Remember how your hair looked as a child? A halo of blonde beauty that shone with light through all its silken loveliness!

Look at your hair now! Do you see ugly dark and light streaks? Or is it that flat, uninteresting in-

between shade?

You can have "little girl" blonde hair today—if you use Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. Your hair can glow as if the sun was always shining on it! And best of all, you yourself can control the degree of lightness you desire.

If you are a brunette or redhead, use Marchand's Golden Hair Wash to get more lightness... more brightness into your hair.

Marchand's is not a dye. It gives excellent results. Use it, too, to lighten hair on arms and legs... At all drug counters.

MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH

Made by the Makers of Marchand's "Make-Up" Hair Rinse

FREE

This ad entitles you to a Beautiful Enlargement mounted in a De Luxe Studio Folder—both free. Just send this ad with photo. Enclose only 10c for mailing. Canada also. One Oil Tinted sent C.O.D. for only 38c plus postage. Nega. 39c. New York Art Service, 200 West 72nd St., N.Y.C.



use

ROYLIES

PAPER DOYLIES

Save soap and fuel. Don't iron away war-hours. Paper doylies are war-time efficient and conserve table linens!

By makers of ROYLEDGE Paper Shelving

BABY COMING



CONSULT YOUR DOCTOR REGULARLY. And ask him about the advantages of Hygeia Equipment. Improved Hygeia Bottle has easy-to-clean wide mouth, wide base to prevent tipping, and scale applied in color for easy reading. Famous breast-shaped Nipple has patented air vent to help reduce "wind-sucking". Ask your druggist for Hygeia today!



HELP WIN THE WAR by conserving rubber. Use a separate nipple for each feeding. Clean immediately after use. Avoid excessive boiling.

HYGEIA NURSING BOTTLES AND NIPPLES

(Continued from page 99)

Teresa Delgado, Margaret Landry; Consuello Contreras, Tula Parma; Charlie How-Come, Abner Biberman; Eloise, Ariel Heath; Chief Robles, Ben Bard; Raoul Belmonte, Richard Martin; Maria, Isabel Jewell; Rosita, Fely Franquelli; John Brunton, William Halligan; Pedro Delgado, Bobby Spandola; Dwight, Robert Anderson; Helene, Jacqueline DeWitt.

MISSION TO MOSCOW—Warners: *Joseph E. Davies, Walter Huston; Mrs. Davies, Ann Harding; Maxim Litvinov, Oscar Homolka; Freddie, George Tobias; Premier Molotov, Gene Lockhart; Emlen Davies, Eleanor Parker; Paul Grosiean, Richard Travis; Major Kamenev, Helmut Dantine; Prosecutor Vyshinsky, Victor Francen; Joachim von Ribbentrop, Henry Daniell; Ivy Litvinov, Barbara Everest; Winston Churchill, Dudley Field Malone; Nikolai Krestinsky, Roman Bohnen; Tanya Litvinov, Maria Palmer; Colonel Philip Faymonville, Moroni Olsen; Loy W. Henderson, Minor Watson; President Kalinin, Vladimir Sokoloff; Dr. Botkin, Maurice Schwartz; Spender, Jerome Cowan; Nikolai I. Bukharin, Konstantin Shayne; Joseph Stalin, Manart Kippen; Lady Chilston, Kathleen Lockhart; Marshal Timoshenko, Kurt Katch; Dr. Hjalmar Schacht, Felix Basch; Judge Ulrich, Frank Puglia; Mrs. Churchill, Doris Lloyd; Count Werner von der Schulenburg, Frank Reicher; Grigori F. Grinko, John Abbott; Heinrich Yagoda, Daniel Ocko; Mikhail Tukhachevsky, Ivan Trisault.*

MISTER BIG—Universal: *Patricia, Gloria Jean; Donald, Donald O'Connor; Peggy, Peggy Ryan; Johnny Hanley, Robert Paige; Alice Taswell, Elyse Knox; Jeremy Taswell, Samuel S. Hinds; Bobby, Bobby Scheerer; Genius, Richard Stewart; Muggsy, Mary Eleanor Donahue; Mrs. Davis, Florence Bates; Eberle, Ray Eberle.*

SALUTE FOR THREE—Paramount: *Buzz McAllister, Macdonald Carey; Judy Ames, Betty Rhodes; Dona, Dona Drake; Jimmy Gates, Marty May; Foggy, Cliff Edwards and Lorraine and Rognan.*

SARONG GIRL—Monogram: *Dixie, Ann Corio; Scat, John Scat Davis; Tim, Tim Ryan; Irene, Irene Ryan; Maxwell, Mantan Moreland; Sgt. O'Brien, Charles Jordan; Gil, Damion O'Flynn; Jeff, Bill Henry; Mattie, Mary Gordon; Baxter, Henry Kolker; Miss Ellsworth, Betty Blyth; Barbara, Gwen Kenyon.*

SONG OF TEXAS—Republic: *Roy, Roy Rogers; Themselves, Bob Nolan & Sons of the Pioneers; Sue Bennett, Sheila Ryan; Jim Calvert, Barton MacLane; Sam Bennett, Harry Shannon; Hildegard, Arline Judge; Fred Calvert, William Haade; Miss Murray, Eve March; Pete, Hal Taliaferro; and Alex Nahera dancers.*

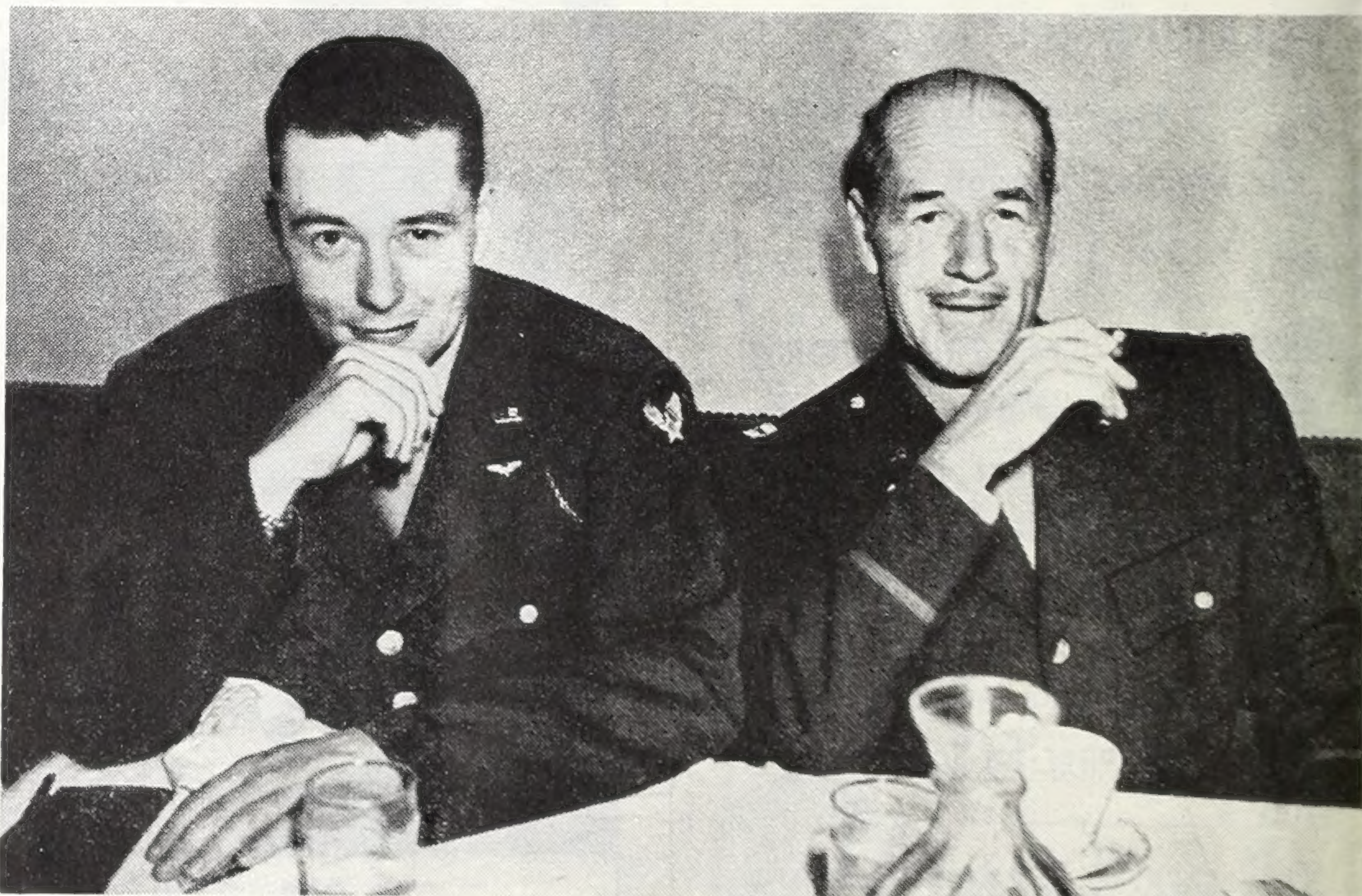
SPITFIRE—Goldwyn-U.A.: *R. J. Mitchell, Leslie Howard; Geoffrey Crisp, David Niven; Diana Mitchell, Rosamund John; Commander Bride, Roland Culver; Miss Hopper, Anne Firth; Mr. Higgins, David Horne; Sir Robert McLean, J. H. Roberts; Sq. Ldr. Jefferson, Derrick DeMarney; Mabel Lovesay, Rosalyn Boulter; MacPherson, Herbert Cameron; Major Buchan, Gordon MacLeod; Lady Huston, Tenie Edgar Bruce; Mr. Royce, George Skillian; Messerschmitt, Erik Freund; Von Straben, F. R. Wendhausen; Krantz, John Chandes; Von Crantz, Victor Beaumont; Madeleine, Suzanne Clari; Berterelli, Filipe Del Guidice; The Specialist, Breffni O'Rourke.*

STAGE DOOR CANTEEN—Sol Lesser—U.A.: *Eileen, Cheryl Walker; "Dakota" Ed. Smith, William Terry; Jean, Marjorie Riordan; "California", Lon McCallister; Ella Sue, Margaret Early; "Texas", Michael Harrison; Mamie, Dorothea Kent; "Jersey", Fred Brady; Lillian, Marion Shockley; The Australian, Patrick O'Moore; Count Basie and his band; Xavier Cugat and his band; Benny Goodman and his band; Kay Kyser and his band; Guy Lombardo and his band; Freddy Martin and his band; and leading stars of stage and screen playing themselves.*

STORMY WEATHER—20th Century-Fox: *Selma Rogers, Lena Horne; Corky, Bill Robinson; Cab Calloway and His Band, Themselves; Katherine Dunham and Her Troupe, Themselves; Fats, Fats Waller; Nicholas Brothers, Themselves; Ada, Ada Brown; Gabe, Dooley Wilson; The Tramp Band, Themselves; Chick Bailey, Babe Wallace; Jim Europe, Ernest Whitman; Zutty, Zutty Singleton; Mae, Mae E. Johnson; Miller, Flournoy E. Miller; Lyles, Johnnie Lee; Cab Calloway, Jr., Robert Felder; Chauffeur, Nicodemus Stewart.*

SWING SHIFT MAISIE—M-G-M: *Masie Ravier, Ann Sothorn; "Breezy" McLaughlin, James Craig; Iris Reed, Jean Rogers; Maw Lustvogel, Connie Gilchrist; Horatio Curley, John Qualen; Ann, Kay Medford; The Schmitt Brothers, The Wiere Brothers; Grace, Jacqueline White; Ruth, Betty Jaynes; Judd Evans, Fred Brady; Emmy Lou Grogan, Marta Linden; Helen Johnson, Celia Travers; Joe Peterson, Donald Curtis; Judge, Pierre Watkin; Myrtle, Lillian Yarbo; Billie, Pamela Blake; Louise, Katharine Booth.*

TAXI, MISTER—Roach-U.A.: *Tim McGuerin, William Bendix; Sadie McGuerin, Grace Bradley; Eddie Corbett, Joe Sawyer; Glorio, Sheldon Leonard; Van Nostrum, Jack Norton; Silk, Frank Faylen; Hogan, Clyde Fillmore; Stretch, Joe Devlin; Joe, Mike Mazurki; Smith, Ed Gargan; Objector, Jimmy Gonlin; Waitress, Iris Adrian.*



A "by special request of the readers" picture of Lt. Tim Holt, now getting cheers for "Hitler's Children," with his father, Capt. Jack Holt, at The Players

Dependable.

ON THE WAR FRONT—ON THE HOME FRONT

Thousands of feet above the earth a flyer bails out into space. Then . . . a few tense moments and his dependable parachute lands him . . . SAFELY.

Making dependable parachutes has been the important war work of Fashion Frocks, Inc. We are proud of the part we are playing in the war effort, and are fully aware of our responsibility in producing a product so vital that perfection is a must.

How many parachutes have come off of our production lines and where they have gone are military secrets. But it is no secret that our ability to make them comes from a war-born application of a specialized talent for precision needlework, acquired in making dresses for over 35 years. Although parachutes and dresses may seem to be poles apart, they have one thing in common, both require painstaking care and utmost skill in making.

PARACHUTES
for our "SOLDIERS OF THE SKY"



★ **D**RESSES for our
"SOLDIERS OF THE HOME"

DEPENDABLE! . . . a "must" for parachutes is a mighty important feature of Fashion Frocks. This is especially true in war time. These exquisite dresses can be depended upon for style, quality and value!

Our stylists have accomplished wonders, considering wartime restrictions, and have created fashions that are smart, exclusive and practical. Fashion authorities approve them for correct, authentic styling . . . they are truly dependable!

Every Fashion Frock is of dependable duration quality . . . quality that stands long wear and many trips to the tub or cleaner . . . quality which retains that fresh look of newness.

Fashion Frocks values have always enjoyed a reputation for saving money. Our method of selling direct from factory to

wearer makes the amazing values possible. The price range—\$3.98 to \$14.98—has never been inflated and remains the same today as in peace times. Another dependable Fashion Frocks feature!

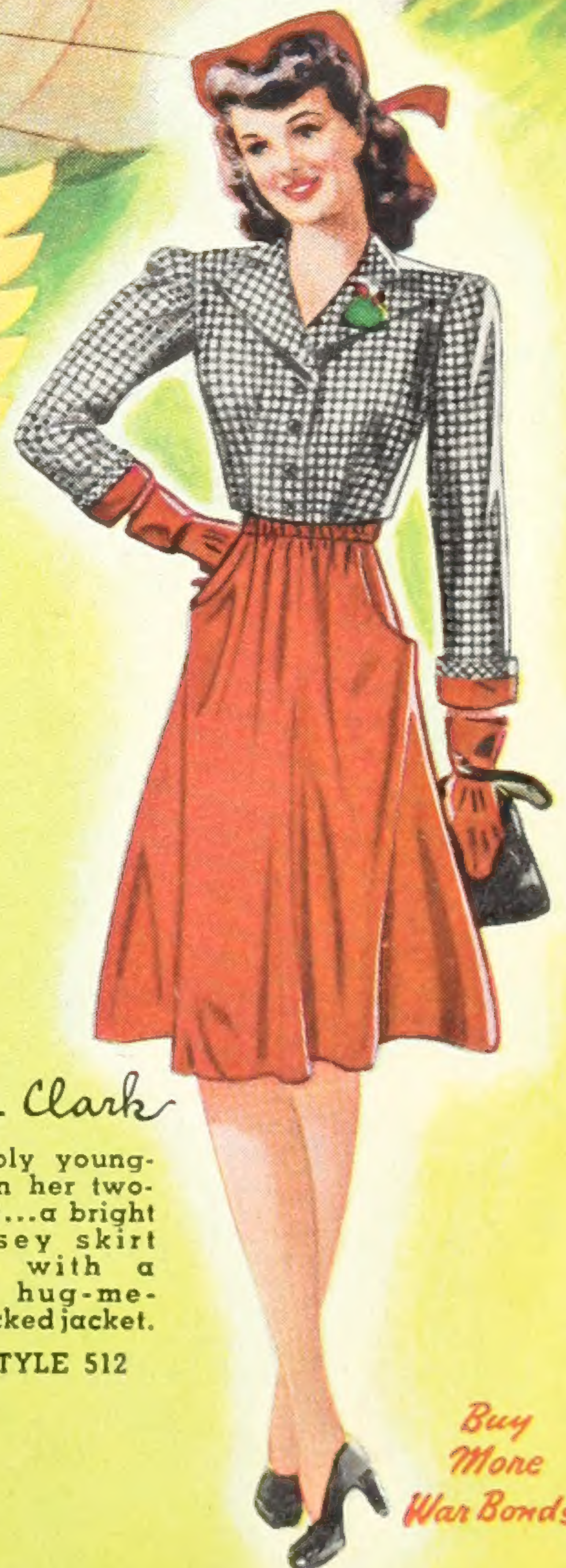
You will enjoy buying dresses direct, through home service representatives instead of through stores. It is most convenient in these days of rationed gas and curtailed shopping trips. You can shop for Fashion Frocks right in the comfort of your own home and choose from over one hundred and thirty adorable new styles.

If you want to see this line of lovely, smart, becoming frocks, just drop a post card requesting our representative to call.

FASHION FROCKS, INC.
DESK 62039, CINCINNATI, OHIO

Fashion Frocks

WELCOME THE FASHION FROCKS REPRESENTATIVE WHEN SHE CALLS



Judy Clark

is adorably young-looking in her two-piece suit...a bright red jersey skirt teamed with a voquish hug-me-tight checked jacket.

FALL STYLE 512



Buy
More
War Bonds

You'll win Smoother, softer Skin— on the CAMAY MILD-SOAP DIET!



—THE MILDEST EVER!

Take just 2 minutes a day—
go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet

Skin feels so velvety-smooth. Looks fresher,
clearer day-by-day! One quick minute with
Camay—night and morning—does it!



Smooth Camay's fra-
grant lather over face—
nose, chin. Rinse warm.
Add a cold splash for
oily skins. Apply cream
if you like.

SAVE for WAR!
Camay "Soap-Savers"

for More MILD-SOAP
cleansings from every cake!



Keep your Camay dry!
After lathering—put
Camay back in DRY
soap-dish! Wet soap-
dishes waste soap.



Use Every Sliver!
Make a bathmit from
an old washcloth. Put
Camay slivers inside.
Grand for lather!

Actual skin tests prove it!

Don't *you* want the charm of a fresher, more
satin-smooth complexion? Then—go on the
Camay Mild-Soap Diet.

Proof of Camay's beauty benefits! Actual
tests—supervised by skin specialists—show
that the Camay Mild-Soap Diet helps' sof-
ten and clear the skin—*of most women!* Yes—
MILD Camay cleanses without irritation...

leaves skin fresher, smoother...day-by-day!

Tonight, change to the Camay Mild-Soap
Diet... to proper, *mild* cleansing! So soon
—enchancing new loveliness comes to you!

"Try my skin care—Mild Camay."

says Mrs. Thomas Allen Smith, of Larchmont, N. Y.

"I made my own test of the Camay Mild-
Soap Diet. And my!—how much clearer
and more velvety my skin seems."

